Ro: Vaughan sculp:

Ro: Vaughan sculp:

HYMEN'S PRÆLUDIA:
OR,
LOVES MASTER-PIECE

Being the first Part of that so much admir'd ROMANCE, intituled *CLEOPATRA.*

Written Originally in the French, *and now rendred into* English

By R. LOVEDAY.

EVAND.

Quid magis optaret, Cleopatra *parentibus orta*
Conspicuis, Comiti quàm placuisse Thori.

LONDON,
Printed by *F. L.* for *R. Lowndes*, at the White Lyon in St. *Pauls Churchyard.* 1657.

BODLEIAN
P
14 SEP 1953
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To the right Honourable his ever honored Lady, the Lady Clinton.

MADAM,

AT such times as your silent Authority gave me leave to want better imployment, this trifle (that now begs to live a shrub under the secure shade of your Patronage) was Sinn'd into English; and, though not to confesse the presumption, be to adde to it yet it's being born in your Honours service, bids me hope it less rudenesse, thus to throw it self at your feet, than to disclaim the privilege of being yours. *Madam*, I am not ignorant (if you descend to the perusall of this humble toy) that you must force your sublime thoughts (which usually fly at fairer Quarries) to a stooping: but as the Sun (who is the cleerest Emblem of your vertues) when mounted to his Meridian does not disdain to look downwards; so if you vouchsafe to let fall the beams of a smile upon this piece, and bid it live, how unkindly others may use it shall never be plac'd among the fears of,

MADAM,

Your Honours most humble and ever obedient Servant,

LOVEDAY.

To the Reader.

READER, thou haſt here my recreations, if they have the luck to be thine, I have my ends; and we are both pleas'd: They had long ſince look'd upon the light, if I had not the ſin to anſwer for, of truſting a Book-ſeller, or rather He of deceiving me; thou ſhalt pardon me for the how, leſt I take pains to be laughed at, but I thank him, he has taught me caution for the future, and I think I ſhall ſooner truſt, what his ſign repreſents, to the Wind, than him again.

But to the purpoſe, thou wilt here find the Portall a fair Building, with a little Plat-form of the whole Fabrick; here is Hiſtory enamel'd with Fiction, and Truth dreſt like a May-Lady, who through the gay diſguiſe of her flowry ornaments, does often ſhow her own ſimplicity. If thou beeſt an Hiſtorian, thou wilt trace his ingenious Pen, through Tacitus, Florus, Suetonius, and others that wrote Auguſtus life, and find with what skilfull method he hath cull'd ſuch flowers from each of their Gardens, as were fitteſt to beautifie his Garland. It was the ſame hand that wrote the much cry'd up Caſſandra, and the beſt judgements agree, if This were perfected as happily as begun, it need not yield That any other precedency but of time, (in all things elſe might claim advantage) but I keep thee too long at the door. Farewell.

R. L

To his deserving Friend, Mr. Loveday, *upon his Translation of* CLEOPATRA.

SOme use to praise before they doe peruse,
And make a *Common Hackny* of their Muse.
I love my *Friend*, yet doe I love to look,
Before I passe my *verdict* on his Book.
'Tis merit win's Encomiastick Strains.
While *Sychophanes* who prostitute their brains,
Professe a servile practick art of praise,
And crown *weak Artists* with *Apollo's* Bayes.
I would be loth my *Genius* should be such,
"This pure *Elixer'd Graine* will bide the touch
I dare maintain't; where Language, Method, Wit,
Approve his Judgement that commendeth it.
Nor is it greater glory to a *State*,
T'invent a piece than aptly to Translate,
Wherein my *Friend* has such exactnesse shown,
His *Native-dresse* has made the work his own:
I am no *Partialist*; it is a crime
That suits with *Timists*, it is none of mine.
It was a *Maxim* from a *Sybill's* mouth,
Who thwarts it, is Apostata to truth.
"Where *Nature* grounds, and *Art* improves increase,
"That only hand compleats *Love's Master-piece*.

Nomen amoris habens, & amare Charactere cogens,
Ingenii vatis nomen omenque tenes.
Nomen amans, & amantis opus sint pignora palmis
Digna peregrinis, ut rediere tuis.
Arbores multi renovant Coloni,
Quo magis cultu redeant opimi;
Hoc agit Loveday *renovans Libelli*
Ora faceti.——
Cœtus ut sancti pariunt modestos,
Et novæ vestes faciunt venustos,
Mille te dignum tenuere testes
Messe Laboris.——

 R Braithwait

Upon this choyce work, Love's Maſter-peice, *expos'd to light by Mr.* Loveday.

AS *Perl* mong gemms, ſo mong the paſſions *Love*
Excels, and in a higher Orb doth move.
Her Siſters *Faith* and *Hope* attend us here,
While through the Elements our Cours we ſteer;
But *Love* ſor's with the Soul beyond the Sky,
As imp'd in Her to all Eternity;
But what was here *frail fancy* that did burn
Somtimes, and *freez* ſoon after, there ſhall turn
To an Angelic nature, ever free
From all ſuch fits of Mutability.
This Author doth this *Paſſion* ſo diſplay,
And in ſuch high Ideas, that he may
Stand to be Chairman, and ſo ſit above
The choiceſt *Maſters* in the *ſchool* of *Love*.

James Howell.

Thoughts on this Tranſlation of Love's Maſter-piece.

GReek *Heliodorus* with *Melliſluous* Style,
in th' *Æthiopick* ſtory did compile
Ideas, which might regularly move
To Conjugall affections and pure Love.
Loveday, thy Gallike Author doth advance
Such with new art and ſplendors to his *France*;
And thou (whoſe vertuous knowledge did compile
Them in beſt language of thy Native Ile)
As *Hee* to modern *France*, *That* to old *Greece*,
For us haſt fram'd of ſtyle the *Maſter-peice*.

John Chapperlint.

To my most esteemed Friend, and dear Brother, Mr. Robert Loveday, *uppon his happy Labours of Translating* CLEOPATRA.

WEre yet alive the *Cleopatra* fair,
Candace, Elisa, or Grand *Cæsar's* Heir,
With th' *Heroes* of those times, they'd all allow
They ne're such Lustre did receive as now:
What ever other Authors written have
Had bury'd lay'n in dark Oblivion's Grave,
Or been deprived of the greatest Glory
That all acknowledge due to such a Story;
But that thy Pen renew'd and imp't the Wings
To their illustrious Fame, repeating things
In quainter and concifer Terms than they
In any other Language could display.
Spurn then at Envl's plots, contemn all them
That strove to rob the world of such a Gem;
Or pay the Opposers thanks, since th' *Others* pain
Serves as a Foyl to thy politer strain.

J. Wright

To my very Honoured Friend,

Mr. Robert Loveday, *upon this his Match-lesse* Version, *Entituled* Love's Master-piece.

SIr, there is nothing that offends Mee so
(Next to my *Sins*) as these (your *Lines*) must goe
For a *Translation*, which no lesse exceed
The *French*, than *Fertile-Nile* the *Barren Tweede*;
Which (when the *Delphick Sword* of Him that Reigns
Hath Conquer'd *France*, made the steep *Mountaines Plaines*,
And laid both *Dialects* in *Common*) shall
Be thought no *Copy* but th' *Original*.
For, where the *Author* only doth abound
With *Gracefull words*, here th'are with *Fancy* Crown'd:
What he wrapt up in *Clowds* of Grosser *Aire*,
Your *LOVE* distills in *Phrase* polite and fair:
VVhere he *Confounds* us with an Ilksome *Night*,
Your *DAY* Reviveth by its Gladsome *Light*:
Chawcer and *Gow'r* our *Language* but *Refin'd*,
You (*SIR*) true *Chimist* like, have it *Calcein'd*,
Hew'd out the *Barbarous Knots*, and made it *Run*
As *Smooth* as doth the *Chariot* of the *Sun*;
VVhilst *French* is but the *Foyl* to let us see
The *Lustre* of our *Tongue's Prosperity*.
And this *Choyce work* more fitly styled is
(Not only *LOVE'S*, but) *LOVE'S-DAYE'S* Master-piece.

G. Wharton.

Hymen's Præludia.

OR

Love's Master piece.

The First Book.

Argument

Prince Tyridates *rescues* Queen Candace *from the Jawes of* Neptune, *invites her to his Solitary residence, and there gives the relation of his Life. His Extraction, Education, and strange escape from the inhumane Cruelty of his Brother* Phraates, *after the murther of his Father and all his Brethren. The secret & open practices of his Brother's malice pursue him through the Courts of* Armenia, Media, *and* Bithynia, *where he runs the hazard of his life by the Treachery of* King Pharnaces. *He flies into* Judea, *is received & treated honourably by* Herod: *Relates his cruelties: Falls in love with* Queen Mariamne, *and* Salome Herod's *Sister with him. He commands in the War against* Malichus *the* Arabian, *gives him many brave defeats, & at last, by a total overthrow drives him out of* Judea; *returning finds* Hircanus *murdered, and* Mariamne *imprisoned by* Herod's *command. He gains* Sohemus *to let him visit her, discovers his affection which she vertuously rejects.*

Herods *prosperous return from his* Rhodian *voyage to* Augustus. *He inlarges* Mariamne. Salome *artificially insinuates her love to* Tyridates, *but is civilly refus'd, which half converts it into spight.* Tyridates *often renews his research of* Mariamne, *and is as oft confuted and repulsed by her wisdom and vertue, which refines his affection.*

THE Shades of Night had not yet given place to the first blushes of the day, when the sad *Tyridates*, waken'd by his cruel inquietudes, and not able to wait the approaching light, left his solitary mansion, to breath his languishing body and amorous thoughts upon the Shore of *Alexandria*, the estate of his Mind, with that of his Fortune, furnish'd him with matter ample enough to entertain the hours, & upon this employment he still bestowed the better part of his day; his Griefs were the most lively, and his misfortunes the most violent that ever Soul was capable of resenting: And yet, he fancy'd so much Glory in those sufferings, that (cruelly as they us'd him) he could neither hate nor desire the end of a misery, to which he had consecrated the rest of his deplorable life. He had given some moments to these sad considerations, when lifting his eyes from the Earth, where they had long been fix'd, and sending a look towards the Sea, they were incountred with an object capable to arrest them.

It was a great Fire, which raising it self from the waves, seem'd to climb Heaven, with no other design, than to seek a Refuge in its proper Centre, from

from the Enemies it fled, the Flames in ſome places (mixed with thick ſmoak) rowl'd themſelves in great flaſhes towards the Starres, and ſhot their ſparkes upwards ſo fiercely, that they ſeem'd to conteſt for ſplendour with thoſe Lights, wherewith the Firmament was then imbroider'd. *Tyridates* judg'd, with much likelyhood, that the flames could not riſe from the Ocean's boſome, unleſſe ſuſtain'd in ſome burning veſſel, which made his generous and compaſſionate inclination deplore their miſhap that were involv'd in that combuſtion (and wanting power to give other ſuccours) he ſent the aſſiſtance of ſome Vows to Heaven for their deliverance.

Ah! devouring flames! cry'd he, *you yet act your part with leſſe power and cruelty than mine; if you be not ſuddenly quench'd, the materialls will ſoon faile that feed your fury: but my fire findes in my ſoul an eternal nouriſhment, no hope of relief from a contrary Element, nor end of ſuch a ſubſtance as may ever burn without conſuming.* With theſe words were mingled many Sighs, that roſe in throngs from his breſt; and in the mean time beholding the Fire with a ſerious eye, he ſpi'd it grow pale at the dayes arrival, which ſoon after diſrob'd the Sea and Earth of all their Sables, and thus his ſight was no ſooner ſet at liberty, but ſurpriz'd again by a ſecond ſpectacle, which touch'd him more feelingly than the firſt. He ſpy'd ſome Perſons, that had indeed eſcap'd the Fire, and were now diſputing for life with the liquid Element, and ſtriving with all their ſtrength to gain the ſhoare, which they ſaw already neer them. This little number was compos'd of two Women, who ty'd themſelves with faſt imbraces to a Plank that

ſuſtain'd them, and a Man, that ſwam behind, and with all his power puſh'd it towards the ſhoar, as if he had only tender'd his own life to imploy it in the preſervation of their's: yet he was grown ſo weary, as the hope of making good his aſſiſtance began to languiſh; for, though the diſtance between the Ship and Shoar was not ſo great, but a man might ſwim it in a calm, yet the paines he had taken with thruſting forward the Ladies Plank, added to what themſelves had ſuffered by the waters coldneſs, the toſſing of the billowes, (a toyl too rude to agree with their delicacy) had rendre'd them ſo feeble, as all their force was left, was not able to reach the Shoar. Oh! What beauties were there expos'd to *Thetis* mercy, how proud the Waves were grown of the Privilege they had gotten to Court and kiſſe one of the faireſt Bodies that ever Nature fram'd! and (to render their Courtſhip leſſe dangerous) they ſeem'd to lay by a part of their ordinary fury, yet retain'd enough to make their imbraces fatal, if the Gods had not ſent relief.

Tyridates well diſcerning what kind of pity the object crav'd, ſtaid not to weigh his reſolution, but, (ſpurr'd by that generous diſpoſition, that taught him freely to expoſe his life for the ſafety of the miſerable,) (clad as he was) he threw himſelf into the Sea, being only cover'd with a thin light habit, that could not hinder his deſign, & ſwimming with a mighty force, he had ſoon reached them, juſt as they were reduc'd to the extreameſt need of ſuccour, & bidding the man imploy the ſtrength was left him for his proper ſafety, he tender'd the ſame ſervice to the women (which till then they had receiv'd of him)

him) with ſuch ſucceſſe, and drive their Plank ſo ſtrongly forward, as in a ſhort time they approach'd neer enough the Shoar to find a bottome, and ſtay their ſelves upon their Feet; then, leiſurely removing their weari'd bodies and propping each with an Arme, he led them gently to the Shoar, whither preſently after came their Man, juſt as *Tyridates* was preparing to repeat the danger in his behalf.

The Principal of theſe Ladyes reſembled *Venus* newly ſprung from *Thetis* womb, or ſomthing more fair, if poſſible; and though *Tyridates* was prepoſſeſſed by one of the worlds rareſt Beauties, yet he could not behold her's without Aſtoniſhment, and ſome inclination to Idolatry; he had doubtleſs taken her for ſome Sea *Goddeſſe*, if he had not ſeen the Waves uſe her too rudely to be her Subjects; and he would have believ'd her a Celeſtial *Deity*, if the extremity, wherein he beheld her ſome moments before, had not perſwaded him that he lent his Succours to a Mortal beauty: indeed her *Complexion* had not ſo pure and delicate a white as the world could ſhew, though it much ſurpaſs'd common Beauties, but in revenge of this, her eyes (to whoſe blackneſſe, nothing but her hair was comparable) ſhot ſuch penetrating rayes, all the Features of her Face form'd to ſo rare a proportion, her neck (then half uncover'd) ſo well ſeconded the charms of her Viſage, and her ſhape (much over-topping the Common Stature of women) accompanyed with a Geſture ſo graceful and Majeſtique, every part helping to make the compoſure admirable; that no eye could view it, and not carry War to the heart, and give the Soul a hot Alarme of extraordinary motion.

Tyridates had not then the leiſure ſingly to conſider all thoſe mervailes, and ſhe that poſſeſs'd them, had no ſooner gain'd the Shoare, but ſhe let her ſelf fall upon the Sand, too much oppreſt with wearineſs to ſuſtain it, or command force enough to pay her thanks, or almoſt one ſingle regard to her deliverer; her Woman had the ſame title to repoſe, & was likewiſe fallen at her Ladies feet, but the man (though he had undergone exceſſive toyle) had too ſtout a Conſtitution to ſink under what he had ſuffer'd, or loſe the memory and power to render a fit acknowledgement to his live's preſerver; at whoſe Feet, he threw himſelf, and imbracing his Knees with much affection, *What ever you are*, ſaid he, *I would ſpeak the reſentments I ought to have for the life I owe you, if they were fit to be mentioned with what you have done for another: But*, Sir, *the whole World is my fellow Debtor to your Generoſity, for the ſafety of one of its moſt conſiderable perſons.*

Tyridates (helping him up, and inviting him to ſit a while, and indeavour to diſmiſſe the wearineſs his travaile had contracted) told him, *That he would hold that for the happyeſt day the angry Gods had ever ſent him, if he had done any thing in relation to his, or that Perſon preſervation, upon whoſe pretious life he had ſet ſo rich a value.* To theſe they had both added ſome other expreſſions of Civility, when the beauteous *Lady* (time having reſtored part of her Spirits) roſe from the ſeat her feebleneſſe had choſen, and caſting her eyes round, ſtaid them upon *Tyridates*, whom ſhe knew had preſerv'd her. His face was none of thoſe that might be ſeen without ſurpriſal, for the World had very few that could ſhew more ſignes of an

an Illuſtrious birth: ſuch a pleaſing Manly ſweetneſſe was ſtamp'd in all his Features, that the fair Unknown, found enough in his Noble looks to claim reſpect, and judging him worthy of her Civility, ſhe accoſted him with a geſture repleat with Grace and Majeſty.

I owe you my life, ſaid ſhe, *but am not troubled to be redeuable to a man that carries in his face ſo many marks of a Birth and Vertue, ſublime and Illuſtrious.* *Tyridates*, who (by the Beams of that admirable Beauty, and the Stranger's advantagious *Character*,) had already underſtood what was due to her, roſe from his Seat, and returned her theſe words with much ſubmiſſion. Madam, *you honour me with a high opinion borrowed from erroneous Conjectures; yet 'tis true, my extraction is none of the meaneſt; but, with much regret, I confeſſe, I owe that to the glory of my* Anceſtors, *which I deſpair to make good by my proper vertue.* The fair Unknown had certainly indeavour'd to confute *Tyridates* modeſty, if he had not oppos'd it by repreſenting the inconvenience ſhe ſuffer'd in her wet habits, and the hazard her health might run, if ſhe remain'd ſtill in that Condition; to remedy which, *Madam*, ſaid he, *I am here a ſtranger as well as you, and the rather ſo, becauſe the miſeries of my life have enjoyned me to fly all ſorts of Society; they are thoſe which will not ſuffer me to offer a retreat worthy of you, which at ſome other time, & in another Countrey I might poſſibly Command; I have only here a little Houſe ſome five or ſix hundred Paces hence, ſeated in the moſt Savage and Solitary place I could chooſe, there are ſome Chambers Commodious enough, and Beds in them, where you may repoſe your*

ſelves till your Cloaths be dry. Your entertainment will not be ſo ſplendid as the City may afford, but you ſhall have leſs noyſe & trouble, where you ſhall ſee no Perſon that will not be diſpos'd to ſerve you. Your offers are full of Nobleneſſe, reply'd the fair Stranger, *but before I accept them, if you pleaſe, I would gladly learn what* City *this is, and in what* Countrey *we now are. You do now behold,* ſaid *Tyridates, the Walls of proud* Alexandria, *the Metropolis of the great Kingdome of Ægypt, made Illuſtrious both by her Founder, and the ſucceſſive reſidence of ſo many mighty Kings, but it ſeems at preſent ſhe ſadly ſuffers the change of her Condition, for, having been the royal ſeat of the* Ptolome's, Anthony's *and* Cleopatra's, *ſhe is now reduc'd (not without the reluctance of ſome diſdain) to be the Manſion, and bow to the command of a Governour.* While *Tyridates* utter'd this, the Man, which was ſav'd from the Wreck, began to renew his acquaintance with the Shoar & Walls of *Alexandria*, & beheld them with Aſtoniſhment; from thence turning his Eyes upon the Stranger's Face, he perceiv'd her change Colour, and underſtood ſome Sighs, which the Words of *Tyridates* had forc'd from her breſt, but ſtriving to recover her temper, ſhe intreated *Tyridates* to inſtruct her further. *It is* Cornelius Gallus, ſaid he, *that now Commands* Alexandria, *together with all* Egypt *for the Emperour* Auguſtus, *who gave him this Government after the deplorable death of the unfortunate* Antony, *and the great Queen* Cleopatra, *who, in this unhappy City, (about nine years ſince) loſt both life & Empire, but ſure you muſt know this Story, for it is not likely the Earth has any part, which the fame of that fatall*

quarrel

quarrel (that decided the Worlds command) has not viſited. I have heard of it, replyed the Stranger with a faint voice, *but by the Diſcourſe you have made me, I ſee my ſelf reduc'd to make uſe of your bounty, and accept of the retreat which you proffer. Let us go then,* ſaid ſhe, (offering him her hand) *when you pleaſe and the dangers I have newly ſcap'd among Treacherous Men, cannot hurt the Confidence my Opinion hath of your Vertue.* At theſe words ſhe began to ſet forward, and on either ſide ſtaying her Arm on him, and the Man that was preſerv'd with her, ſhe overcame that ſhort way, not without much trouble, caus'd by her former wearineſſe, together with the coldneſſe and weight of her wet Apparel.

The Houſe, whether *Tyridates* conducted her, and where he then made his own abode, was ſeated among divers points of a *Rock*, which over-look'd one ſide of it; on that quarter where the High-way lay, it was conceal'd from the Eye, by a Wood mingled with *Rocks*: but on that ſide which regarded the Sea, they might have a full free view from the windows, as far as the ſight would reach. The fair *Lady*, with her retinue, was no ſooner arriv'd there, but *Tyridates* (having given Command to ſome Servants, ſpeedily to make a well-furniſh'd Chamber fit to receive them) led them thither, and there reſpectively took his leave, that they might freely injoy the privacy of laying off their wet robes: they went to bed, the *Miſtreſſe* commanding her Servant to lie with her, being a privilege ſhee had often granted her in their former Travails: *Tyridates* chang'd Cloaths, and ſent a Servant with a dry Suit to the Stranger, whoſe Countenance gave him

him a good *Character*, and ſpake his age about Fifty years.

After they had all beſtow'd ſome hours upon repoſe, Dinner was ſerv'd up to the *Ladies* in their Bed, & *Tyridates* having din'd in another Chamber with his unknown gueſt, deſir'd him to aske the Ladies at what hour he might viſit them, and not be importunate: the *fair Stranger* having ſent her anſwer, that ſhe was ready to receive him, he enter'd the Chamber, where ſhe treated him with much *Civility*: ſhe was then ſo well recover'd, that all the Beauty, which pain and fear had put to flight, was come back again to its uſual luſtre: which *Tyridates* took ſome time to admire; for, though his heart was Captive to another, yet it could not hinder him from giving her the *Palm* from all that ever his eye acknowledged fair: The *Lady* had no leſſe *Satisfaction* from his brave looks, and this mutual eſteem gave to each an almoſt equal deſire of a further diſcovery: The *Reſpect* which the *Ladie's* face had imprinted in *Tyridates*, would not ſuffer him to own his *Curioſity*: but ſhe was ſo hardy to profeſs hers; & after ſhe had invited him to a Seat near her Bed, & beheld him with a more pleaſing *Aſpect*, than ſhe had yet expreſt; *I ſhould be very ingrateful*, ſaid ſhe, *if I had any deſign to hide my condition from a perſon, to whom I am indebted for my life; & though there be many reaſons weighty enough, to diſſwade the diſcovery of my Name, Birth, and Fortunes, in a Countrey that has deſerv'd to be ſuſpected; yet I ſhould eaſily conſent to truſt the ſecret of my life to the remembrance of what I owe you, and the opinion I have of your vertue, if my deſire to know you better did not want ſome ſatisfaction:*

faction: pardon this Curiosity to my sexe and apprehension, and think it not strange, that I am willing to understand his Name and Condition, whose face & behaviour have already spoke so much to his advantage: if you do not find cause to suspect me, deny not my desire, and in exchange I shall give you the relation of divers passages, which, with the confidence I repose in you, may be judged important.

Tyridates took some moments to reply to these words, but a while after (lifting his eyes from the earth, and fixing them upon the face of his fair *Guest*) *you desire that of me*, said he, *which can never be paid for, with a lesse price than what you offer, and I should be hardly drawn to reveal the secret of my life to any that could challenge lesse respect and obedience than your self; it were frivolous to conceal, that to the confession of my name, is fasten'd the manifest danger of my life, for that is fallen to so low a value in my consideration, that it cannot oblige me to hide it from you: but if I give this relation faithfully, I must disclose things which were never yet declar'd to any, & which I was resolved to continue secret, so long as my brest could hold them; yet I shall forget all these considerations, and (arm'd with the hope of your promist exchange) try to subdue all the difficulties that withstand my obedience.*

In stead of rebating, these words inflamed the *Ladie's* desire, yet she reserv'd so much discretion to tell him, that she should be sorry to importune the recital of so weighty a secret: but *Tyridates* reply'd, he had already clear'd all the obstacles that resisted his inclination to obey her, and having kept silence some moments to prepare attention) he began his *Story in this manner.*

The

The History of Tyridates.

THe Diſcourſe I am now to begin, is nought elſe but a *Webbe* of miſeries, interwoven with a few memorable *Events*; it would afflict your *Patience* if I did not reſolve to abridge it, and (ſlightly touching the reſt) only enlarge my ſelf upon thoſe *adventures* that are moſt important.

My name is *Tyridates*, I am of the *Illuſtrious blood* of the *Arſacides*, Son of *Orodes King* of the *Parthians*, (under whom the *Roman* power receiv'd ſo great a *Shock* by the loſſe of *Craſſus*, and his Army) and brother to the cruel *Phraates*, who now poſſeſſeth that great *Empire*, which our *Anceſtors* have commanded, ſince the grand *Arſaces* founded that proud *Monarchy*, of whom we are deſcended from *Father* to *Son*, in a direct maſculine line.

At the knowledg of *Tyridates* his quality, his fair *Gueſt* regarded him with a more reſpective eye, and (interrupting the beginning of his Diſcourſe) *I took my Conjecture*, ſaid ſhe, *from many Signes I obſerv'd, that your Birth was not common, and am well pleas'd to find my opinion not erroneous; and leſt you ſhould believe her a mean Perſon that hath ingag'd ſo great a* Prince *to this long narration, I ſhall let you know (before I give a more ample relation of my life) that I was born a* Princeſſe, *and am lawful* Queen *to one of the moſt puiſſant, and rich* Empires *of the World.* At theſe words, *Tyridates* roſe from his Chair, and making an *obeiſance* as low as the verge of her robe, demanded pardon for the faults his *Ignorance* had committed; the fair *Queen* made him the ſame excuſes

excuſes, and when they had allow'd ſome time to this Diſcourſe, *Tyridates* being return'd(by the Queens intreaty)to his Seat,thus purſu'd his Story.

I was born under an unfortunate *Planet*, and thoſe which conſulted the *Stars* at my *Nativity*,did all find me menaced by moſt malicious *Influences*, eſpecially the *Mathema tician Traſillus*, who(before his Youth had done Blooming)had acquir'd a great reputation in that *Science*, & does at this day paſſe for one of the worlds living wonders; he ſaw me in *Armenia*, which I viſited in one of my unfortunate voyages, after he had perus'd ſome lines in my *Hand* and *Face*, and been inform'd of the *Day* and *Hour* of my *Birth*, he fortold my *Miſeries* ſhould not end but with my *Life*,that neither ſhould long continue, that I was threatned by a *Death* which ſhould be neither *Violent* nor *Natural*, but participating ſomthing of both. In my firſt *Childhood* I was nouriſh'd in the *King* my *Father's* Court with a great number of Brothers, of which I was the youngeſt, *Pacorus* & *Phraates* being 16. or 18. years elder than I. I was not 8. years old, when my Brothers the Prince *Pacorus* & *Labienus* broke into the *Territories* of *Aſia*,that obeyed the *Roman* people, defeated *Saxa*,and(ſwell'd with their lucky ſucceſs) ravaged *Cilicia* with a part of *Siria*, it may be you have heard of the great *progreſs* they made in ſo ſhort a time: But the end was much different,for the following year, they were defeated and unluckily ſlain by the *Roman* Army, Commanded by *Ventidius*, *Lieutenant* to *Antonius*.

After the Death of *Pacorus*,the *Prince Phraates* my *Brother*,not much ſhort of his age,being already Marryed

Marryed, ſucceeded to the *Helm* of the *Parthian* affaires, for the *King* our *Father*, beginning to ſtoop under his *years*, deſir'd the Comforts of a *Calm age*, and to be releas'd of the troubles which his *Youth* had ſuſtain'd. At my tenth year, the King ſent me to a little *City* upon our *Frontiere*, where uſually the *Parthian Royal Infants* were educated, and there the *Prince Pacorus* had learn'd part of his *Excerciſes*; I took ſome paines at mine, with a *ſucceſſe* fruitful enough to Content my *Tutors*; and after I had there imploy'd about four years time, and began to think of being call'd home to my *Fathers Court*, I underſtood it had been lately dy'd with *Bloud*, and that *Bloud Royal*, newly drawn from my poor murder'd *Brothers*; this *Act* hath been but too well known to all the *world* for the *Honour* of the *Arſacides*, whoſe name to all ages, will ſtand blotted with eternal *Obloquy*: the cruel and ambitious *Phraates* (unworthy of the *Race* and *Memory* of *Arſaces*) deſirous to make ſure of that *Authority*, which he fear'd his *Brothers* might one day finde means to diſturb; cauſed them to be Barbarouſly Slain; and the aged *King* our *Father*, for making his grief appear in his juſt complaints, and declaiming againſt his deteſtable *Inhumanity*, in ſome terms that diſpleas'd, provoked him to compleat the *Horrour* of this *age*, and the *Infamy* of *Royal Dignity*, by the addition of *Parricide*, thus puniſhing no other crime in his murder'd Father, than the giving life to the *Cut-throat* of him and all his *Off-ſpring*.

I had ſhar'd the ſame fate with my *Brothers*, if he that was diſpatch'd with the Bloudy *Commiſſion* to the *City* where I was, had not been touch'd with the

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ſence of *vertue*, and a reſpect due to the *Extraction* of *Kings*, In ſtead of executing *Phraates command*, he ſav'd me from his *Cruelty*; and, having inform'd me in few words of my *Brother's* deplorable *Murther*, (for that of the *King* my *Father* was not yet perpetrated) with the charge he had given him; but *Arſanes*, ſaid he, *will ſooner chooſe a thouſand ways to periſh, than conſent to dip his hands in his Maſter's Blood; let us ſave our ſelves*, Young Prince, *and evade the dire deſign of that ſavage* Monſter *that would deſtroy us*, I intirely reſign'd my ſelf up to his conduct, (and being followed by my *Governour*, with five or ſix Servants that were willing to run my *Fortune*) I got to Horſe; and, though I had ſcarce attained to 14 years, I expos'd my ſelf to the hardſhip of a painfull *Journey*, uncertain to ſave a life, which I never yet could own with *comfort*.

Thus I firſt grew miſerable, and began at an early age to inure my ſelf to *Baniſhment*, and thus I have almoſt worn out twelve years, in all which time I have learn'd to hope no better than to finiſh my *diſgraces* and my *days* together.

Arſanes firſt conducted me to the Court of *Armenia*, where the King (keeping no very friendly *correſpondence* with *Phraates* and not willing, in his behalf, to violate the right of *Nations*) received me into his protection In that Court I injoy'd ſome *Tranquility*. Beſides what the King allowed me, *Arſanes* had brought a quantity of *Jewels*, valued at above a thouſand *Talents*, which the *King* my *Father* (to whom he diſclos'd the *deſign* he had to ſave me) had given him at his departure: but *Fortune* ſoon ſhew'd how much my repoſe diſpleaſed her, by

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the *Calamities* that befel the good *King* that had given me ſhelter, who moſt unfortunately fell with all his *Family* into the hands of *Antony*, his *Enemy*, & was led bound to the Queen *Cleopatra*, who ſome time after with moſt barbarous *Inhumanity* caus'd his head to be ſtruck off. This *Diſaſter*, which doubtleſſe you have heard, (being important enough to ſpread the whole earth) ſent me to ſeek another *Sanctuary*, which *Arſanes* would needs have to be the *Court* of *Media*, betwixt whoſe King, and the King *Orodes* there was ſome alliance; there I found the retreat I deſired, and ſtaid two or three years. In that time there happened the ruine of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, the eſtabliſhment of *Auguſtus Ceſar* in the *Roman Empire*, and many other Revolutions, in which the whole World was concerned.

The cruel *Phraates* often ſent to demand me of the *Median King*, but could never diſpoſe him to put me into his hands; yet after he had made many Incurſions upon his *Territories*, he at laſt obtain'd his promiſe to protect me no longer. At *Praaſpa*, the *Capital City* of *Media*, I receiv'd his Orders to retire, colour'd with divers excuſive reaſons, which laid the blame upon *Neceſſity*. From thence I went into *Bithynia*, where I was receiv'd by the old King *Pharnaces*, who for two years time treated me with Humanity enough: but at laſt the baſeneſſe of his nature ſhew'd it ſelf: And indeed, what faith could I hope from a diſloyal wretch, that, in favour of the *Romans*, had betray'd his own *Father*, the great *Mithridates*, & inhumanely conſtrain'd him rather to give himſelf *Death* by his own hands, than fall into his. This perfidious man, ſuffering himſelf to be

be gain'd by *Phraates* promiſes, (who ſpitefully purſu'd my unhappy wandring *life* with an inflexible *cruelty*) at laſt promis'd either to poyſon me, or deliver me up. Theſe practices were not carried ſo ſecretly, but *Arſanes* began to ſent them; and deteſting ſuch barbarous *infidelity*, after he had given me notice, we made uſe of the night to ſave our ſelves, and got out of the Confines of his Kingdome, with our beſt diligence.

After this, we long wandred from place to place, till at laſt, we arriv'd in *Judea*, which then groan'd under the *Scepter* of *Herod*, who was formerly ſupported by *Ant ony*, and is now favour'd by *Auguſtus*. And thus I have paſſed my diſaſtrous *Youth*, wandring from *Province* to *Province*, and begging ſhelter from *Court* to *Court*, for this wretched *life*, which was never worth the paines I took to preſerve it.

I have hitherto Epitomiz'd the recital of my Voyages, which had I drawn at large, muſt needs have tir'd your *Attention*; but now my Diſcourſe muſt take a larger ſcope to relate the Accidents befell me in *Judea*, ſince they are the *Authors* which compos'd my preſent condition. I had plenty of reaſons to ſeek a *Sanctuary* with *Herod*; for, he was the greateſt enemy *Phraates* had, and had indeed receiv'd ſuch ſenſible *affronts* from that *Paricide*, which were all freſh in his *memory*, that he ſought all ſorts of wayes to breath his *Revenge*. A little before my arrivall at his Court, *Phraates* had not onely ſupported his Enemy *Antigonus*, and lent him Force to make war upon him, but had invaded his Dominions, ſpoil'd his Provinces that were contiguous to *Parthia*, and took *Hircanus* and *Phaſolus* Priſoners, the latter of which

(rather than remain in that *Tyrants* power) chose to beat out his own braines against a *Rock*. Besides these, he had done him other injuries, which though *Herod* (being then perplext with other affaires) had little power to re-pay, yet he laid them up in his memory with a resentment so violent, as he would willingly have given a large part of his *Dominion*, for an occasion to requite his mischiefs. Of this he gave a clear proof in the reception he made me, which was imputed by those that understood his humours, rather to the reasons I have given, than any natural inclination to goodnesse.

Indeed he did heap extraordinary *favours* upon me, allow'd me large *pensions* for subsistance; and not onely promis'd me protection from my *Brother*, but Forces to make Warre upon him, and take *vengeance* for his cruell persecutions. I received these offers with a becoming *acknowledgment*, the whole Court (by his command) treating me with much *respect*, and thus I began to live with *tranquillity* enough. I say I began. But alas! The *repose* was not long-liv'd, for if my Body injoy'd a peaceable Retreat, my Soul was incounter'd with a cruell *Warre*, or rather fell into the hardest *Captivity* that ever Soul resented. Ah! how much better had it been, that I had abandon'd my self a willing *prey* to *Phraates* greedy *cruelty*, than exposed my heart to such rending *torments*, as have since cost it so many *Groans*! how justly might I say, to avoid the least of evils, at least the shortest liv'd, I have thrown my self headlong upon the greatest of all calamities; and I would say the bittrest, if the glory to suffer so did not poise the misery. In fine, *Tyridates* was doom'd to dye by a brighter

brighter Weapon than any *Phraates* had, and receiving the *Wound* that conducts him to his Tombe, he took it with a reſpect ſo profound, as judged it a *Sin* to murmur.

Herod had eſpous'd the *Princeſs Mariamne*, ſprung from the glorious *Blood* of the *Aſmoneans* and *Machabees*, Grandchild to the two Kings, *Hircanus* and *Ariſtobulus*; indeed a *Cien* truly worthy of ſo illuſtrious a *Stock*, from which *Herod*, following *Antipater's* ſteps, by the help of the *Romans*, had uſurp'd the Judean Crown. 'Tis poſſible you have heard what wayes he took to arrive at that *height*, how his Father *Antipater* (after he had divided the two *Brothers*, *Hircanus* and *Ariſtobulus*) at laſt made uſe of the *Roman Power* to ruine both; and whil'ſt *Ariſtobulus* Sighed in his *Chains* at *Rome*, after he had ſerv'd for an *Ornament* to *Pompei's Triumph*, he took advantage of *Hircanus* weakneſſe to invade the *Sovereign Authority*, and make way for his Son *Herod*, after the deſtruction of all the lawfull *Heirs*, to mount the *Throne*: He had then newly made an end of the miſerable *reliques* of that *Family*. *Alexander*, the eldeſt Son of *Ariſtobulus*, being eſcap'd out of Priſon at *Rome*, and having got ſome forces together, was unluckily ſurpriz'd and ſlain by his Enemies, and the unfortunate *Antigonus*, his Brother (the ſame that fled for refuge to *Phraates*, and the laſt King of the *Aſmonean* race) being fallen into their hands, had his Head cut off by the barbarous command of *Antony*, who (being *Herod's* friend) believ'd he could not otherwiſe aſſure him the *Crown*.

Though *Mariamne* had a juſt reſentment againſt

this cut-throat of her *Family*, yet she was forced to marry him in obedience to the *Princesse Alexandra*, her *Mother*, and old *Hircanus* her *Grandfather*, who being escap'd out of *Parthia*, where he was Prisoner with *Phaselus*, liv'd at *Hierusalem* in the condition of a private man, and in that womanish softnesse, that made him tamely sit down with the losse of a *Crown* both from him and his; and thus the old man's *weaknesse*, and the woman's *ambition* sacrific'd her to their *Interests*: But they could never bow her soul to love that Husband, whose *disproportion* of manners, and *inequality* of *Birth*, with the bloudy *outrages* he had committed in butchering her *Kindred*, and the *usurpation* of a *Crown*, which in right belong'd to young *Aristobulus* her *Brother*, induc'd her to regard him with *Aversion* and *Disdain*: Yet she had liv'd in a most admirable *moderation* with him, and with an *excesse* of *vertue* done violence upon her *inclinations*, by induring him, whom Heaven and her *Parents* had given her for a *Husband*, till by one horrid act of *cruelty*, he defac'd all that a forc'd obedience had Charactered; it was the *death* of the *Prince Aristobulus*, Brother to this fair *Queen*, whose vertue and excellent qualities contriv'd his *destruction*; for *Herod* (the subtilest of men) growing lealous of the peoples *inclination* to this amiable youth, that was now 18. years of age, caus'd him to be cruelly strangled in a Bath: There was never beheld a more goodly and accomplish'd thing than this young *Prince*. No wonder then if his Sister expresst her resentments in a sharper tone for so dear a losse. Yet *Herod* clear'd himself of it before *Antony*, but in such a manner, as all the World still thought him guilty, and *Alexandra*

andra with her *Daughter* beheld him as the poor *Princes Hangman.*

The *Court* and *Family* of *Herod* were in this *Condition* when I came thither, and I ſoon knew all the reaſons why the fair *Queen* deteſted her ſavage *Huſband*; it was then my eyes loſt me all my *repoſe*, by lifting themſelves to that Divine *Princeſſe.*

The beauty of *Mariamne* was not (like common ones) to be ſeen without a dangerous *wonder*; the eye of man never ſaw any thing more perfect, and till this day I believ'd none but young *Cleopatra* capable of *compariſon*; he that was ſent by *Antony* to make diſcovery of the Worlds choiceſt *Beauties*, publiſh'd her a piece that ſurpaſs'd *humanity*, and (to ſpeak my opinion freely) *Madam*, your ſelf excepted and that young *Princeſſe* (*Daughter* to the great and unfortunate *Cleopatra*) I think the World cannot ſhew another that may equall her.

Theſe words charg'd the *Queens Modeſty* with a bluſh, and (interrupting *Tyridates*) *I have not vanity enough*, ſaid ſhe, *to believe that what you call my beauty can challenge an* equality *with the Queen* Mariamne's; *I am better acquainted with her* Face *than you imagine, for we have often view'd at our* Court *the* Pourtrait *both of her, and her Brother, the Prince* Ariſtobulus, *and indeed acknowledged them for the exacteſt Pieces that ever the hand of Nature drew. It is true*, reply'd *Tyridates*, *the* Princeſſe Almandra, *raviſh'd as well as others with the Beauties of her children, had caus'd their* Pictures *to be drawn, and ſent to divers parts of the World: but*, Madam, *had it been in the power of Art to repreſent her Soul as well as her Body, your eyes had yet*

been entertain'd with better wonders: *all that Report ever ſpake of the moſt ſublime and refined* vertue, *will ſerve to expreſſe but an imperfect* Ray *of* Mariamne's worth, *and in thoſe great and frequent occaſions that call'd her to the trial, ſhe gave proofs of it, that could not be ſeen and not admir'd*; Her *Conſtancy* ſhin'd in her *Afflictions*, her patience in the perſecutions which ſhe ſuffer'd without the leſt repining, and that prodigious force of *Spirit* taught her to indure a *Huſband*, whom ſhe had ſo much cauſe to hate, and one ſo contrary to all her *inclinations*, fix'd her like an unſhaken *Rock*, beat off all the *Batteries* of her Malignant fortune, and took all thoſe *outrages* in (which another *Spirit* would have found out reaſon for *revenge*) with a *temper* that never ſo much as bow'd it ſelf to the leaſt thought, that might unbeſeem the *Grandeur* of her *Courage*.

And ſince *Mariamne* was thus, was it poſſible for *Tyridates* not to love her, having a heart ſuſceptible of *Love's Impreſſions*, and a Soul capable to comprehend the Divine *qualities* of *Mariamne?* was it poſſible to defend it ſelf by the *Conſideration* of *vertue* from ſuch a puiſſance, when vertue her ſelf came and help'd to give the paſſion Birth? Nor did it ever inſpire me with a thought that might juſtly offend her, I lov'd *Mariamne*, with no intent to *improve* my hopes by the *abuſe* of her *vertue*, but becauſe *Love* had no ſtronger *Armes* than what that lent him, to make himſelf *Maſter* of my *Soul*; and I lov'd *Mariamne*, becauſe it was impoſſible to ſee, to know, and not to love her: Yet I indeavour'd to put my heart in a *poſture* of *Reſiſtance*, and ſo the birth of my affection often oppos'd all the *difficulties* I could incounter

counter in my *intentions*, the *danger* I threw my ſelf into, and the *remembrance* of that which I ow'd to my Protector: but all theſe *conſiderations* were too feeble to defend me; one *look*, one *word* from *Marianne*, would in a *moment* deſtroy all the *Fortifications* againſt her, that had been three Months a rearing: Then I began to arm the *Glory* againſt the *difficulties* I had to vanquiſh, the *perill* I ſlighted by undervaluing my *life*, and *excus'd* my ſelf to *Herod*, with the violence *Mariamne* did me, my affection not being an effect of my *will*; and further, *Madam*, I confeſſe I ſuffer'd a *hope* to flatter me of being let into the *Queens Boſome*, by that juſt *averſion* which the *King* had given her; for, as I underſtood it, the love of a *Wife* to her *Husband*, founded either upon *Inclination*, *Merit*, or *Obligation*, is the beſt weapon ſhe can take up to oppoſe the *purſuites* of a *Lover*; and the *Queen*, having ſuch ſtrong *reaſons* to diſpenſe with all thoſe tyes, had now no other *defence* than for her ſelf, ſingly conſider'd, no *fear* of *remorſe* left for a *Husband*, who had but too much merited all the *revenge* ſhe was capable of taking: and from that time I began to call in theſe *apprehenſions*, my *Paſſion* grew able to corrupt the moſt vertuous *inclination*, to render me ingratefull to my *benefactour*, and to induce me now no more to regard him as my *protectour* from *Phraates*, but as he that murder'd the *Brother*, the *Father*, and the *Grandfathers* of *Mariamne*: Then Jealouſie began to joyn with my *affection*, and I could not reflect upon the *advantages* he poſſeſſed, without deeply Sighing, and a thouſand times crying out, that the *Favours* of that fair *Queen* were more lawfully due to him, who was willing to buy them

with his beſt *ſervices*, and deareſt *bloud*, than to the man who had paid nothing for them but *Indignities* and *Injuries*; when *Love* firſt entred my *Heart* it us'd me gently, hiding thoſe cruel *Idea's* of *torment* he hath ſince inflicted: but now it hath taken an intire *poſſeſſion*, and doth exerciſe an *authority*, which leaves no *liberty* to act by any other *motion* than his own; all my *thoughts*, all my *diſcourſe*, all my actions had no other ſubject but *Mariamne*, nay, my very *ſleep* (whoſe proper *office* it is by benumming the *ſenſes* to charm all our Cares) would not quiet mine, ſtill repreſenting to the eyes of my *Soul*, when the other were clos'd, the *Divine perfections* of *Mariamne*.

This continual fixing my *Spirits*, rob'd me of all my *repoſe*, and produced *effects*, that were ſoon obſerv'd both in my *face* and *behaviour*: and, though the *care* I took to hide it, kept the true *Cauſe* undiſcover'd, yet it could not hinder the whole *Court* from taking notice of my deep *melancholy*, accompany'd with an unnatural *paleneſſe*, a change of my *humour*, and an *alteration* of my *health*,

Arſanes and my *Governour*, (from whom, I never before kept any thing concealed) in this were *ſtrangers* to my *thoughts*; and I preſerv'd the diſguiſe with my beſt *care*, rather out of *reſpect* to my *paſſion* and the *cauſe* of it, than any *doubt* of their *affection* or *fidelity*.

In the mean time my *acceſſe* was ſo eaſie, that I daily ſaw the *Queen*: For the *hopes* which *Herod* cheriſhed (by my means to revenge himſelf of the King of *Parthia*) had made him ſweeten his ſavage *humour* on purpoſe to indear me with a kind entertainment.

tainment. A thouſand times was my tongue ready before that *adorable Princeſſe* (not openly to declare my *Paſſion*, for I had not the daring to take ſuch a *liberty* before a *Vertue* that made me tremble) but at leaſt to let her know that no man had a more paſſionate *Intereſt* in her *fortune*, or could pay down his *life* with greater *Joy* than my ſelf, to purchaſe *Solace* for her *affections*: But ſtil *Fear* arreſted my *Intentions*, and I have ſhak'd at the *thought* of my *deſign*, like a timorous *Soldier* at the ſight of an Enemy, or his *approaches* to an *aſſault*; yet I expreſt part of that in looks, which my tongue would fain have ſaid at large, and then if ſhe chanced to caſt her eyes upon mine, and take them in the *fact*, they loſt all their *aſſurance*, and were either to feeble too receive the *beams* ſhe ſhot, without *Aſtoniſhment*, or (confounded with the *ſurprizal*) threw themſelves at the feet of this *Divine Princeſſe*, and ſeem'd by that ſubmiſſe *action* to ask pardon for the *fault*.

The *Queen* had ſoon diſcover'd the *truth*, if ſhe had not been prevented by ſo many cruel *Cares*, that would not permit her to faſten an obſerving thought upon any of my particular *actions*. I was one day, with the *Princeſs Alexandra* her *Mother*, & as I kept a *complaiſance* ful of *reſpect* in my *behaviour* to them, by the help of an *opinion* which they had conceived to my *advantage*, they began to repoſe much *confidence* in me: *Alexandra* being of a boyling ſpirit, and a temper which wanted much of the *ſweetneſſe* and *Patience* the *Queen*, her *Daughter*, was indued with, abandon'd her ſelf to the *reſentment*, which was yet freſh for the *Death* of *Ariſtobulus*, exclam'd againſt the *cruelty* of *Herod* in moſt violent *termes*,

and

& deplor'd her own and her *Daughters Condition* in *words* full of *passion* and *transport*: from the *Injuries* she receiv'd in her *Son's Death*, and the *ruine* of her *Kindred*, her bitter complaints pas'd to the deadly *Jealousie* of *Herod*, and the fatal effects it had like to have wrought, by the *order* he had given to his *Uncle Joseph*, which (at the brink of his going to appear before *Antony* at *Laodicea*) commanded him to kill *Mariamne*, in case that voyage prov'd fatal to him; *Alexandra* went on with *vehemence* in recounting divers other effects of her Son-in law's *cruelty*, & during all the *discourse*, the *Queen* never so much as open'd her *mouth*, but only to let goe some redoubled *Sighs*, and made her tears keep company with her *Mothers words*, which gave fresh *lustre* to her *beauty*: Oh Gods! what new deep *wounds* did the sight of that *lovely* sorrow give me? how possible it was to behold my *Divine Queen* in that estate, without suffering all her *Sorrowes*? I had now no longer power to dissemble, and losing all *remembrance* of my present condition, and the *danger* whereinto I threw my self headlong, by provoking *Herod* against me, I blindly abandon'd my self to the motions of my Passion, and casting my eyes (moist as the *Queens*) upon hers, that were letting fall their dejected *lookes* to the *Earth*, Good Gods, cry'd I Sighing, is it possible you should submit the most accomplished *piece* that ere you made to so much *affliction*, and must I owe *Safety* to a man, whose actions have given me so much horrour? I presently repented that I suffered these words to escape me, fearing I had declar'd my self too far; but after I perceiv'd I was understood by none but

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the *Princesses*, and that they appear'd unmov'd, I recover'd my assurance, and a little after, the *Princesse Alexandra* being retir'd to the other end of the Chamber to confer with some Persons, and seeing my self alone with the Queen by her Bed's side, I made a strong assault upon my *fear* to recover my *Discourse*, and beholding the tears that stil crept upon her fair *Cheek*, *Would to Heaven*, Madam, said I, *that all the Blood I have could stay the recourse of those pretious tears you spil. Ah! with what Joy should I resign it, how gladly Sacrifice my life for the repose of yours!*

These words (wholy passionate as they were) were ascribed by the *Queen* to nought but the *Compassion* I took of her *misfortunes*; yet they called her from the *Contemplation* of her miseries which had seized her thoughts, and raising up her eyes to mine, with a look full of a sweet *acknowledgement*, *I should be sorry*, said she, *to buy the quiet of my life with the danger of yours; and I have yet more right to my own miseries, than to your afflictions: we are both persecuted, you by a Brother, and I by a Husband: your resentments I cannot disapprove, but I can admit none that are lawful against my Husband: and if his actions doe frame our calamities, tis fit I should believe that Heaven makes use of them to chastise our Crimes. By them it hath let fall it's* wrath *upon the* head *of our deplorable Family, and therefore if any complaint breaks from me, it makes its way through the weaknesse of my Nature, and must not be own'd for the* Child *of* Justice. *O miraculous vertue*, cry'd I, interrupting her, *It is requisite I should redouble my griefs to see you plung'd in such deep Calamity. My misfortunes are not in-*

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ſupportable, reply'd the Queen, *if you could find the way to underſtand them right, and if you knew the* God *which I adore, you would likewiſe know the conſolation I taſte in my very ſufferings, which now you cannot apprehend: if he hath given me* Herod *for a puniſhment as well as a Husband, I ought to receive him from his hands as both; and if he ordains me to pardon the injuries done by the moſt cruel and remote Enemies, ſure he would have me forget thoſe with an intire reſignation I receiv'd from him, to whom he hath pleaſ'd to tye me in a knot ſo ſacred. It is that* Madame, anſwer'd I, *that makes me hold my condition unfortunate, that Heaven hath raiſed you up an Enemy and a Perſecutor, againſt whom I cannot offer you my Sword and Life, without offending your vertue; that your high-raiſed reflections, cannot be combated by a man that reveres you; nor can I cenſure the conſideration you keep for the King your Husband, ſince in his Armes I found my refuge, nor do him any ill office without ingratitude: but if the intereſt which I take in your wrongs, the admiration I have of your vertue, and reſentments much more preſſing and particular, make me find in your afflictions a Subject,* ---at theſe words I ſtopp'd, and conſidering how the inſenſible tranſport of my paſſion, had carried me into terms of diſcovery, I ſtaid in an abrupt ſilence, without conducting my words to any period.

The *Queen* obſerving my ſtrange breaking off, looked upon me, & doubtleſſe either expected what was behind to cloſe my *Diſcourſe*, or would have asked the cauſe of my ſuddain ſilence: when the *Princeſſe* her *Mother* came back again to my reſcue from the *perplexity* wherein my *imprudence* had ingag'd me:

me: yet I think we had ſpent more time in this entertainment, if the arrival of ſome *Ladyes* had not interrupted us; the principal of which, was *Salome* the *Siſter* of *Herod*. It was not amity that brought her to viſit the *Princeſſes*, for ſhe hated them mortally, but having a dexterous and artificial *Spirit*, ſhe made it bow to her *Intereſts*, and knowing the power *Mariamne* had (as unfortunate as ſhe was) in the Kings *affections*, ſhe forc'd her ſelf to appear officious, and cover'd her malicious thoughts with a black *diſſimulation*. The ill will ſhe already bore to the *Queen*, was augmented by a miſchance, which I muſt now recount; for (ſince you have ordain'd me to give you the truth of my *fortune*, ſtript of all *Diſguiſe*) I am forc'd to tell you *Madame*, (though the relation may offend *Modeſty*) that my miſhap, and no other cauſe, made me be lov'd by *Salome*. I had already obſerv'd her affection by divers ſigns, but was eaſily perſwaded to ſlight my diſcovery, either by a juſt anticipation which chain'd me to another, the meaneſt part of whom was infinitely above all that *Salome* could boaſt lovely, or by an imperfect knowledge I had already got of her dangerous humour: however I was content to anſwer her extraordinary *Careſſes*, with ſuch a *Civility* as I believe was due to the *Siſter* of *Herod*; and if I received them at firſt with any ſatisfaction, from that time wherein my life grew conſiderable, becauſe I had given it to the *Queen*, and had begun to ſeek all that ſweetneſſe I could fancy, in her only, I had ſcarce allow'd one ſingle regard either to the Face or Actions of *Salome*.

For that day ſhe cut off my further Diſcourſe with the

the *Queen*, but I had *liberty* enongh to renew it in thoſe that ſucceeded; the Court was not then very large, every man fearing to provoke *Herod*'s Iealous and ſuſpitious *ſpirit*: but in all the *Converſe* I had with her, *fear* ſtill fetter'd my tongue, and I had not the confidence to diſcloſe my thoughts further, than what my eyes or ſometimes a ſudden change of colour could expreſſe. In the mean time *Herod* (either through generoſity, or thoſe reaſons I render'd) ſtil permitted me thoſe *liberties*, when *Fortune* preſented an occaſion to improve my *credit* with him.

Malichus, who commanded the *Arabians*, an ancient *Enemy* to *Herod*, with a powerfull *Aemy* invaded the frontiers of *Judea*, committing a thouſand Acts of *Hoſtility*; it was ſince believ'd he kept intelligence with old *Hircanus*, who (as I told you) liv'd at *Hieruſalem* in the condition of a private man, without any *credit* or *congniſance* of affaires; & with the Princeſſe *Alexandra*: however it was, *Herod* uniting his diſperſed forces with exceeding *diligence*, had ſoon gather'd a conſiderable Army; &, not being able to go in *perſon*, becauſe of ſome troubles he ſuſpected at home, beſides his intended voyage to go viſit *Auguſtus Cæſar* (then at *Rhodes*) he put his Brother *Pherorat* in the Head of it. I was aſham'd, that I had imployed all my *youth* in running away from *death*, and deſiring leave of the *King* that I might accompany his Brother in that *expedition*, he not only conſented, but gave me the *command* of all the *Cavalry*; I parted very well pleaſed with the *imployment*, & indeavour'd to ſweeten the grief I took to leave *Mariamne*, with a hope to merit her eſteem

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by ſome action of vaſour; I will not trouble you with the particulars of this *Warre*, and ſhall only content my ſelf to tell you, that by an *exceſſe* of good *fortune* I acquired a reputation large enough; In the ingagements I made with my *Troops*, I defeated the *Enemy* in divers *incounters*, which I had ſtil the hap to *Signalize* by ſome perſonal *action*. In one combat, which was obſtinately diſputed with a *Squadron* of our *Troops*, I kill'd the *Brother* of *Malichus* with my own hand, and a few dayes after, having ſurpriz'd half the *Enemies Army* at a *Paſſe* upon a *River*, I charged it with 4000. Horſe I had then with me, with ſo ſtrange a *ſucceſſe*, that we kill'd above 8000. *Arabians* upon the place, and routed the reſt with ſuch a grand *confuſion*, that they left all their *baggage* to our *Souldiers*.

By this, and the precedent *incounters*, I had acquired as much *credit* in the *Army* as I could well deſire, and *Herod* receiving the news, conceived an opinion of me ſo advantagious, as within a ſhort time after, having call'd home his *Brother Pheroras* to the *Government* of the State, during his voyage to *Auguſtus*, he deſir'd me to accept the *command* of the Army in chief, rather chooſing to repoſe ſo weighty a truſt in me (though young, and a Stranger) than in any of his older and more experimented *Captaines*. After the departure of *Pheroras*, I had the ſole command; and *fortune*, that had favour'd my beginnings, did ſo well ſecond her *kindneſſe* in what follow'd, that at laſt I intirely chaſed the *Arabians* out of *Judea*, after they had loſt above 1000. lives in divers incounters. Thus when all was pacified upon the *Frontiers*, and we had no more *Enemies*

mies to combat, after the garriſons were fortified, I return'd towards *Hieruſalem*, leſſe ſatisfied with the *applauſe* was prepar'd me for my good ſucceſſe, than with the hope of being ſuddenly reſtor'd to the ſight of *Mariamne*; and to ſee her at ſuch a time, when I believ'd the ſervice I had done her *Countrey* had purchaſed ſome eſteem in her thoughts.

But Oh Gods! how ſurprized was I at a ſad report I met upon the way, which told me that *Herod* was departed from *Rhodes*, with deſign to gain the ſame credit with *Auguſtus*, that he had before with *Antony*: but before his departure, had caus'd old *Hircanus* to be ſtrangled, out of ſuſpition that he kept *Intelligence* with *Malichus*, and that great *Princeſs*, his Grand-child with her *Mother* to be ſhut up in a *Caſtle*, or rather a cloſe *Priſon* neer the *City*, under the Guard of *Sohemus*, and *Joſeph*, with expreſſe order to reſtrain their liberty, and forbid them all converſe till he came back again. This newes not only moderated the contentment I took in my return, and the ſucceſſeſull event of my expedition, but poſſeſt my ſpirit with *Aſtoniſhment*, *Horrour*, & *Compaſſion*. I was amaz'd at the cruelty of *Herod*, who holding his *Life* & *Scepter* of *Hircanus* goodneſſe, though he was then Foureſcore, had not the patience to ſtay till Nature would relinquiſh him to his Tombe, the horror of this act, and the ſad pity I had for the affliction aud captivity of *Mariamne*, bruis'd my Soul with a grief ſo weighty, as I was ready to give over all reſiſtance.

Arſanes & my governour *Polites*, ſeeing my ſorrows ſwell to ſuch a proportion, as they thought too big for my *Intereſts* in *Herods* houſe, earneſtly intreated

treated me to undiſguiſe the cauſe it. At firſt I reſiſted, but in fine, conſidering the little reaſon I had to diſtruſt them, after they had given ſuch clear proofs of their affection, I abandoned my ſecret to their diſcretion, and avowed my violent paſſion for *Mariamne*. This Confeſſion ſurpris'd them (though indeed they might have ſpar'd their aſtoniſhment, well knowing what charms the *Queen* poſſeſſed) and after they had in vain repreſented all the reaſon they could make to extinguiſh my flame, they diſpoſed themſelves to ſerve me at the peril of their lives. I was a little comforted with the proteſtations they made me, and began to judge their advice not unſerviceable for the conduct of my deſires. I finiſhed the reſt of my Journey, with ſuch a ſetled melancholy, that the reception I had from *Pheroras* & the reſt of the *Jews*, was incapable to moderate it; what ſaid I (when I was alone, or had only my two confidents about me) is *Mariamne* (to whom all ſhould reſign their liberties) become a Captive? and can the *Gods* permit the moſt perfect piece that ever they put their Hands to, to be given up to the cruelties of ſuch an inhumane? *Mariamne* now weeps the loſſe of a Grand-father, with that of her liberty, & the feeble *Tyridates* weeps too like her, without offering other ſuccours than a few womaniſh tears; he keeps his Armes acroſſe, while the *Monſters* tear his heart in the Perſon of *Mariamne*, and then how weak the reaſons are that will not let him arm himſelf againſt his Hangman! Ah *Tyger*! a thouſand times more cruel than *Phraates*, no longer my protector, but my Perſecutor, my Enemy. Savage Monſter! too too unworthy of thoſe dear advantages

thou poſſeſſeth, truſt no further to that obligation which till now hath tied me to thy Intereſts, and believe it I am more injur'd by thee in *Mariamne's* wrongs, than oblig'd for my ſhelter; for her I will draw my Sword againſt thee and all the World nor can it be ingratitude to defend Vertue from the oppreſſion of Tyranny.

Theſe were the thoughts I converſt with, for this laſt effect of *Herod's* inhumanity had ſo gall'd my Spirit, that it forſook all the conſiderations I had for him; and now I made no ſcruple (for the ſervice or revenge of *Mariamne*) to do him the worſt of miſchiefs *Arſanes* (to whom I ſhew'd theſe thoughts naked) beg'd of me to cover them, ſince their publiſhing might procure my ruine without the leaſt advantage to *Mariamne*; In the mean time I told him it was impoſſible for me to live and not to ſee her, that I was reſolv'd to try all the wayes (though never ſo dangerous) to compaſſe it. *Arſanes* long oppoſed this intention: but ſeeing no poſſibility of diſſwaſion, reſolved to ſeek ſome means to ſerve me in it.

He was very well known to *Sohemus*, beſides I call'd to mind that I had done him a courteſie with *Herod*, in a buſineſſe wherein he ſtood in great need of my favour; this gave *Arſanes* a belief, it might make way for the obteining part of my deſires, and indeed we found a greater facility than we durſt hope: For *Mariamne* (againſt the power of whoſe charms their was no reſiſtance) had ſo perfectly gain'd *Sohemus* heart, as he had no paſſion more powerfull than a deſire to pleaſe her, and would not have ſcrupled to hazard fortune and life it ſelf to

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ſerve her; he was very willing to have ſet her at liberty, and would have follow'd her fortune, where ever ſhe had retir'd, if his Companion in the charge had not been of a diſpoſition ſo different, as he ſuſpected it would betray him to the rage of *Herod.* At the firſt propoſition *Arſanes* made him to let me ſee the Queen, he ſhewed much willingneſſe to oblige me, & ſcrupled at nothing but the difficulties he had to deceive his Companion; he had little hope to gain his conſent to my ſatisfaction, and therfore thought it unſafe to hazard the propoſition. *Arſanes* gave the deſire I had to ſee the Queen, no other title than pitty of her miſeries, and ſo made by Paſſion paſſe for an effect of Generoſity.

Sohemus demanded the reſt of that day to ſeek expedients to content me, and on the morrow came and told him he was reſolv'd to ſatisfie me, though he foreſaw ſome danger threatned the enterprize. *Arſanes* intreated him not to impart our deſign to the Queen, for fear (ſaid he) ſhe ſhould oppoſe it with ſome timorous conſideration; but he found it more difficult to make that requeſt prevail with *Sohemus*, than any he had yet mentioned, (ſo intirely was that honeſt ſpirit at the Queen's devotion) but at laſt, clearing his doubts with a belief that I would bring no other intention than to ſerve her, and that I would not have ſought an occaſion ſo perillous to make my viſit, if I were not aſſured my ſight would not be unwelcome, they reſolv'd then, that the following Evening, I ſhould be ready at a certain place neer the Caſtle, where *Sohemus* had appointed, and there he promiſed him about 2. houres within Evening to come and conduct me to the Queen's pre-

ſence: he made choice of that hour, becauſe the Queen had then her Chamber free, and was not importun'd with *Joſeph's* viſits, who at that time was uſually retir'd to his own. Beſides, my Face was ſo well known to all the Court, that no diſguiſe without the aid of darkneſs could have conceal'd it.

There was much hazard in this enterpriſe, as well for what might then have befallen me, as for the fatal conſequences, if *Herod* ſhould ever light upon the diſcovery: Yet I not only ſlighted all that fear could allege, but waited the wiſhed hour with an impatience that took all thoſe, that preceded it, for tedious years. At laſt it came, and when the night had ſpread all her Sables, I left *Hieruſalem*, only follow'd by *Arſanes* and my Governour, and having not above a hundred furlongs to ride, I ſoon arriv'd at the place deſired.

Sohemus kept his word, it being that day his turn to command the Caſtle, and therefore free for him to go in and out when he pleas'd; he came to find me, only attended by one of his Guard, which was a young man, in whom he repos'd an intire confidence. Beſides, he choſe him from all the reſt, becauſe his age and ſhape did not much diſagree with mine. The plot was, I ſhould put on his Cloaths, and he ſtay with *Arſanes* in mine, that thoſe that ſaw me enter with *Sohemus*, might take me for the ſame man that went out with him, my face being hidden from thoſe that knew it in the night's black maſque. When I had got on the Guard *Caſaque*, he led me to a gate of the Caſtle, flanked with high Towers, and ſurrounded with a deep ditch, and commanding the bridge (by a ſignal given) to be let down, he con-

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ducted me into the Court without a Torch, having left an expreſſe order with thoſe that guarded the Gate, not to light any thing; who ſeeing me enter with him, never examin'd my face, nor regarded whether I was their companion or not; yet he would not lead me by the great Stairs, nor carry me through the Guard Hall, but conducting me up a little pair of Stairs, and ſo thorough a Gallery where there ſtood a Sentinel (which he made ſhew to come on purpoſe to relieve and put me in his place) he led me to the door of the *Anti*-Chamber.

By this time I confeſſe all my courage had almoſt forſook me; for though no Danger could ever inſtruct me what was meant by the fear of Death, yet I trembled to think I might diſpleaſe the Queen by this bold intruſion; and then unſeaſonably reflecting on what was paſt, I almoſt repented the enterpriſe, and was divers times about to ſtay *Sohemus*, and ſo return back without ſeeing the Queen.

At the name of *Sohemus* the door of the Anti-chamber was preſently open'd; and becauſe of the inclination he had alwayes expreſt to the Queens Intereſts, he had a free acceſſe to her at all houres. When we entred her Chamber, ſhe was upon her knees by the Beds ſide, praying with an ardent devotion to the God ſhe ador'd, and the Princeſſe her Mother was newly retir'd to her Cabinet. The noiſe we made comming in made her turn her head that way, and having ſpyed us, ſhe asked *Sohemus* if he had any thing to ſay. I did not give *Sohemus* time to anſwer, but approaching with a troubled poſture, I fell upon my knees before her, and taking one of her fair Hands, joyned it to my Lips with an ardour

ſo vehement, as bereav'd me of the uſe of ſpeech. The Queen (finding this action too familiar and too paſſionate for a Guard) at firſt repuls'd me with ſome diſdain; but afterward ſuſpecting a part of the truth, and beholding my face with a ſerious eye, by the help of thoſe lights which were ſet by her Bedsſide, ſhe knew me. It was no mean aſtoniſhment wherewith this ſight ſurpriz'd her, and recoyling ſome paces back, after ſhe had withdrawn her hand from mine? *Ah* Tyridates ſaid ſhe, *what mean you? to what a danger have you expos'd your ſelf? Danger*, Madam, reply'd I, *Ah! that the Gods would confront me with a thouſand times more, that I might find occaſion to ſhew you how mean a thing I think my life in relation to your ſervice. My Calamities* (reply'd the Queen ingaging me to riſe) *are too much in debt to your compaſſion: but I cannot yet quit the fear you have given me, and the knowledge I have of* Herod's *humour, makes me wiſh from my Soul, you had not tempted this peril to ſee me. I beſeech you* Madame, ſaid I, *do not keep thoſe fears for me, for believe it, while this condition laſts, to which your misfortunes have reduced me, I ſhall neither fear* Herod's *hatred, nor deſire his amity. I have a long time conſidered him as a King of whom I hold my life, but muſt now know him for a man, that hath uſed that life a thouſand times more cruelly than death it ſelf would have done, from which the retreat he gave hath poſſibly defended me. Till now the obligation diſputed with the outrage, & in the perſon of* Mariamne's *Perſecutor I found my Protectour: but at laſt, Madam, the reſentments of what I owe him, have quitted what they held within me to ſuch as have a juſter title, and theſe laſt injuries which*

he

be printed in your Grandfathers murther, and your own cruel Captivity, have ſtrangled all theſe conſiderations wich till now my heart ſuffer'd to ſpeak in his behalf, and have brought me to ask orders at your feet, which I vow to execute without condition or reſervation. Be not loath then, madam, to ordain me all that may be done in your Quarrel, and if you pleaſe, believe that I will not only ſhut my eyes upon all ſorts of conſiderations; but trample upon all difficulties that ſhall offer to withſtand me, when once fortified with the honour of your Commands.

While I ſpake in this manner, the Queen regarded me attentiuely; and though ſhe knew the malicious heart of her Husband, and remembred how often ſhe had been deceived by ſuch as acted the part of officious perſons, and made uſe of ſome ſuch tearms as mine to ſound her intentions, with deſign to carry the report to the King, I was ſo happy as not to be ſuſpected of ſo baſe an ambuſh, and of this ſhe aſſur'd me by theſe words. *I have too good an opinion of you,* ſaid ſhe, *and can too well diſtinguiſh the Princes of* Arſaces *bloud, from cheap and baſe perſons, to ſuſpect the diſſimulation wherewith divers others have betraid me.*

I know your words parted from a true compaſſion, & ſuch generous motions, as are familiar with perſons of your extraction: beſides, you have given proofs of too great a vertue to leav me the ſhadow of ſuch a thought; & (to witneſs the Confidence I have in you) I will open my heart to you with a moſt intire freedom. It is true, though Heaven hath given me Herod *for a Husband, I cannot love him, and indeed I ſhould be rather inſenſible than conſtant or loyal, if the death of my Grand-*

father Ariſtobulus, *of my Father* Alexander, *of my Unkle* Antigonus, *of my Brother* Ariſtobulus, *and this laſt of my Grandfather* Hircanus *ſhould be remembred without ſtirring my Soul againſt him that murder'd them, and deſtroyed the royal houſe of the* Aſmoneans: *beſides theſe known injuries I have received ſome more particular, but not leſs ſenſible: There comes not a day wherin I do not look for a knife at my throat, and this bloudy man, at his departure for* Rhodes, *hath given the ſame command to* Sohemus *that he did before to his Unkle* Joſeph, *to kill me if the voyage proved unfortunate. I have now freely repreſented my deplorable condition with* Herod, *but I muſt tell you (with the ſame truth) that (as much monſter as he is) he is yet my Husband, that my apprehenſions of his injuries are not more prevalent than the rules of my duty, and that I am not permitted to deſire a revenge againſt him, which* Heaven *hath reſerved for its own appointment: If my miſeries come once to be pitty'd by our Sovereign Maſter, he will find power to releaſe me of them, and if it be his pleaſure they ſhould ſtill continue, I ſhall indeavour ſo to ſuffer for the love of him, as I may be render'd more worthy of his love. Behold* Tyridates *the eſtate of my condition, with the temper of my thoughts, I am deeply in your ſcore for the propriety you claim in my misfortunes: but let me now beg you will give it over, leſt the dangerous pitty ſhould at laſt prove fatal to its owner. Ah! might it pleaſe the Gods, cryed I, wholly tranſported, that your evills might be brought off, with the cruelleſt death, that* Herod *is capable of inventing, with what glad heart ſhould I run to imbrace thoſe glorious torments, which*

poſſibly

poſſibly might procure me ſome ſmall acknowledgement in yours; how fair would be my deſtiny to pay down my life for this adorable Princeſſe, to whom all lives, all hearts ought to be ſacrificed. Theſe words, with the Paſſion that helped to pronounce them, opened the Queens eyes, and ſhewed her (by a prompt reflection on what was paſt) that tranſports ſo violent, could not ſpring from a naked pity: this diſcovery call'd up a bluſh into her face; and having ſilently beheld me with an action that betrayed ſome trouble: *Tyridates*, ſaid ſhe, *do you well conſider what you ſay?* She let fall theſe words, in ſo ſevere an accent, that it ſtruck ſuch terrour into me, as I loſt all my aſſurance; and (in ſtead of anſwering) fell to conſider how imprudently I had open'd my breſt; but I ſaw well I had ſhewn too much Paſſion to keep the reſt ſtill diſguiſed; and in this uproar of thoughts, (toſt with love, grief, and deſpair) I let my ſelf fall at the Queens feet, imbracing and kiſſing them a thouſand times over, without ſo much power as could utter one word; by this action clearly confirming the ſuſpicion my words had given her. Oh Gods! how ſenſibly ſhe was touched! how violent were her firſt apprehenſions to proceed from ſo ſweet a Soul: She took a long time to weigh the reſolution was fitteſt to be taken, and I (in the mean time) the advantage of her Silence and immobility to rally my ſcatter'd ſpirits. *Madam*, ſaid I, (*keeping my hold at her feet without daring to lift my eyes to her viſage*) *if my tongue hath betray'd my Soul, and* (*contrary to my intent*) *diſplayed a paſſion which my whole life ſhould have preſerved a Secret, ordain me all the paines that are due to it, and I*

vow

vow by all the Gods *to ſuffer them without a murmure; to you I will not Juſtifie a Paſſion, which otherwiſe might call to its own purity to defend it. I will not tell you 'tis impoſſible to look upon you, and not incurre the fault I have committed, nor that the ſilence of divers yeares, have given ſome proofs of my reſpect. No, I am Criminal if I have contracted your anger, and am worthy of the moſt cruel Puniſhments, if I have been capable to diſpleaſe you.* I had gone further if the now reſolv'd Queen had not ſtayed my progreſſe, and repulſing me with one hand, while ſhe carried the other to her face to hide ſome changes there: *Tyridates*, ſaid ſhe, *you are yet more culpable than you believe, and if you had known me well, you would never have granted your ſelf the licence to give me the diſpleaſure, I have now received. I will not noyſe your folly, becauſe I know* Herod's *Humour, which doubtleſſe would deſtroy you for it; and as I pardon him the bloudy injuries he hath ſo often done me, ſo I forgive the offence you have ſo lately committed.*

At theſe words ſhe roſe from her Chair, and calling *Sohemus* (who was diſcourſing with her Maids in the Anti-chamber) ſhe commanded him to conduct me preſently back, and ſo reſolving to hear me no more, ſhe retir'd into her Mothers Cabinet. Oh Gods! in what an eſtate was I, when I ſaw my ſelf thus deſerted, in what a ſtrange faſhion I followed *Sohemus*, when he led me out of the Caſtle the ſame way we enter'd it? I had ſcarce the power to imbrace him at our parting, or to give him thanks for the Courteſie he had done me. I found my men, got to horſe, and return'd to *Hieruſalem* with a melancholy, darker than the nights blackeſt ſhades, and with a counte

countenance which I think little differ'd from that of a Condemned man.

I would ſcarce hear the comforts *Arſanes* offer'd me, (to whom I had recounted my diſaſter) but paſſed the reſt of the night in the moſt cruel inquietudes, that ever tore a Soul; I could not remember the incenſed looks of my Divine Princeſſe, without calling in the ſame fear that ſeized me at the firſt effects of her anger; nor think of the diſpleaſure I had given her, without letting my ſelf ſink almoſt under the ſorrow I reſented; all the words ſhe ſpake came flocking to my memory: but it galled me to think ſhe ſhould put my offence in the ſame ballance with *Herod's* villanies: Ah unjuſt *Mariamne*, *ſaid I*, how unskilfull you are in diſcerning Injuries? could you have judged aright, you would have found little cauſe to aſſociate the cruelties of *Herod*, with the overſights of *Tyridates*. *Herod* hath wreſted the Crown from your Family, *Herod* ſtill bluſhes with the bloud of your neareſt kindred, *Herod* gives daily orders for your own death, and *Tyridates* gives you his Heart, his Soul, and himſelf intire. Sure this offence is not of a nature ſo heinous, as thoſe you have receiv'd of that *Miſcreant*, and me thinks you need not the ſame patience to indure them; but why ſaid I, (repenting my words) why do I juſtifie my crime? is it not true that I am faulty, ſince my raſhneſſe hath merited *Mariamne's* anger? I ought to conſider her as a Divinity ſublim'd above the reach of humane thoughts, I ſhould tremble before her vertue, and if it were impoſſible to ſee her without falling in love with ſo much beauty both of Soul and Body, yet I ſhould have ſuffered thoſe glorious paines without

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publiſhing, and not have improv'd my misfortune by my indiſcreet and raſh diſcovery.

In ſuch thoughts as theſe I paſſed the Night, and divers other daies that followed it, in which ſpace I often ſaw *Salome*, *Pheroras* with the chief of the *Judean* Court, who ſtrove among themſelves, who ſhould treat me with moſt Careſſes for the ſervice I had done their Country: but neither their company, nor their kindneſs could eaſe the evils which my love inflicted, nor ſweeten the ſorrows I took for the Choler & captivity of *Mariamne*: But about the time there came news to *Hieruſalem*, that *Herod* was triumphantly returned from *Auguſtus*; that by an artificial oration, full of an affected generoſity, he had ſo gain'd upon the ſpirit of that great Emperor, as it procur'd him a ſpecious entertainment, & got him little leſs in his Amity, than he had before in the affections of *Antony*. Thoſe that had an intereſt in his good ſucceſs, were more over joi'd at the news, in which (a few days after) they were confirm'd, when they ſaw him arive with a proud train at his heels, & read in his erected looks the ſatisfaction he receiv'd in that voyage.

There was made him a magnificent reception, and (I mingling my ſelf with thoſe that went to meet him) he received me with extraordinary careſſes, call'd me the valiant Defender of *Judea*, and promiſed a grateful remembrance of the ſervices I had rendred to his Crown. But alas! how little was I ſenſible of his Offers and Civilities? And though indeed I could not but confeſs he had put me in his debt, yet the love of *Mariamne*, and the reſentment of her wrongs, ſtifled all his obligations. The ſame day he arived, he reſtor'd her liberty, and burning with Love,

Love, could not forbear to viſit her in the ſame place, which had been her Priſon, where he ſpent the night with her, and the next day brought her back with him to the City, with many open profeſſions of a moſt ardent affection.

I underſtand by *Sohemus*, that at that interview, he had made her a moſt paſſionate diſcourſe; and after he had excus'd the death of *Hircanus* with a neceſſity that conſtrain'd him ſo to prevent the deſign he had to ruine him, he deeply proteſted, that the Abridgement of her Freedome, was only meant to ſecure her Perſon from the attempts of ſuch, whoſe diſaffection in his abſence might hazard her ſafety; and to diſarm the deſigns of ſome perſons that were likely to make uſe of Hers and her Mother's preſence (whoſe turbulent Spirit he was well acquainted with) to authoriſe ſedition, and ſtir up troubles in the State.

The wiſe Queen receiv'd this diſcourſe with a becomming temper; and, if ſhe could not intirely hide her diſtates, ſhe diſſembled part of them, leſt they ſhould prove as fatal to *Sohemus* as they had been to *Joſeph*. The Court was then more glorious than ever; the King highly pleaſed with the ſucceſſe of his Affairs: and (having nothing elſe to ſubdue that might keep him from getting above the reach of Fortune, but the ſpirit of *Mariamne*) he ſought all ſorts of occaſions to divertiſe her: but if the Queen (whoſe griefs were gone too deep to be ſweetned with the vain ſhadow of pleaſure) took little notice of it, I was not leſſe incapable than ſhe, of taſting any jollity; and my remembrance kept the deep graven Characters of my Love and her Anger ſo freſh in my

Soul,

Soul, as all the ſplendour and pomp of *Herod's* Court wanted power to Charm them. I ſtill ſaw her every day, becauſe ſhe forbad it not; but I ſcarce durſt open my mouth in her preſence, ſcarce lift up my eyes to her Face, inſtructing all my actions to inform how deeply the fear to diſpleaſe her was ingraven in my heart: yet neither her looks nor actions expres't any ſign of averſion: indeed ſhe had a Soul too Beautifull, too ſweet an Inclination to loath a man, who had only offended with Affection, ſince ſhe had much ado to return Hatred where it was deſerv'd by ſuch bloudy Injuries: but believing ſhe could not hear my Love plead farther, without offending vertue, ſhe avoided all occaſions of diſcourſe as much as poſſible; and though ſhe ſtill ſpake to me with much affability, yet ſhe never did ſo but in company, and ſo contriv'd it, that we never exchanged words without a witneſſe: though this behaviour of hers could not give me an intire ſatisfaction; yet it left me no cauſe of Complaint; and the knowledge I had of her admirable Vertue, having extinguiſht with my hopes a part of thoſe flames her Beauty had kindled, I learn'd to think my Paſſion ſufficiently rewarded by the eſteem ſhe had of me: indeed there was never any perſon lov'd with leſſe intereſt; and with truth I may ſay, I Lov'd *Mariamne* for her ſelf alone; nor in all the Proceſſe of my Paſſion did I ever conſider *Tyridates*.

In this manner I liv'd a whole year; and though my Eyes did all the Meſſages of my Love, yet ſhe might eaſily read in all my Actions, that it had loſt no ardour; and that my ſufferings, were therefore more Cruel, becauſe they ſtood in awe of Reſpect.

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At laſt my perſeverance, linked with diſcretion (which ſhe knew by a thouſand marks) touched her with compaſſion; I ſay Compaſion: for love could never be admitted: And what ſhe did ſince in my Favour, did all proceed from a motion ſo purely generous, as the moſt perfect vertue was ingag'd to commend it; nor could it be cenſur'd by any without injuſtice. Her heart, which was neither Stone nor Braſſe, ſuffer'd it ſelf to be ſoftned with pitty; but it was never capable of an Impreſſion not conform'd to the ſevere Rules of her Duty: ſhe could not ſee a Prince languiſhing ſo many years, a Prince dying for her, but dying in a faſhion ſo reſpectfull and obliging, and dying without complaining of the cauſe of his Death, or of Death it ſelf, and not give ſome proofs that nature made her ſenſible: but ſhe would rather have ſuffer'd him to die, nay, dyed her ſelf, than let in the leaſt thought to her Soul of pittying him, to the prejudice of her Vertue: I was ſo happy in the conduct of my Paſſion, and had carried ſo much caution in all my Actions, that *Herod* (the moſt jealous and diſtruſtfull of all men) had not yet the leaſt ſuſpition of me; and this diſcretion was not under-valued by the Queen.

I was one day in her Company with the King, *Pheroras*, *Salome*, and ſome other of the chief Courtiers in the Palace-garden, where we had walked a long time, and where I had done my beſt to evade the purſutes of *Salome*, who had then been trying (having too much courage to give me her naked Paſſion) to make me ſpy it in her Actions, and underſtand it by a thouſand ambiguous Diſcourſes; when the King, who had walked all this time with

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the Queen alone, being oblig'd by ſome important Affairs to retire, he call'd me to him, and giving me the Queen's hand, which till then himſelf had held: I leave you to Prince *Tyridates*, ſaith he, *and I cannot put that which I tender more dearly than my ſelf into better hands than his: Try, if you pleaſe, to divert her from her deep Melancholy.* To theſe words I return'd no other anſwer but an action full of Reverence and reſpect: and, conſidering how my condition ſtood with the Queen, I durſt not adventure to take her hand, till ſhe tender'd it her ſelf, with a Countenance that did put on a World of ſweetneſſe: And thus I helped her to walk, without daring either to open my mouth, or to look upon her. Her behaviour was a long time like mine: but at laſt ſhe broke ſilence, and took this opportunity to declare what her heart had for me. *Tyridates*, ſaid ſhe, *if the King knew your intentions, he would not put me into your hands with ſo much confidence, and ſince they were known to me, I ought to have hindred it; I could eaſily have done ſo, if my Will had conſented, and probably I had too, if I had not believ'd I might permit your converſe, and acquaint you with my thoughts, without intereſſing what I owe to him or my ſelf. Know then* Tyridates, *That the firſt notice I had of your Malady gave me ſome reſentment againſt you, but the progres of it compaſſion; I have truly pitied the Eſtate you are in, and cannot, without grief, ſee a Prince (to whom Heaven hath given ſuch excellent qualities) paſſe his life in a condition ſo miſerable. But in fine,* Tyridates, *what are your pretences? and if you have judged me worthy of your eſteem, what can you hope for of me? Think you I can licenſe*

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in your favour the leaſt Act that may ſatisfie your Paſſion? I ſay the leaſt: for, did I believe you could harbour a thought to my diſhonour, I would look upon you as a Monſter, as a mortal Enemy: Doe you think the litle content I take with Herod, *and the remembrance of the wrongs he hath done me, can turn my affections upon another, becauſe leſſe worthy of my averſion? is it upon this thought you build your hopes? if ſo* Tyridates, *diſabuſe your ſelf; and believe, that if Heaven hath made me miſerable, by ſubmitting me to this cruel man, I will never conſent to merit my Misfortunes by my Actions; though my forlorn hap hath marryed me to him, it ſhall never match me to his Crimes: I would not be ſo ingrateful to the goodneſſe of Heaven, that is ever ſending Comfort to my Miſeries; nor ſo unworthy of your eſtimation. For my ſake,* Tyridates, *conſider theſe Truths, ſince they are repreſented with as much Mildneſſe, as much Affection as I can keep for you with Reaſons leave: call up the greatneſſe of your courage, to give a brave aſſault upon your ſelf, and propoſe this ruinous Paſſion to your thoughts as an Enemy you ought to fear, as an Enemy that would deſtroy you: and probably mee to, unleſſe you vanquiſh it.* The Queen ended with theſe words, which I heard with admiration: and during the diſcourſe, having rally'd part of the confidence fear had ſcatter'd, I made it ſerve me to anſwer in theſe terms.

I am unworthy, Madam, of this Favour you have given me: and ſince I have merited your diſpleaſure, 'its fit I ſhould periſh for the expiation, rather than reſerve my ſelf for ſuch a pitty as you lately mentioned, nor ſhould my tongue ever hazard a ſecond purchaſe of

your indignation, if that generous bounty which keepi company with the reſt of your admirable Virtues did not allow me liberty to juſtifie my thoughts before you. I will adventure then to tell you, That love (as I apprehend it) can neither be odious nor conſiderable to the perſon beloved, but by the effects it produceth, ſince of it ſelf it is obliging and advantagious, even to Creatures leaſt capable of apprehenſion: if my paſſion had hatched any Deſire within me contrary to your virtue, you might deteſt it as a Criminal, as an Enemy that would poiſon the purity of your Soul: But if it ſhall never inſpire any other than ſuch as ſhall inſtruct me to revere thoſe admirable Qualities the Gods have given you, to intereſt my ſelf in your fortune, and Sacrifice my ſelf for your intereſts; where will you find a juſt occaſion to condemn it? Is it a Crime for Tyridates *to do the homage of a pure veneration, to the divine beauties and Perfections of* Mariamne? *Is it a Crime for* Tyridates, *to give up all his Thoughts, and dedicate his whole time to this Imployment? And is it a Crime for* Tyridates *to long for an occaſion, with the price of his Blood and Life, to buy Repoſe for* Mariamne? *Madam, if I have other Thoughts, other Deſires than theſe, puniſh me with all the rigour your firſt reſentments inſpir'd you with; and let the Divine Power joyn with yours to compleat me the moſt miſerable of all men. But if you find in my affection all the innocence you require; in the Gods name, Madam, give me leave to carry it to my Tombe; it is a neceſſity which will never indure to be diſpens'd with, a favour which I conjure you by the remembrance of all that you hold moſt dear, to grant me: And if the place were clear of witneſſes, that I might be permitted to ask it of*

you

your feet; I would never riſe from thence, till I had obtained it.

Theſe words, and the vehemence wherewith I pronounced them, wrought upon the generous and tender ſpirit of the Queen, and ſtirred up ſuch thoughts as took her ſome time before ſhe could get them out into an anſwer; at length ſhe diſpos'd her ſelf to it; and as ſhe was beginning, we found our ſelves at the end of an Ally, where turning to continue our walk, we ſpied *Salome*, and the reſt of the company ſo near us, as the Queen ſaw ſhe ſhould not have time to diſcharge her heart, and ſeeing the company ſtaid to let us paſſe, before we quitted the place ſhe thus reply'd: Tyridates, *if your thoughts be ſuch as you ſay, I can finde no juſt cauſe of offence, but were they yet more innocent, I muſt counſel you, and do with all my ſoul crave of you (if it be poſſible) to diſcard them from your Heart, ſin e they cannot be but ruinous to your repoſe and mine.*

She ſaid no more, and whether it were that ſhe was willing to purſue this diſcourſe no farther, or that ſhe ſuſpected the malicious ſpirit of *Salome* might probably raiſe a bad comment upon our privacy, ſhe joyn'd with the reſt of the company, and would ſeparate no m re.

From this day I dated a happy change in my condition, and believed my eſtate much more advantagious than formerly. The Queen though ſhee diſapproved my reſearch, and ſaw the continuance of it with diſpleaſure) yet ſhe indur'd it with a moſt noble patience, that would neither ſuffer her to baniſh, nor hate a Prince who ador'd her with a Devotion ſo pure and unbiaſſed, as nothing in it could

be found fit to censure; and never hoping to advance farther in her favour, I learn'd to stay my content upon what I had: This began to restore my Spirits, and recall my Colour, and if my face still shew'd some Discontent, it had a root in the Queen's miseries and not mine.

The condition of this great Princesse was deplorable, & though the King loved her with an almost inraged passion, such was her aversion to all the indearing passages of his Love, as Shee took them for so many effects of Heaven's indignation; and though her vertuous resolution held her to the servere rules of her duty, her great courage could not be pliable to such caresses as she believ'd not due to the destroyer of her Family, and a man yet crimson'd with the blood of her neerest Kindred: these disdaines sometimes raiseth such tempests in the King, as he was often ready to pour them upon her as the last effects of his fury: but then would Love step in to check Anger, and, taking the reigns from those raging Transports which he had suffer'd to get uppermost, render'd him more soft and submisse than ever; and sent him to seek that with Prayers and Tears, which he could not obtain with all his menaces.

We were one day in the King's Chamber, whither he had invited the Queen: and they standing together at a Window, after some discourse which we heard not, he ptofer'd to kisse her: but the *Queen* (whether she thought such condescension injurious to Modesty, in so great a Company, or, in effect, followed the motions of a just Hatred) recoil'd some steps back, and turn'd away her head with disdain enough

enough. The King was ſo galled with this Action, eſpecially appearing before ſo many Witneſſes, as all the power he could make was not capable to hide his Paſſion; and beholding the Queen with eyes ſparkling with rage, and a Countenance on which fury had ſpread it ſelf; *You are unworthy*, ſaid he, *both of the Honour was offer'd you, and all thoſe that went before it: Go, get you out of my Chamber, and if you do not remember the deſtiny of your Fathers, remember that I promiſe to make you know him for your King, whom you now ſcorn to acknowledge for your Husband.* The Queen return'd no other anſwer to theſe cruell words than a diſdainfull look, which more provok'd him, and ſaluting the Company, without change of Countenance, quitted the Chamber to retire to her own. The King's Choler (which had often produced horrid effects) made the whole Company tremble; only in me it miſſed that influence, for, all the prudence and diſcretion I could make, had much ado to hinder my diſcontent from breaking looſe, and it was the conſideration I had for the Queen and not my ſelf that bridled it. Yet not in ſuch a manner, but when I ſaw the Queen retire, I haſted after, and offer'd my hand to lead her to her lodging: But, as her Spirit was leſs diſtemper'd than mine, and had therefore more judgement at the Stern, to apprehend how much the Civility I proffer'd might diſpleaſe *Herod*, and deeply indanger me, ſhe refuſed it; and having no time to explain her thoughts, ſhe only made me a ſign with her Eye to retire. I came back again to the King with much regret, whom I had indeed diſpleaſed with this action; but it was otherwiſe taken from me than it would have

been from any one of his own ſubjects; he thundred ſtill againſt the Queen in moſt bitter terms, but ſeeing (that without unmasquing my inclinations) it was in vain to ſpeak in her defence, with much conſtraint, I ſilently heard all his injurious Language: a few daies after he was appeaſed by the powerfull aſcendant the Queen had upon his Spirit, but he quickly relapſed again, and their whole life was nought elſe but that continual Diſorder, which uſually reſults from the Incompatibility of Vice and Vertue.

In the mean time *Salome* had given ſo many cleer proofs of her Affection, as I could ſcarce any longer perſonate an ignorance; and though ſhe had ſtill the power to forbid her ſelf an open Declaration, yet ſhe had ſaid enough, and her actions had too well ſeconded her Diſcourſe to permit me to doubt it; I had fought all ways to eſcape this diſcovery; and when I was perfectly aſſured of the truth, yet I diſſembled it as much as was poſſible. *Salome* well judged by her own actions and mine, that I knew well enough what pinched her, and this coldneſſe kindled in her ſuch a deſpight, as in any Spirit but hers, would have been capable to have quenched Affection.

We met one day at the houſe of *Pheroras*, whom I often viſited, and who at that time was indiſpoſed; after we had ſpent ſome time by his beds ſide, *Salome* that longed to exchange ſome particular diſcourſe, invited me to walk with her into an adjoining Gallery, pretending to ſhew me ſome Pictures; I could not civilly avoid the ſnare, and, lending her my hand, I led her thither, where we entertained ſome time in per-

peruſing the Pictures, wherein were repreſented the moſt memorable Events of the Judaique-Hiſtory, there ſhe ſhewed me ſo many admirable things as might poſe the belief of all but thoſe of their own Religion. She pointed at ſome Captains, which in the midſt of their Battailes, with their Prayers, ſtai'd the courſe of the Sun, and gave a prodigious day to the Univerſe: of others that opened the flanks of the red-Sea for their Troops to paſſe thorough, but ſhe chiefly inſiſted upon the actions of *David* (the greateſt of their Kings) and upon thoſe of his Son *Salomon*, which among them paſſed for a Miracle of Wiſdome; and relating, in order, the life of the latter, ſhe particularly ſtaid upon one Picture that repreſented a beautifull Queen, that fell ſo in love with the fame of *Salomon's* Vertues, as ſhe abandoned her Realm, and travail'd a vaſt tract of land to viſit him.

Salome took occaſion to aſſault me with this Hiſtory, having compris'd it in a few words: *This Prince*, continued ſhe, *was the wiſeſt of all men, and yet diſdain'd not the affections of a Princeſſe that lov'd him, but requited her with his, to the ſatisfaction of all her deſires.* At theſe words *Salome* (though in a little confuſion) beheld me with a fixed eye, and by that action obliged me to anſwer her. *It was but juſt*, ſaid I, *that a King ſo vertuous as you have ſpoken him, ſhould be flexible to ſo fair a Queen, that had forſaken her eſtate to expoſe her ſelf to the hazard and inconvenience of a long Voyage to ſee him; this enterpriſe was ſo conſiderable in the perſon of ſo great a Princeſſe, as* Salomon *could not have been juſt (as you have repreſented him) had he uſed her ingratefully. You have*

said enough to convince your self, said Salome: *and if these be your own thoughts, you should do well to consider what you owe to Princesses, who ('tis true) have neither abandoned Realms, nor traversed Provinces to see you; but have abandoned for your sake a Liberty more dear than Empires, and trampled upon obstacles more difficult to surmount, than the incommodities of a Voyage.*

This discourse, which I had alwaies feared, put me to troubles past all dissembling; and seeing my self obliged to reply: *I am too unfortunate,* said I, *to believe that ought can appear in the Miseries of my life, but subjects of Compassion; the affections of Princesses will doubtlesse find objects more worthy of themselves; and I am too far from imagining that a Wretch exiled from his Country, persecuted by his Kin, that hath no retreat upon earth, but what he owes for to the King your Brothers bounty, should triumph over those precious Liberties, which are doubtless reserv'd for Persons more happy, and for such as by the loss of their own, with a long succession of faithfull service, have deserv'd them. Those that have bought them at a lower rate,* said Salome, *are more obliged than such as paid for them with Pains, Blood, and years of Service, and without extreme ingratitude, they cannot prefer those things that have been dearly sold, to such as have been liberally given them. You are of this number* Tyridates; *you evade the notice of Obligations, that you may fly occasions of requital; you are better esteem'd in* Herod's *Court than you desire to be, and the Misfortunes of your life are there lesse considered than the qualities of your Person: You know this for truth, though you force a cunning ignorance to disguise it:*

You

'Tis are too clear-ſighted, not to perceive it by a thouſand actions; and as many Diſcourſes, which have but too plainly declar'd it. But diſdain cloſes your eyes and ears; and none but ſuch a Soul as that you play the Tyrant with, but would turn edge at your neglect, yet ſhe hath perſevered many years in the ſame ardour, and with much ſatisfaction would ſo continue her whole life time, if you would let her hope that ſuch a conſtancy ſhould not go unrewarded.

While *Salome* pronounced theſe words, her eyes let fall their looks upon the earth with all the ſigns of ſhame, which ſhe was not able to diſſemble: and indeed how ſhould ſhe, when my ſelf was ſo aſhamed in her behalf, as I had a harder task to hide it from her, than to find words to anſwer her? *Madam*, ſaid I, (after I had a while kept ſilence) *till now my Soul hath been ſo chain'd to the conſideration of my Miſeries, as it hath not been capable of other thoughts: and I have found ſo little appearance, nay, ſo little reaſon in what you have done me the honor to let me know, as it could never have enter'd my imagination: 'Tis this that muſt anſwer for the faults I committed; and not a diſdain, which never grew in my Nature; and which I ſhould but practiſe unhandſomely. The Gods have not given me thoſe advantagious qualities to look up at a Fortune ſo little thought of; & though it ſhould offer it ſelf indeed to my Arms, in this wretched condition, whereto my Miſeries have reduced me, I think I ſhould not have power to taſte it.* *Salome* (who could no longer doubt, but that her love was perfectly diſcovered) found my words, and the action wherwith I pronounc'd them, ſo diſobliging, that (if it had been poſſible) that very moment

ſhe

ſhe would have thrown it off: however ſhe would no further advance a Parly, the beginning of which taught her to hope for little ſatisfaction in the ſequele; and turning back to *Pheroras* his Chamber, in a faſhion that ſhewed the marks of Spite: *Oh! Well* Tyridates, ſaid ſhe, *your perplexities ſhall no more be redoubled by a Diſcourſe ſo diſobliging: and ſince you are oppreſt with Affection, there ſhall be care taken to free you of that importunity.*

As ſhe finiſhed theſe words, we enter'd the Chamber of *Pheroras*, which ſtop'd my anſwer; and ſhe was ſo overcome with anger, as all the time we ſtaid together, ſhe would neither vouchſafe to ſpeak or look upon me. Since that day I began to underſtand her diſpoſition, of which I had already a very evill opinion: and at my next conference with the Queen I had not power to conceal *Salome*'s Folly, willing to prepoſſeſſe her Spirit by a true relation, leſt the malicious Creature ſhould render me ſome evill Office with her. This relation provoked the Queens Vertue to expreſſe more contempt and averſion for *Salome* than ever: which, after ſhe had witneſſed by ſome words ſhe let fall againſt her: "Tyridates, "*ſaid ſhe ſmiling*, are you ſo cruel then to Ladies "that love you? and a little after (putting on a more "ſerious look,) if you open thoſe eyes to reaſon, "which paſſion hath ſhut up, you wil ſoon perceive, "that God doth puniſh your unjuſt Affection with "another, which your ſelf diſapproves; and if *Sa-*"*lome* (being Maried) cannot hatch ſuch deſires and "not be wicked, ſure I that am in the ſame eſtate, "and having a King to my Husband, cannot coun-"tenance yours without incurring the ſame ſin you con-

"condemn in *Salome*. Ah! Madam, *said I*, what "a vast difference is there betwixt suffering an Af-"fection pure and innocent, as mine; and perse-"cuting with a vicious Passion, a person that loaths "it! And if ever my adorations shall oblige you to "let fall any particular favour upon me, how well "may *Salome* serve to excuse it? and then how little "reason you have to consider a man which hath "more right to the title of Cruel-Enemy than that "of Husband? I have often told you, *reply'd the* "*Queen*, That you ought not to ground any hope "upon that consideration: nay, though I were re-"leased of all which is due to *Herod*, yet I shall ne-"ver forget what I owe to my self. With such an-swers as these, the Queen still gently confuted me; and in these pleasing liberties of Discourse were stor'd my best advantages: While this life lasted I was but too happy; for my hopes had such weak in-couragement to aspire at better Fortune from such a Vertue as *Mariamne's*, as I did my best to bound my content in what I had.

The necessity I had of the aid of *Sohemus*, made me open my heart unto him: Besides by some Pre-sents I had gain'd *Philo* the Queens Eunuch, and *Cleophe*, whom, of all her Maids, she most trusted: these persons (though the Queen knew it not) be-friended me with their best industry, and I had no hard task to get some confidence among them, be-cause I knew the whole Family detested the King: Yet the Queen was ignorant of my influence upon her People; which had she known, she would ne-ver have suffer'd. She avoided all occasions (as much as possible) of being alone with me: and when she could

could not ſhun it, ſhe kept me in ſuch awe to diſ-pleaſe, as I had ſcarce the daring to open my mouth: yet ſometimes I broke theſe chains, and calling that commiſeration to my ſuccour which ſhe ever had ready for my miſeries; me-thought I taſted moſt de-licious comforts in that very liberty of ſpeaking; but when I preſumed, upon a larger privilege, to take a kiſſe from her hand, ſhe would take ſuch an anger in-to her looks, as carried me to the extremities of grief and repentance.

In the mean time if the circumſpection which I carryed in all my actions deceived the eyes of *Herod* and his Court; *Salome* (as the moſt intereſſed, and therefore the moſt cleer-ſighted of all others) find-ing little cauſe to attribute this contempt of mine to any thing but anticipation, ſet ſo much care and cun-ning a work, to obſerve my looks, and ſpy out all my actions, as at laſt ſhe began to gather part of the Truth; but ſhe had not then time to enlarge her dis-covery, becauſe I ſoon after parted from *Hieru-ſalem*, and was obliged for a time to leave the Queen upon an occaſion which I ſhall let you underſtand.

Hymen's Præludia:

OR

LOVE's Maſter piece.

THE SECOND BOOK.

ARGTUMEN

Phraates *upon the old quarrel, invadeth* Judea *with* 30000 Parthians, *under the command of his Lieutenant* Barſapharnes; *they ravage and devaſt the Country about* Samaria. Tyridates *is ſent General by* Herod, *with an Army to oppoſe them; He ſends a brave defiance to* Barſapharnes, *which he ſtoutly accepts.* Barſapharnes *is ſlain in the Fight, and his Army totally routed.* Tyridates *returns to* Ieruſalem, *and is welcom'd by a general applauſe.* Salome *plots his and* Mariamne's *ruine, by kindling jealouſie in* Herod's *breaſt, which inrages him to a reſolution of deſtroying* Tyridates. Mariamne *gives him notice of it by a Letter.* Arſanes *ſpils the Poyſon as he was lifting it up to his mouth.* Tyridates, *with his Servants, attempting an eſcape by flight, find the Streets all block'd up with Souldiers; they endeavour to cut a paſſage with their Swords, but oppreſt with multitude, are forc'd to take Sanctuary in the Temple. The conteſtation between* Herod *and the Prieſts about him.* Soſius, *a Roman Senator, interpoſes, and threatens* Herod *to a conſent that*

Tyridates

Tyridates *might go ſafely out of his Territories: He conducts him out of* Ieruſalem. Tyridates *returns the ſame night, in diſguiſe; by* Sohemus *aid is admitted to the Queen, takes a paſſionate leave of her, and quits* Iudea; *goes to* Rome, *and is honourably treated by* Auguſtus: *His Melancholy drives him from thence: He is caſt upon the Shoar of* Alexandria, *and ſo finiſhes his Story.* Eteocles *commanded by* Candace, *to acquaint him with her Fortunes, begins with thoſe of* Cleopatra; *her Deſcent Beautie, and rare qualities; her Brother* Ptolemie's *vicious inclinations; by the wicked advice of his Counſellors he deſigns her ruine; ſhe takes up Arms in her own defence, is over-powr'd and beſieg'd by him in* Peluſium. Pompey *flies to him for refuge after his* Pharſalian *overthrow, and is baſely murdered by his Commands.* Cæſar *brings his victorious Army into* Ægypt. Cleopatra *petitions his Protection ag ainſt her Brother; her condition kindles Pity, and her Perſon Affection in* Cæſar's *Heart; He reconciles them.* Ptolemie's *treacherous intentions to murder* Cæſar *being diſcovered, he flyes to open Arms. The bloody Sea-fight betwixt them, wherein he is ſlain.* Cæſar *Crowns* Cleopatra *Queen of* Egypt, *and privately marries her.*

THe barbarous *Phraates* ſeeing he could neither prevail with *Herod* to give me up into his hands, nor put me to death, which he had often ſolicited, and being otherwiſe his mortal Enemy, ſent 30000 *Parthians* upon his Frontiers, under the command of

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Barſapharnes, one of his Lieutenants, and the very ſame that ſome yeares before had taken *Hircanus* and *Phaſelus* Priſoners. *Barſapharnes* did all the miſchief in *Judæa* that Hoſtility could exerciſe, and made all that ſtood in his way, without diſtinction, feel his impartial Sword. Yet his march was not kept ſo ſecret, but (before he enter'd *Judæa*) *Herod*, (that like a moſt prudent and vigilant Prince always kept ſtore of Spies in pay) had a timely notice of it, which made him rally his Forces with ſuch diligence, that before the *Parthians* had made any conſiderable progreſſe, he was grown ſtrong enough to oppoſe them: He would gladly have marched in Perſon, but miſtruſt (the ordinary companion of Tyranny) made him fear ſome palpitations in the heart of his Eſtate, if he abſented himſelf; and therefore reſolv'd to ſend one of his Lieutenants. I had too much intereſt in this War, not to ſeek the imployment; and all the regret I ſuffer'd to leave *Mariamne*, was ſwallow'd with the greedy deſire of glory and vengeance, which threw me at the feet of *Herod*, to ask the conduct of his Army: He was very well ſatisfied with what I had already done in his Service; and weighing the propriety I had both in the Motive and Succeſſe of that War, he concluded he could not put his Forces into better hands than mine; and therefore freely beſtow'd the command upon me.

So ſoon as my equipage was ready, I diſpoſed my ſelf to part from that place where I left the better part of my Soul. The Queen (who could not hate me, though my Paſſion ſtill perplex't her) was well pleaſed to hear the King had given me this imployment, and told me in moſt obliging terms, She had

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an opinion that I would bring home a fair increaſe of Honour: But when at the even of my departure, I intreated ſhe would grant me a particular audience, and permit me to take leave of her in her Chamber, without any other witneſſes but thoſe we ſuſpected not; ſhe was deaf to my Prayer, and after ſhe had begun with ſome ſharp words, to ſhew me how much the requeſt diſpleaſed her: *No* Tyridates (purſued ſhe with a milder look) *this conference is not neceſſary; I know already all you would ſay; nor are you ignorant of what I have to anſwer you; caſhier theſe unjuſt deſires, if it be poſſible; and believe it, if a high eſteem of your Vertues, and a thouſand wiſhes for your Happineſſe may requite your affections, you ſhall never have cauſe to call me ungratefull.*

Though theſe words were perfectly innocent, yet the Queen fear'd they betray'd too much Favour, and could not let them go without a bluſh, wherein I read ſo much raviſhing ſweetneſſe, and fancied ſuch advantages for my ſelf, that I found nothing in my condition that might patronize Complaint. I did all that was poſſible to obtain leave to write to her: At firſt ſhe return'd me a mild refuſal; but in fine ſhe abſolutely forbade me any further Importunity: I ſubmitted to her without repining; and being conſtrain'd to take leave of her in the preſence of the King and the chief Courtiers, I rendred the ſame reſpects to *Salome*, who was then in the preſence, by this means avoiding a troubleſome diſcourſe, in which a particular farewell might probably have ingaged me. Shee well underſtood my intention, and adding this to her former quarrell, ſhe could not keep her ſpite from breaking into her looks: but when I bow'd

bow'd to salute her after the *Jewish* mode, she lifted up her head, and thus whisper'd as low as was possible, Signior *Tyridates, your carriage is fair, but somewhat dangerous.* I had no time to reply to this, and indeed it had put me into so much disorder, that I should hardly have found out fit words for an answer, and this she understood so plainly by my looks, as it powerfully serv'd to confirme her suspition.

Thus I parted from *Hierusalem*, and putting my self in the Head of the Army, which attended my comming, wee marched towards *Samaria*, where *Barsapharnes* had made some progresse, and already burnt divers Villages, with some little Cities, that were not able to make resistance. Madam, I suppose you willing to learn the events of this War in a few words, I shall endeavour therefore to contract a Narration that may sound too harsh for your tender Ears, and onely tell you that I advanced by great Marches towards *Barsapharnes*, and being arriv'd within two daies March of the place where his Army was incamped, I sent to offer him Battaile, and to let him know that *Tyridates* himself had brought his Head into the Field, and if he could get the good will of Victory, he should reap that desired fruit of his enterprise, with the intire satisfaction of his Master.

Barsapharnes (who was espoused to the cruel disposition of his King) gladly accepted the Battaile, and (trusting in the *Parthian* valour) quitted his quarters to advance toward ours. Upon the second day, the Armies came in view, and both being ranged with as much care as we were capable to cast

ry, there began a moſt cruel and bloody Battaile: the *Parthians* were doubtleſſe much better Souldiers than the *Jews*, and their numbers full as great as ours; But the Gods favour'd the Juſtice of my cauſe, and wee ſo happily made good our choice of ſome local advantages, as after an obſtinate diſpute, which coſt us 5. or 6000. lives, Victory came and lighted upon our Banners. The hatred which the *Jews* bare to the *Parthians*, made it more bloody than I deſired; and though the unnatural *Phraates* had deeply provoked me, yet in the purſuit I us'd all the power I had to ſpare the *Parthian* blood, and to draw thoſe out of the Victor's hands that had not yet felt their fury. A *Jew* preſented me the Head of *Barſaphar-nes*, and though the view at the ſame time gave me horrour and compaſſion, yet I thought fit to ſend it to the King of *Parthia*, in ſtead of that which he demanded, and to let him know by that preſent in what manner I was likely to defend mine againſt his inhumane purſuits. The Priſoners I ſent freely home again, by this gentle uſuage obliging them to deteſt the cruelty of their King; and after we had repair'd the damages the *Parthians* had made upon the Frontier, and put the Fortreſſes there in a better condition of reſiſtance, I Triumphantly return'd to *Hieroſalem*, where I was receiv'd by the people with great acclamation, by *Herod* with extraordinary Careſſes, and my fair Queen bade me welcome, with an aſpect that aſſur'd me, the importunity ſhe receiv'd from my paſſion, could not wipe out her intereſt in my ſucceſſe.

But Oh! the pride of my Content! when I learn'd from her fair mouth, that ſhee had admitted

fear for the hazard of my life, what could I doe, nay what acknowledgement might my thoughts be capable to fathome, that might ſuit with the effects of ſuch a bounty? This put me in poſſeſſion of the moſt glorious eſtate that my reaſon would let me wiſh for; and though the Divine *Mariamne* was neither able, nor willing to bow her ſoul to any ſentiments which ſhe judged unjuſt and criminal, yet ſhe let me have as much eſtimation and affection as Innocence could part with. All thoſe (to whom either good fortune, or a long perſeverance had given an intire poſſeſſion of what they lov'd) could not boaſt ſo dear a ſatisfaction as mine; nor could I fancy ſo much glory and happineſs in having the rareſt beauties of the World at my feet, as I found in kiſſing the robe of *Mariamne*; I ſay her robe; for I never kiſſed her hand but by ſurprizall, and when I took that Licence, it coſt me the pains of many daies to expiate the boldneſſe.

The different effects of my paſſion, produced as many varieties in her; ſometimes ſhe laughed at the extravagances which the violence of it forced from me; but the Cruelty of my ſuff-rings ſtill made her conclude with Pitty. Indeed ſhe would take up an earneſt anger, when any word chanced to ſcape my mouth, that ſhe thought ſavour'd of Impiety; for the ſeveritie of her Religion, which acknowledged but one Deity, would not permit me to attribute any thing Divine unto her; but when I did, ſhe would uſe all the Authority ſhee had to command mee ſilence.

I receiv'd her words as I would doe Oracles; for ſhe never ſpake any thing but what deſerv'd an intire

attention, and an eternal memory. "Tyridates *said* "*she, one day to me*, how commendable it would be "in you, and how much you might oblige me for "my sake and your own, to recover your self of "this distemper, which must be fatal to one of us, "and possible may betray us both to destruction; I "suffer'd the beginning of it with an Indulgence "which cannot be excus'd, and tis that hath ren- "der'd me guilty both of your misfortunes and your "faults: Imploy the same courage wherewith you "vanquish'd *Judæa's* Enemies, to combat this Do- "mestique Foe. I know you have vertue enough for "the design if you would use it, try but to oppose "it with all the forces of your reason, and you will "carry an undoubted victory, in which both you "and I shall find our perfect repose and satisfacti- "on. I have yet by the grace of my God led my life "in innocence, and taken no licence from the pro- "vocations of *Herod* to commit any act unworthy "of my birth; do not desire, *Tyridates*, to blemish "that in me which you prize highest, because tis "undefil'd; to drop a blot upon my fame, which can "never be washed off again; if you have yet blinded "the eyes of *Herod*, do not dim your own with a "hope of the same successe for the future. *Salome* "hath an interest that will set spies upon all your "actions, and soon di cover enough to ruine you, "and if that cruel Woman doth neither spare the "clearest innocence, nor the nearest alliance, tis but "just you should fear her as a Stranger, and a man "who in her opinion is already culpable.

The fair *Queen* uttered these words with a grace wholly Divine: but alas! they found little inclina-

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tion in me to be ſo wrought upon, for what influence could ſhe hope upon a ſpirit that had reſerv'd no power to diſpoſe of it ſelf, that could reſent nothing in thoſe ſweet words but what redoubl'd the paſſion they diſſwaded, and render'd it incapable of that rigorous complaiſance ſhe demanded. I ſhew'd her this weakneſs of mine in as paſſionate and ſubmiſsive expreſsions as my love could utter, proteſted how impoſsible it was to obey her, and forgot nothing that I thought might ſtir her goodneſſe: I ſay her goodneſſe, for upon that only I built all my fortune.

But I had roved too much in a Calm, too long belied my unfortunate birth, & the Science of thoſe Aſtrologers that condemned me to ſo many misfortunes; till then I had ſo warily kept my paſsion under hatches, as the King (though of a moſt diffident nature) had not yet perceiv'd it: but *Salome* that ſurvey'd my actions with more deſign than all the reſt, who of her ſelf was one of the ſubtileſt Women in the World, at firſt ſuſpected, and in the end by divers marks diſcovered the truth of it. Of this ſhe gave me ſome intelligence by the words ſhe let fall at my departure for the Army; and though they ſenſibly touched and taught me to carry more care in my behaviour for the future to leſſen her ſuſpition, yet all thoſe endeavours prov'd unfruitfull, & the Artifice I imployed to diſguiſe my affection (which in all likelihood would have gotten credit in any ſoul but *Salome's*) in her produced an effect quite contrary, & confirm'd her in that miſchievous belief ſhe had already entertain'd: when this was once eſtabliſhed in her head, Spite came and joyned ſo

violently with it, that in a short time I think Hatred flam'd higher in her heart than ever Love had done: the Queen she alwaies mortally hated, as well out of envy of her admirable qualities, which had inspir'd all others with Love and veneration, as some disdain she apprehended in that great Princesse, who indeed could not so debase her spirit to smile on such as she deem'd unworthy of affability: Besides her power was too great with the King, and *Salome* that aym'd to be uttermost in his favour, was stung with discontent at the Queens authority.

With these considerations she minlged her Iealousie, which stir'd up such impetuous storms in her brest, as made it capable of the foulest Treasons and blackest Crimes; and, if she hardly indured her disrespect and authority, she could not look upon her as a Rival without resolving her ruine, and with her to destroy that, which a few daies before her affection had set at so high a value.

This change may appear strange unto you; but it was so true, that she no sooner believ'd me amorous of *Mariamne*, but that Love, with which she had before perplexed me, was converted into such a Hatred, as render'd her apt to entertain most violent resolutions, and set her presently a hatching a design to involve me in the mischiefs she prepar'd for that innocent Princess; she was so well acquainted with the King her Brothers spirit, as she knew it to be of the same temper with her own, and therefore doubted not but to make the least impression she should give him, powerfull enough to destroy us. By this way, as the most assured and the least dangerous, she resolv'd our ruine, and began to la-

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bour it with all the ſubtility that her malice could invent: ſhe firſt began to obſerve the long ſtay I made in *Judea*, notwithſtanding that I might elſewhere find Sanctuaries of more aſſurance, & that the Emperor *Auguſtus* (an enemy to the King of *Parthia*) had invited me to *Rome*, & offer'd me a peaceable retreat there with all ſorts of ſuccours againſt *Phraates*: ſhe ſhew'd him how it diſagreed with reaſon, that I ſhould diſdain ſuch advantagious offers to be ſupported by the Maſters of the Earth, if I had not ſome powerfull tye in *Judea*. Then, without unmasking her deſign, ſhe made him curiouſly to mark my actions, deſired him often to obſerve my face when I enter'd the Queen's Chamber, to take notice of my Sighs, my paſſionate looks, with divers paſſages, in which a violent Love cannot bely it ſelf to the eyes of intereſſed perſons that will carefully ſurvey them. Theſe things in a ſhort time wrought upon *Herod*'s ſpirit, and (as none was more tenderly ſenſible and impatient in that reſpect than he) I ſhould ſoon have felt his fury if he had not been reſtrain'd by divers conſiderations.

Beſides the hatred which he bare to *Phraates*, and the ſervices I had render'd to his Crown, he conſider'd me as one protected by *Auguſtus*, who had oft writ to him in my favour, and expreſs'd a particular care of me: this dexterous and politique King diſſembled his firſt reſentments, only he made known to *Salome* a part of his ſuſpition, and when that malicious waſpe perceiv'd ſhe had made way for her intention, and half train'd the King to her deſign: ſhe neglected no time to ſtrike the blow as ſhe had premeditated.

Sir, said she one day to him, I am constrain'd to declare that which (till now) the care I cherished for the quiet of our Family made me conceal; but the peace of your mind being yet more dear to me, hath overcome all those considerations, that made me dissemble my thoughts. Seek no further for the cause of *Mariamne's* disdain, her aversion doth not spring from a resentment for the Death of her kindred; for were she not prevented by another passion, the proofs of your love must needs have softned her: That Rock so insensible to your Caresses, is not so unrelenting to others, for that *Parthian* that holds his safety of your Charity, does doubtless love her with better luck than you; I have discover'd their intelligence by divers marks, and what ever care they took till now to disguise it, their Passion hath so blinded them, that they have lost all power to dissemble it, and I fear at last the whole Court will perceive it with scandal; I strugled hard before I could resolve with my self to reveal this to you, and I should have been willing at the price of my blood to have shun'd the occasion of it without betraying you, but at last, Sir, my zeal for your interests, and my indignation at the Queen's ingratitude, have vanquished those reasons that would injoyn me silence.

While *Salome* spake, the King accompanied her Discourse with many Sighs, and swallow'd at deep draughts the poison she had prepar'd him; this first information wanted little of transporting him to some fatal action: But, as he had shewn much power upon himself in divers incounters, he then Master'd these first motions, and grew desirous

rious to discover farther, before hee enterpriz'd things that might bring him such displeasing consequences. For this reason, suppressing his apprehensions as much as possible: Sister, said he to *Salome*, I am obliged to you for the advice you have given me, and doubt not but it parts from the affection you bear me, I have already had suspitions conform'd to your belief; but they were not so strongly grounded to seise wholly upon my Judgement; besides, I have understood the Queen's vertues by so may proofs, as I found it hard to believe that her aversion to me could urge her, to the violation of her duty: Yet now I begin to lean to your opinions and with you to judge it almost impossible that a thousand ardent proofs of my affection should not efface the Queen's resentments, nor so much as soften her rocky heart, if she had not given it to another. I love her but too well, continu'd he with a Sigh, too too well! I love that ungratefull woman, and though she unworthily abuses my love, yet I cannot choose but love her. He stop'd at these words, walked up and down the Chamber with an action that expresst his transport and irresolution, wherein *Salome* might read, that her plot had not ill succeded.

Ah! *Tyridates* cry'd he after some silence, dost thou thus requite the protection and refuge I have given thee? dost thou not fear to find that in my just Anger, which thou hast avoided by my assistance? had I deserv'd to have felt thy indignation, couldst thou not have galled me in a part lesse sensible? And canst thou believe that a cruel Brother is more formidable than a Iealous Husband, than a

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passionate lover? he mingled these words with fresh Sighs, and again took some turns in the room; then turning to *Salome*, Sister, said he, before we enterprise any thing upon the advice you have given, 'tis fit we instruct our selves farther, for the quality of *Tyridates*, back'd with the care that *Augustus* takes of his safety, prescribes me much caution; if you please continue to improve your discovery of the truth, and on my side I shall take such care, as it shall prove a very hard task for them still to abuse me.

This was the Discourse between the King and *Salome*, all which a while after I learn'd from *Sohemus*, who had been told it by an Officer of the King's, his intimate Friend, that over-heard it in the Anti-chamber.

From that day these two malicious spirits imployed all their care to observe my behaviour, & indeed I confess that (what ever circumspection I endeavour'd to carry,) many passages slip'd from me capable to undisguise my passion to persons so powerfully concern'd; my Looks, Sighs, and change of Countenance often betray'd me, for before I understood the Kings suspition, I behav'd my self with less prudence than I should have used, had I distrusted it; the Queen was yet more narrowly sifted, and in that great Princess observ'd something in me (if I may speak it with modesty) that gave me a better title of her esteem than any of the *Jews*, and possibly feeling her self oblig'd to my persevering respectuous passion, she compell'd her self to shew such apprehensions of it, as reason told her were full of innocence, and treated me in publick with a counte-

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nuice capable to confirm the King in thoſe cruel impreſsions *Salome* had given him.

This Iealous Prince that ſaw not but with the troubled Eyes of his ſuſpition, beheld all our actions, as if every one had the Countenance of a Criminal; the effects of the Queens goodneſs and civility were interpreted for ſo many marks of her affection, and thus he was ready every moment to abandon himſelf to ſuch a rage, as almoſt poſed all the prudence he could make to tame it. I often marked theſe changes both in his looks and his humour: and, though in the whole courſe of his life he had appear'd the moſt dexterous diſſembler of all men; yet his raging Iealouſie had ſo weakned the power, which uſually held the reins of his paſsions, as he could not ſo well contain himſelf, but I diſcover'd much coldneſs and change in the Diſcourſe and entertainment he made me; indeed I ſhould have apprehended all theſe things with ſuch a Spirit as his, and doubtleſs had done ſo, if that powerfull love of *Mariamne* had not ſtifled that in my Soul, which nature places there for our proper ſafety, and forc'd a neglect of all that care I ſhould have carried about me for the preſervation of my life: The Queen perceiv'd this (which ſhe alwaies ſuſpected) as ſoon as I; and though her conſcience witneſſed to her ſelf the innocence of her cariage, yet ſhe was deſirous to avoid the danger ſhe apprehended, by treating me with a more reſerv'd behaviour, if poſſible, than ſhe had done formerly. I ſtudied to a more ſpecious diſſimulation, but it was too late, the Tempeſt was already riſen, and at laſt made it ſelf known by moſt dangerous flaſhes.

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One day, the remembrance of which I must preserve as the most remarkable of my life, the very same whereon the *Jews* celebrated that which they call the Feast of *Tabernacles*, being desirous through curiosity (though of different Religion) to assist at their Ceremonies, I accompany'd the King to that famous *Temple*, which from the Name of it's founder they call the *Temple* of *Salomon*, and which for Riches & admirable structure, may passe with more Justice than that of *Diana* at *Ephesus*, or that of *Jupiter* the *Olimpian*, for one of the Worlds wonders. at first the Ceremonies borrowed my attention, for methought they were very specious: but in fine, no longer able to keep them off, I transported all my thoughts to *Mariamne*, and with those ty'd my eyes to her face, with so attentive a regard, as though *Arsanes*, who stood behind me, often endeavour'd to call me to my self, and made me mark in what manner the King observ'd me; I had much ado to retire them for a few moments, while the Sacrifice lasted, nor was I ignorant of the fault I committed but I believe the *Gods* struck my Reason blind to punish my offence of assisting at the *Sacrifices* of *Religion* which was enemy to theirs; what ever the cause was, that was the day wherein the King abandon'd himself to his Iealousie, though possible he had not yet determin'd upon the resolution he was to take. Comming back from the Temple, he went to visit the Queens lodging, full of furious thoughts his face carried the Copy of his troubled Soul, and his eyes sparkled Messages of Death: Yet they were no sooner incountred by the Queen's, but all the storms clear'd up, and those Tempests which Re-

had rais'd against her, by that marvellous ascendent she had upon his Spirit, did homage to the charms of her beauty, and grew calm in a moment; of one terrible as a Lion, in a few minutes he became mild and tractable; and instead of uttering the threats he had prepar'd, his disarmed Anger gave place to Kindness, which render'd his spirit plyable to Caresses and Flatteries.

He made the Queen a discourse full of Affection, which she receiv'd with her usual Modesty; but then offering to take some liberties with her, which he might have lawfully believ'd his due, if (by so many cruelties inflicted upon her and her's,) he had not violated the Rights, and lost all those advantages of which mariage had possest him, that couragious Princesse who could never tamely hide her resentment in a disguise, disdainfully repulst him.

Herod, that was not ignorant of the true cause of this, though he suspected others, would not take a denial from her first coldness; but perceiving she resisted with an invincible resolution, and being no way able to obtain those favours from her, which his desires were greedy of, he recall'd that Choler that had so lately shook him, and beholding her with Eyes that sparkled fury, Ingratefull woman said he, do not longer think to abuse me by thy specious pretences; but know I am not ignorant that it is the love of *Tyridates*, and not the memory of *Hircanus*, or *Aristobulus* that renders thee inflexible to thy Husbands kindnesse.

Though the Queen had ever fear'd these things from *Herod*'s humour, yet she could not be less than sur-

ſurpris'd at this language, and appear'd as if ſhe h
been ſtruck with a Thunderbolt; her Tongue r
main'd mute, her Viſage chang'd Colour, and fro
the profound aſtoniſhment, which *Herod* there o
ſerv'd, he received cruel confirmations of his Je
lous thoughts. This apprehenſion redoubled h
fury, and now not doubting but the Queen's pow
erfull ſurpriſal roſe from the reproaches of h
Conſcience, and the ſhame or fear ſhe might ha
to ſee her Paſſion diſcover'd, he gave himſelf up
the moſt furious tranſports, that rage could inſpi
and had much ado to keep it from committi
outrage upon her perſon; but he upraided her wi
the moſt injurious words that Choler could inve
How now Traitreſs, ſaid he, *muſt I then be ro
by a Barbarian's witchcraft, of what is only due to
ſelf? and thou, that wouldſt fain paſs for a dem
Zelot, does it ſute with the Law of God, or the re
of the World, that thou findeſt more ſweetneſſe in t
ſhameſull imbraces of an Infidel, than the Legiti
affections of a Husband? Ah! diſloyal Woman,
worthy of a Love, which has preſerv'd thee in a r
from whence thou haſt deſerv'd to fall with thy fa
ly, a Love that hath expos'd me too, to the Con
of my People; is it by theſe infamous paſſions thou
keſt good thy claim to the* Macchabean *blood, of wh
thou haſt ſo often boaſted? Think'ſt thou thoſe l
ſtrious* Aſmoneans, *with whoſe glory thou haſt
reproached me, (ſhould they return to the World) c
approve of the ignominious preference thou ma
an exiled* Parthian *to a King, whom the lateſt o
Anceſters gave thee for a Husband, or rather wh
nour'd thee with the Title of his Spouſe, when he m
have us'd thee as his ſubject?*

He accompanied these words with a torrent of others more cruel and injurious; during which the fair Queen, having had time to restore her self from her first astonishment, began to regard with all the assurance that innocence could give her; and, neither able to render her spirit flexible to his Flatteries, nor her own justification, of which she believ'd him unworthy, after he had given some truce to his invectives: "Finish, *said she*, thou cruel man, "finish thy rage, and believe that after the exercise "of so much brutish cruelty upon mine, thou maist "give it leave to let fall its last effects upon my self; "there only remains the last part of it to be acted "upon me; for having had (by the murther of my "neerest friends, by a miserable Captivity, and the "bloudy orders thou gavest for my own) my repose "so often tortur'd, there rests no more but to assault "my honour, which by the favour of Heaven I have "till now defended from thy horrid persecutions: "do, tear that reputation, which hath maintain'd "it self pure and spotless in my misfortunes, and "still persecute the *Asmonean* memory by the shame "thou preparest for the last of its Illustrious blood, "which thou hast spilt so brutishly; hope not I will "assert my innocence, no, that account must only "be render'd to him that knows it, and by his good-"ness will defend it against the calumny of my "Enemies: believe all of the unfortunate *Mari-*"*anne*, wherewith her envious detractors have "inspir'd thee; Thy cruelties have given me but too "much cause to dispence with the justification, "which I owe to him, whom Heaven in its anger "gave me for a Husband: but do not involve such

persons

"persons in my misery, as have no part in the crime "thou imposest; and if thy rage demands a victime "to appease it, seek no other than her whom thou "hast taught to desire Death by rendring her Life "calamitous.

These last words of the Queen transported *Herod* to the farthest degrees of fury: and now, more than believing the care she took of my justification, while she disdain'd her own, could spring from no other root but that of Love, he concluded this proof clear enough to convince her; and not able so far to over-rule this belief, to dissemble his intention; Ye perfidious Creature, cry'd he, I will credit all that my eyes and ears, and not the envious detraction have told me; I will credit all that, which will convince thee of the most shamefull and the blackest of all Treasons; and in fine, believe that of thee which thou wouldst I should do, and disdainest to disavow: The care thou takest of that ingrateful wretch, which has so basely betray'd me, to the prejudice of thy own safety, shall suffice for her and thy Condemnation; the ruine of that thou hold'st so dear shall begin the punishment of thy disloyalty, and the choyse of victims due to my just anger, shall not be at thy disposal; for before thou learnest what I resolve upon thy self, prepare to know what I shall execute upon the person of thy Adulterer.

At these words he flung out of the Chamber, with a Countenance so furious, as those that met him in the passage could not behold him without trembling. Alas, how erronious was the opinion he had of my fortune? how remote was I from that Soverain degree

degree of happineſs, and how worthy my condition had been of envy, had his ſuſpitions been true.

In the mean time I was at my Lodging, wholly ignorant of what had paſſed at the Palace, and imploy'd the reſt of that day upon my ordinary diverſions. The hour of Supper being come, I was ſerv'd after the uſual manner, and ſitting at the Table with ſome friends of the Court, which were come to viſit me, we had done part of our repaſt; when, calling for Drink, one of the Kings Cup-bearers that was accuſtom'd to ſerve me, preſented the Cup with a troubled look, and a diſcompoſed Countenance: I obſerved this change in his Viſage, but made no reflection upon it, only contented my ſelf to ask him, if he was not well; and in the mean time taking the Cup from his hands, I was carrying it to my mouth, when *Arſanes* enter'd the Chamber, and haſtily running up to me, juſt as I toucht the Cup with my lips, he ruſh'd againſt my Arm ſo rudely, as he made me let fall the Cup, and ſpill the Liquor, part on the Table, and part upon my Cloaths: this action of *Arſanes* was ſo little reſpectfull, that (knowing his diſpoſition,) I concluded he had not done it without ſome powerfull motive: but he ſaid not till I ſhould ask the reaſon, and (deſirous to hide his intent from thoſe were with me) Sir, ſaid he, I beſeech you to pardon the offence which my raſh haſt made me commit, and be pleaſed to vouch afe me the liberty of your ear for one moment. This ſaid, he drew me by the Arm, with an action ſo earneſt, as I perceived he had ſome advice of importance to communicate: I roſe from the Table, making a bad excuſe to thoſe that ſupp'd with me, and

follow'd *Arſanes* into my Cabinet, which he firſt entred. We were no ſooner there, but, Sir ſaid he, nothing but a ſpeedy flight can ſave your life, the Gods in good time conducted me hither to ſpill the poyſon was prepar'd you, but if we ſtay longer here, it will not be poſſible, with the ſame facility, to put by thoſe other dangers that menace you; read this Note, which juſt now I received of the Queens chief *Eunuch*, it is written with her own hand; and if the Gods conſent that we eſcape, tis to her alone you owe your ſafety: I was amaz'd at the words and actions of *Arſanes*, and without reply to his Diſcourſe, I took the Letter, where I found theſe words written with the hand of my Divine Queen.

Mariamne to Prince *Tyridates*.

THe perill to which I expoſe my ſelf in writing to you, cannot hinder an advice which I owe to your vertue, and the proofs of your affection. Tyridates, *if it be poſſible ſave your ſelf, and ſtay no longer in a place, where Poyſon and Sword are imploy'd to give you Death.*

I read over the Billet twice or thrice, kiſs'd thoſe amiable Characters which that adorable hand had traced, and after the peruſal, I was much to ſeek whether the cruelty of *Herod*, that ſought to deſtroy me, after he had given me ſhelter, or the goodneſs of *Mariamne*, who took ſuch noble pains to preſerve my life with the peril of her own, touch'd me deepeſt; I knew not to which of theſe reſentments my

my Soul was to give preheminence, but I know well the death that was threatned could not put on ſo rude a ſhape, as that departure to which I ſaw my ſelf condemn'd by the hand of *Mariamne.*

The grief I felt was too prodigious to be wrap'd in words, I ſtood a long time ſilent and immoveable, which *Arſanes* (who had ballanced the eſtate of my affairs) diſapproving, after he had often urged me to reſolve; *What would you I ſhould do,* ſaid I, *what reſolution can you wiſh me to take in ſo cruel a propoſition? think you this life, which through your care I have miſerably drag'd from Court to Court, is ſo dear to divorce me from* Mariamne? *do you believe this ſeparation more eaſie than that of my Soul from my Body? Shall I abandon her for ever, whom I can ſcarce leave for a moment without dying? and to avoid one ſingle death, ſhall I carry a thouſand in my breſt through all thoſe places where my pittileſs Fortune ſhall lead me? Ah! Let us die firſt, Continu'd I, walking a great pace without liſtening to the reaſons* Arſanes *preſſed for departure, let us die already death, ſince a ſlow one is much more ſenſible, leave the Body cold and pale in that place which the Soul cannot abandon; and ſince we muſt die one way, let us ſeek occaſion to dye in the eyes of* Mariamne; *and if that glory be refus'd, at leaſt give up that Spirit which neither was nor ever ſhall be, but to her, as near her as is poſſible.*

I pronounc'd theſe words with an action full of tranſport; and while thus my irreſolution ſhook me with ſuch terrible inquietudes, *Arſanes* loſt all his loyal pains about me, but after he had alleged divers perſwaſive reaſons, to which I could not ſo much as lend attention, *Sir,* ſaid he at laſt, *I doubt*

not but you dispose your self to this parting with much regret; but if the care of your own life cannot oblige you, consider the command you receiv'd from the Queen; you will find it so expresse, that if you have any respect left for her, it is impossible to disobey it. The Queens Commands, reply'd I, *proceeds from nought but a compassionate care she takes of my life: but did she know that to dye were a thousand times more pleasing than to quit her for ever, she would doubtless permit me to stay here still.* *Arsanes* was about to reply, though he could never have perswaded me, when my Governour enter'd the Closet, and told me in a few words, that *Sohemus* desir'd to speak with me, that favour'd by the night's darknes, he had slipt into the Garden where he attended me, not daring to approach farther without running a danger too manifest, and giving the King such suspitions as might bereave him of the means to serve me.

I ran without replying to the place where *Sohemus* waited without a Torch, or any Company but *Arsanes* and my Governour, and so soon as I came at him, Well my dear friend, said I, imbracing him, then we must either die or separate, and by the Cruelty of *Herod* and Fate, either Life or *Mariamne* must be quitted. Yes Sir, reply'd *Sohemus*, and if you use not diligence, 'tis possible you will have both snatch'd from you. That may easily be done, said I, and I shall feel lesse pain and repugnance that way, than violently to chain my Body where my Soul refuses to keep it company. Then I repeated almost the same things I talk'd to *Arsanes*, to which when he had lent an attention as serious as the trou-

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bles that involv'd us had left him; Sir, said he, if you love the Queen, you ought not to consult farther, nor inlarge your explications upon her commands, which cannot be but fatal to one or other; if you neglect your own life, you ought to consider hers, and to believe, that while you are in *Judea*, she can never be in safety; tis not only against you, that the Kings anger does lighten, tis rather her that this rising Storm doth threaten, and you have no other way to keep it off her head, than by removing the cause of the Kings cruel Jealousie.

Then in order he briefly recounted what he had learn'd of the Conference between the King and Queen from the chief *Eunuch*, who had over-heard it, and thus by urging the Queens safety and repose, he rang'd all that was repugnant in me under his obedience. Yet I could not dispose my self to forsake the Queen for ever, but I resolved for some time to flye the rage of *Herod*, and in the mean time to go in search of some occasions that might either restore my condition by the knowledge he might gain of the Queens Innocence, or if it were possible, procure to see her without her knowledge; this was the hope that got my consent to part, but I would rather have taken a thousand deaths than given it to take an eternal leave of *Mariamne*.

While I discours'd with *Sohemus*, thank'd him for his good Offices, and promis'd a perpetual Amity, with such a share in my Fortunes, as his own desires should carve, (if ever the Gods thought fit to change them) & drew promises from him to persevere in his faithfull assistance, *Arsanes* and my Governor got ready our Arms and Horses, and having caus'd them

to be led without noiſe by three or four *Parthian* Servitors to the Garden Gate (that had ſerv'd me from my Infancy, and follow'd me in all my voyages) and having carefully pack'd up my Jewels and Money, with what elſe was neceſſary, I rewarded *Sohemus* with ſome Gems of great value, and leaving others in his hand to give to *Cleophe* and the *Eunuch* that had been my Confidents, I bad him adiew with tears in my Eyes, and Arming my ſelf, in a ſhort time, I got to Horſe with *Arſanes*, my Governour, and my faithfull *Parthians*, without taking any *Jew* along with me, or ſo much as letting them know of my departure.

I went out at the ſame Gate *Sohemus* entred, which open'd into an unfrequented Street; while I iſſued at the backſide of my Lodging, the Front of it was aſſaulted by thoſe that *Herod* had ſent either to take or kill me; and, as they had order to inviron my Lodging, I had not trod many ſteps in the Streets before I ſaw both ends of it ſeiz'd upon by a great number of Souldiers, that ſhut up the paſſage on all ſides. I perceiv'd I ſhould find it a hard task to ſave my ſelf, yet I reſolv'd to ſell either my life or liberty as dear as poſſible, and turning to thoſe that follow'd me: Are you reſolv'd, ſaid I, to defend your ſelves like valiant men, and either to owe your ſafety to your own bravery, or periſh with your Prince, if the Gods have ſo ordain'd it? they proteſted with one voice that they would dye at my feet; and, being aſſured of their reſolution, I ſpur'd in upon thoſe with my Sword in my hand, that defended the paſſage; and was follow'd ſo Couragiouſly by mine, that my Enemies began to judge it

not

not so easie a task to take me as they imagin'd

I passed upon the necks of those that first opposed me; and, cutting out our way with our Swords, we bestir'd our selves so vigorously at the first incounter, as (after we had thrown many of our Enemies dead at our feet, and scatter'd the fiercest of the rest) the passage through that Street remain'd free, and we advanc'd into another more large, through which we galop'd towards the Gate that was nearest. And now we had begun to entertain some hope of escape, when passing through a place adjoyning to the Temple, we spy'd so many Troops of armed men from all Corners approaching to us, as we judged it very difficult to force them.

The light, which the Torches cast, shew'd me *Alexas* the Husband of *Salome* in the head of the formost, and, hearing him loudly animate his men either to take or kill me, I ran up unto him with my advanced Sword in my hand, which I let fall upon his head so forcibly, that had not the blow been warded by a Souldier, that put his Sword before it, his life had payed for some of his Wives malice; nevertheless the blow was not so slight but it threw him, with a deep wound at the feet of his Souldiers; the *Jews* raised a loud clamour at the fall of *Alexas*, and in the mean time we charg'd in so successfully, as we tumbled many of them dead at our horses feet: Indeed we did perform actions there worthy of some remembrance, and 'tis probable the *Jews* had never seen such a handfull of men in their City dispute their lives so couragiously; but in fine, our Enemies strength increased to such a measure, and ours grew so feeble, as we soon perceived, with-

out ſome miraculous aſſiſtance, the ways to ſafety were all block'd up. My Governour *Politis*, who till then had accompani'd and ſerv'd me in all my diſgraces with a marvellous affection (bravely fighting by my ſide) was forc'd, by a multitude of wounds to breath his laſt; his death was ſucceeded by one of my faithfull *Parthians*, and ſure I had not long ſtaid behind him, if *Arſanes*, who is endow'd with a dexterous Wit, and that temper'd with a marvellous Prudence, bethought himſelf in the very midſt of danger, of a way to ſave us; and approaching to me, as near as poſſible, Sir, ſaid he, I beſeech you follow me; I have diſcovered a ſecure Retreat: And at theſe words, inſtead of ſpurring towards the Gate, as we did before, where the thickeſt throng of Enemies and difficulty withſtood us, he cauſed me to face about towards the Temple gate, which was behind us, and on that ſide (having but few enemies to combat) we ſoon clear'd the paſſage, and were no ſooner arived there, but we readily quitted our Horſes, and threw our ſelves into the Temple, which was then open becauſe of the Feaſt of Tabernacles, the Celebration of which laſts three whole daies.

That Temple had alwaies been a Sanctuary for Criminals: But at that Feaſt (the moſt conſiderable of any the *Jews* Religion celebrates) it was ſo aſſured a refuge, as the *Jews* would rather have ſuffered the intire ruine of their Nation, than permitted any to be forc'd from the Temple, that had there taken Sanctuary, what ever Crime they were convicted of; this cool'd the heat of their perſutes, and when they ſaw us entred, they ſtop'd at the Gate,

Gate, and ſtood with Arms a croſſe, without the leaſt offer to follow us : Indeed ſome there were of the moſt mutinous among them, and the moſt intereſſed in the hurt of *Alexas*, and the death of their Companions, that cryed out to the Prieſts to put us out; That I was the Kings Enemy; That it was by his Order and expreſs Command they purſued us : But the Prieſts, inſtead of liſtening to their clamour, received us with much humanity, and proteſted they would rather periſh than ſuffer the Temples Privileges to be violated. The dignity of Prieſt-hood, among the *Jews*, was very eminent : That of High-Prieſt, had heretofore been only exerciſed by Kings themſelves; after the Kings *Hircanus* and *Ariſtobulus* the Grandfather and Brother to *Mariamne* had diſcharg'd it, and then it was in the hands of one, the neareſt ally'd to the Crown. And thus we ſaw our ſelves in that ſacred Fortreſſe, and our Enemies only content to inviron it, without daring to advance one ſtep to force an entrance; but ſo ſoon as day ſhew'd it ſelf, the King having learn'd the truth, after he had ſent divers Meſſages to the Prieſts in vain, he came himſelf, wholly tranſported with fury, in ſuch a Tempeſt, as gave belief to thoſe were next him, it would hurry him to the moſt violent extremities.

The Prieſts, inform'd of his Arivall, came to the Gate to meet him, but ſoon as they ſaw him, in the Name of their God they forbad him to put a Foot into the Temple, if he brought any other intention than to render that reſpect which was as due from him, as the meaneſt

Jew,

Jew, to that holy Place, and the Divinity within it.

Herod, though deeply in rage, and possibly not over-zealous in the service of his God, as he was very politique, fear'd that being already hated, and but weakly assur'd of the *Jews* fidelity (should he venture to violate their Customs, and infringe their Privileges) it might provoke some revolt; besides news was brought him, that in divers parts of the City, the *Pharisies*, that were the greatest Zelots in their Religion, and the most considerable among the People, began to murmur. He considered that there was then cause to fear every thing, the Feast having filled the City not only with its own Inhabitants, but with the greatest part of all *Judea*, which the Solemnity had summoned thither: These Considerations stai'd *Herod* at the Gate, but the trouble of his Soul expreſt it self at his Eyes, and in the disjoynted words his Rage let fall: yet time having reconciled him to some Reason, he represented to the Priests, that the *Asylum* of the Temple was not to protect us; that we were Infidels, and of a contrary Religion; that they ought the rather to put us out, lest our Presence should prophane the place's holiness; but the Priest reply'd. That God's *Asylum* was equally for all men; That if our opinions did not tread the right Path, we might there find it through the conduct of his Grace; That probably having made us incur the Kings displeasure, he had therefore called us thither.

Herod answered that I had violated the civil rights of Hospitality, that were as antient as Temples themselves; that no Nation ought to contain

rel

refuge of the man that had directly abus'd the proper perſon of the King, and mortally wounded his Brother in Law; but all the Arguments he could urge were not ſtrong enough to batter the Prieſts reſolution; neither his Menaces nor Promiſes could diſpoſe them, either to remit me into his hands, or ſuffer him to enter the Temple, without thundering againſt him with all that authority wherewith their Office had inveſted them, which injoyn'd the conſervation of their Privileges.

The Gods can witneſs, that I did not love my Life ſo well, to beſtow all the care they made me take upon it's preſervation: but I condeſcended much to the intreaties of *Arſanes* and my Servants, and indeed to the Prieſts themſelves, who would not permit me to leave the Temple, though I had deſir'd it.

What ever reſentment I had entertain'd againſt *Herod*, as the perſecutor of my Life and *Mariamne's* repoſe; yet I could not quit the thought of his firſt Reception, and the ſhelter that he had ſo many years given me againſt my Brothers Barbariſm: this remembrance made me deſire to ſee and ſpeak to him, to teſtifie that I was neither ingratefull for his former kindneſſe, nor had ever injur'd him in the leaſt particular he could imagine: upon this ſcore forcing this reſiſtance of *Arſanes* diſſwaſion, I approach'd within eight or ten paces of the Gate where he conteſted with the Prieſts; and, ſo ſoon as I could be ſeen and heard; *King of the Iewes*, cry'd I, *I am neither thy Subject nor inferiour: and the Gods, who have given me Birth from the Nobleſt Family in the World, have not left me to acknowledge any Superior*

rior Power but theirs; for this reason I have little cause to justifie my self to thee that would'st have taken my Life both by Sword and Poyson, and hast pursued me against all Divine and humane right, even to the Temples of thy God: but the satisfaction that I owe to my own Conscience, and to the memory of that intertainment wherewith thou hast formerly treated me, does oblige me to declare my Innocence. I protest unto thee Herod, both before thy God and mine, that I have no way deserv'd to offend thee: in those imployments thou gavest me for thy Service, thou hast found it (and possible to thy own advantage) that I neither spar'd my Blood nor my Life for the interest of thy state; and for that which concerns thy Person, I repeat my protestation that I never did thee any injury. If that which seems amiable in thy Eye hath appeared worthy of veneration and respect, those sentiments, to which thou canst only attribute all my Crime, cannot make thy complaint against me legitimate; and I wish this very Temple, which now serves to shroud me from thy Malice, may crush me with it's own ruines, if in the most culpable of all my thoughts, there was ever any mixture of what might be capable to wrong thee. Nor do I assert this truth with design to disarm thy fury, or avoid the death thou threatnest: I cannot fear basely; nay could I now be shown an occasion to p rish nobly, thou shouldst quickly see how low I prize my life; but I perceive, that either thy own blind transport, or the rage of mine and thy enemies have made thee involve in my imposed crimes, the purest and the most intire innocence that ever yet was injur'd. Destroy him if thou wilt whose thoughts may have displeas'd thee, though they were alwaies innocent enough to indure the stripping: but

dost let fall thy rage upon her that never understood them. What I have represented may plant quiet as well in thy Family as thy breast: and if thou wilt Promise me at the foot of thy Altars, and before the Ministers of thy God, to make me the only mark of thy fury, I will abandon this Asylum that defends my Head from thy rage, and without further delay render it up into thy Hands.

I had further inlarg'd my life, if the inraged *Herod* would have given me a longer hearing without interruption: He had indur'd the beginning of my Discourse with some patience, or at least had suffer'd me to speak, because the excess of choler, that possest him, had ty'd up his own Tongue. But when he saw with what passion I endeavoured to justifie *Mariamne*, and then remembring that her goodness had taken the same care for me, he let himself fall into a cruell re-doublement of his Jealousie, and not able to dissemble the rage that remembrance inspir'd: *Barbarous Traytor*, cry'd he, *unworthy of the protection I have given thee against those that knew thee better than my self, and would justly have cut thee from the World, through the experience of thy disloyal inclination: dost thou hope to find that at the foot of our Altars against my just resentments, which none but my Arm could have given thee against the pursuits of thy own Brother? Thinkest thou Heaven, that abhors thy ingratitude, can arm it self in thy defence against a King that hath but too well defended and receiv'd thee, not only into his Dominions, but with a hospitable liberality into his House; a favour thou hast unworthily abused? Ah! no false man; do not hope Divine preservation for such*

Crimes

Crimes as can neither be excus'd before God nor men, nor think thy artificial words can pacifie an Angry arm'd but with too much Justice. Thou shalt perish for the expiation of thy own Ingratitude; nor shall thy Counsel direct me what punishment to inflict on the complices of thy Treachery.

He would have said more, and possibly in the end violated all right of Privilege to get me into his power, if *Sosius* (follow'd with a great Guard of Romans & Iews) had not arived at the Temple Gate: This man was a Roman Senator, that some dales since came to *Hierusalem* to treat with *Herod* about certain Affairs in behalf of the Emperour *Augustus*: And the same *Sosius* that with a Roman Army had formerly ayded him in his War against *Antigonus*, and contributed more than himself to the defeat and taking of that poor Prince.

Herod highly respected this man, as well for his personal, as his representative condition, being the Emperours Ambassadour. *Sosius* had formerly known, and fancying something in me worthy of his amity, gladly consented to be my friend; and in that time understanding the danger I was in, he came to find *Herod*, with intent to imploy all the imperial authority for my preservation: and so successfully he labour'd it, that *Herod*, as hot as his rage had made him, was constrain'd to tame it at the name of *Augustus*, of whose power and greatness he was a timorous Idolater.

Sosius urg'd that he ought to permit me to return to the Emperour, who had oft invited me to *Rome*, and professed an interest in my preservation; that his proceedings were but too violent against a

Prince

Prince of my extraction, that it was fit to conſider what might follow, his quarrel being grounded upon nought but weak ſuſpition; beſides that, he had learnt the wound of *Alexas* was not dangerous, which I had given him in ſuch a reſiſtance as was allow'd to all men: Beſides theſe, he repreſented divers other conſiderations, to which in the end he joyn'd the Emperours Authority, proteſting he ſhould render an exact account of that Action, and to this menace, *Herod* (that was a ſlave to the Roman fortune and greatneſs, and without that prop, knew it importable to ſupport his own) rather render'd than to any other conſideration. At laſt therefore he conſented I ſhould go ſafely out of the Temple, with all that was mine, on condition I ſhould make no ſtay in the City, but quit it the ſame day, and in ſix more depart the limits of his Realm; pawning his word to *Soſius* (who received it in the Emperours name) that neither in the City, nor upon the way there ſhould be any trap laid for me.

This was our Capitulation, and having paid my thanks to *Soſius* and the Prieſts for their kindneſſe, as well as my grief to abandon *Mariamne* would ſuffer me, I quitted the Temple, and, ſoon after, the City, under the Conduct of *Soſius* and his Romans that accompanied me without the Gates; it was likewiſe permitted to the reſt of my Train, to repair to the place of my firſt nights lodging; which was at a Town diſtant about 100 furlongs from *Hieruſalem*. Thus I eſcap'd *Herod*'s fury, but not the perſecutions of my unfortunate Love; the ills I had avoided were found ſcarce worth conſidering, when compar'd

with

with those this cruel parting procur'd me; and though my resolution was yet imperfect, thus far I had gone rather to suffer a thousand deaths, than renounce *Mariamne* for ever, for fear of one.

We were no sooner ariv'd at the place where we were to lodge, but taking *Arsanes* aside, My dear *Arsanes* said I, you see I have condescended to your reasons that urg'd my parting from the Temple, and the City, to avoid *Herod*; and possible the consideration of you, was none of the feeblest arguments to win my consent to preserve a life, which I can never love, in this condition it is now reduced to; but if you believ'd there was any of those reasons so puissant to make me welcome a despair of ever seeing *Mariamne* more, disabuse your self, 'tis as impossible to live without her, as without respiring; and spare your dissenting reasons, for they are all incapable to reverse the resolution I have taken to see her this very Night, if possible; when the Night has spread her shades upon Earth, I intend to return disguised to *Hierusalem*, and to go to the House of my Friend and confident *Sohemus*; I have some hopes that by his and *Phylon* the Eunuchs assistance, I may gain a sight of the Queen; the design is now more easie to effect than ever, for besides the service that the Night and my disguise are like to do me, in such an infinite number of Strangers that are now in the City, because of the Feast, I shall run no hazard of discovery: Besides, *Herod* will never imagine that after so late an escape of such a perill, I would venture afresh to repeat the Precipice. The Queen I will see, if Heaven prove so kind that she permit me the opportunity, and if her intentions prove so

possi-

posite, I shall receive the command from her own mouth which her Letter did not clearly explain. You will find it in vain to oppose this Design, therefore spare the fruitless pains to divert it, and if my life be dear to you (as you have often protested) remember you ought to assist me in all such things as are ordained to make it suffer.

Arsanes stood astonish'd at my resolution, but found it impossible to fasten any reason upon it; and the night had no sooner made his dark approach, but clad in one of my servants habits, with one attendant, I return'd to the City, desiring *Arsanes* to stay with the rest, the better to hide my departure, and expect the Orders I should send him, as the event advis'd.

I re-entred the City, and found no difficulty to conceal my self in such a confluence of People, that fill'd it in all parts, and getting within twenty paces of *Sohemus* his House, I sent my man thither, who happily encountred him entring his own Gate, being newly returned from the Palace. *Sohemus* was amazed to see me, not thinking it possible I should re-attempt the danger I lately escap'd with so much ado. *Ah my Lord*, said he, *is it possible that I see you again in a place where to Day you ran so great a hazard of your life? Be not astonish'd, dear* Sohemus, said I, *I have a passion can produce stranger effects, they that have courage enough to lift an Eye to* Mariamne, *cannot want it to despise danger. I am return'd* Sohemus *to challenge that of your friendship which you promis'd, and that which I ever expected from you; I come to the Queen, by your means, if it be possible, and if your Assistance can Create*

me so happy, that benefit shall compleat your purchase of the Heart of a Prince, that you have powerfully gained.

Sohemus heard my intreaty, with much desire to oblige me, but found so little facility in the attempt, as he staid a long time before he could shape an Answer, at last when he had thought enough, "My "Lord, *said he*, You desire effects of my obedience "so difficult and dangerous, as I know not in what "fashion I shall find it possible to serve you; since "yesterday the Queen hath been more strictly "watched than formerly; and though the King has "not yet discharg'd the thunderbolts, which we "fear'd would fall from his violent choler, yet he still "keeps her in terms of distrusting his fury: never- "theless, she is not so rigorously observed, but (if "her consent be not wanting) you may see her; but, "as I believe, she will not approve your attention, "so I fear she will not contribute those things to "the interview, as are in her power to effect; how- "ever, for your sake, I will run the hazard, and it "shall be no fault of mine if you be not satisfied.

At these words I often imbraced *Sohemus*, and weighing the truth of what he had said, I long consulted with him upon the order we were to observe; all the ways were block'd up with difficulty and peril, at last we fix'd upon one that we judg'd the least dangerous; and *Sohemus*, not willing to stay me longer in the Street, led me through a private door, and up a little pair of Stairs, not unknown unto me, to the Eunuch *Phylon*'s Chamber: The Eunuch was then with the Queen; but his Chamber door was open'd to *Sohemus* by a Servitor that waited there;

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Sohemus went that way to the Queens Lodgings, while I expected his return in the Gallery, without a light.

My fear to afflict your Patience, makes me forbear the repetition of *Sohemus* and *Philon*'s Diſpute with the Queen to diſpoſe her to ſee me: the anger ſhe expreſt againſt them and me, and the pains they took to obtain the grace I demanded, I refer to your apprehenſion; for your reaſon cannot be a ſtranger to what might be alleg'd on both ſides; and ſhall content my ſelf to tell you; that after a long conteſtation, at laſt the Queen conſented to ſee me in *Cleophee*'s Chamber, where by her ſhe was only attended, while *Sohemus* and *Phylon* were ſet Sentinells at both advenues to prevent a ſodaine ſurprizal. You will poſſibly find, Madam, ſomething worthy of cenſure in this condeſcent of *Mariamne*, and judge with rigour that ſhe ought not to have bow'd to my Paſſion with ſo much indulgence, after ſhe had given in the whole courſe of her life ſuch haughty proofs of a marvellous Virtue: but when you ſhall know what ſhe intended, you will doubtleſſe conclude this Action did not ſpot her whiteneſſe. *Sohemus* return'd to the place where he left me, to conduct me to *Cleophee*'s Chamber, where I entred trembling, and the Queen immediately after me. I had ſcarce the aſſurance to lift my Eyes to her viſage, ſo weak I grew at the apprehenſion of an angry look, which my fears told me I had provok'd by importuning a favour, that my merits could no way challenge; indeed me thought I ſaw ſome choler ſit upon her brow, but while I threw my ſelf at her feet, and imbrac'd her knees, without the

utterance of a single word: *Is it possible* said she, *that you could have so little consideration of the repose of my Life and Reputation, to hazard both so visibly; and after having led my life, till now, with such caution, you should force me to see you by night in a disguise, without any other necessity than to sooth your unjust Passion? Have you done well to exact this from* Mariamne, *when you had so lately reduc'd her to the greatest extremities that ever Princess of her condition and propension did encounter with? nay, can your self approve that (which in your favour I now do) against all the Rules of Prudence and Reason? But do not* Tyridates, pursu'd she, (sitting her down and forcing me to rise) *do not hastily condemn this Action; see the end, before you passe a disadvantagious Judgement: if I had not condescended to see you, as I had many reasons to dissuade it, I had miss'd the occasion of preventing such attempts for the future; which I will now do, by putting an Order in force for my own repose, and yours too, if it be possible.*

At these words she stop'd; and, while her Discourse lasted, having recover'd a little assurance, I took the advantage of her silence, and lifting up my eyes to her face, which till then I had not dar'd to behold, but by stolne glances: *Madam, I confesse*, said I, *that I am yet more culpable than your Words have made me; and though my intents have been innocent, the ills you have suffered through my occasion, do render me the most criminal amongst all men: I am therefore come, Madam, to protest at your feet, that all my Blood, that a thousand such Lives as mine, can never requite the least of your displeasures; & to conjure you by all that is capable to perswade, that I may have*

leave to spend this poor Life to purchase the repose of yours, imploy the courage of Tyridates *to break the Chains of your Calamities. I know I have committed a fresh offence in seeking means to Petition your Goodness for this last favour, which I neither have, nor shall ever merit: but it is not just, nor can my Passion excuse it, that, after, having been the cause of so many of your Misfortunes, I should securely retire from the pursutes of* Herod, *and abandoning you to his cruelties, leave you, by a shamefull flight, in his savage hands, to seek a refuge at* Rome, *while you stay here expos'd to his fury: This only consideration, Madam, hath had power to shut my eyes upon that danger, against which you have expos'd such a miracle of goodness: and in fine I have learn'd to believe, that if any man may unfetter you from your Miseries, you ought to hope it from none but* Tyridates, *as a glory only due to him, I am now no longer retain'd by hospitality, nor awd with the memory of my first obligations;* Herods *Sword & Poyson have cancel'd those, either of which would have infallibly destroy'd me, had not your adventurous pity prevented the blow. To you only, my divine Queen, this life such as it is, is indebted for its being, and you would have carried it away without offering the Sacrifice where it is due; it was yours by Gifts, yours by preservation, and can you think it reasonable, that I should wander with it among the Romans, instead of coming to submit it to my Soveraign? Ah! no,* continued I casting my self again at her feet, *do not reject that which would reject its own being but for you, and that which you cannot justly disavow, do not grudge in the hazard of* Herods *rigour, by dooming my Soul to those gloomy woes, a thousand times more black than*

the night, in which he would have clos'd my eyes for ever: or if the presence of this wretch does importune or discompose your quiet, give leave that death may free you of him, from which you have but in vain preserv'd him in Judæa, *since he must infallibly receive it elsewhere from the rigour of this separation.*

I had said more in the transport to which I had abandon'd my self, if the Queen, who suffer'd with repugnance full of deadly fear, had not set bounds to the spacious discourse I meditated; and after she had interrupted me with a command to rise, *Cease* Tyridates, said she, *to make these offers which I cannot so much as hear without offending Virtue, and remember I have told you a thousand times, that the Crimes of* Herod *cannot authorize mine; if I owe nothing to him, or to the quality of a Husband, yet the debt to my God and my self can never be satisfied. I will quit the world when it pleases Heaven to release me, without the Crimes of these Miseries; or if it have decreed them a longer date, I must still have patience to indure them: 'tis this I oppose, in few words, to the desires you express to wipe away my displeasure; I am neither permitted by Law Divine or Humane to serve my self of your assistance: for that which regards your departure, know* Tyridates, *it is an indispensible necessity, that you soudainly resolve it, that I am now half constrain'd to an action unbecomming my quality and duty, and can no more consent to see you with so much danger of life & reputation; and in fine, must intreat you never to see me more. Be not astonished at these words, you have courage enough to be prepared for them, and possible sufficient reason for me to weigh all the reasons that oblige me to this Interdict. I will not speak of my life,*

which

which can never be safe while you are in Iudæa; *for it was never happy enough to be worth the prizing: if my honour be dear to you; if you can ballance the prejudice of your own repose, and remember the suspicions of* Herod, *the malice of* Salome, *and the knowledge my self hath of the faults you have committed, you must conclude that the stay of* Tyridates *must be incompatible with the reputation of* Mariamne.

She stop'd at these words, while I stood stiff and motionlesse to hear the rigorous sentence of my death; and after I had sometime beheld her with an Action that would have let in pity, if too strong a resolution had not deny'd it entrance: *Then Madam* said I, *you condemn the unfortunate* Tyridates *to an eternal banishment, and you believe you are more gentle than* Herod *in commanding him never to see you more: Ah! if you have that thought, for the Gods sake lose it, and do not believe that any Duty can with reason oblige you to that, which you would not do but for want of affection.*

The affection I have born you, reply'd the Queen with an unmoved aspect, *is not probably such as you have pretended to, nor could it justly oblige me to that I have already done to please you: content your self that I have not been sparing in the acknowledgement of your deserts, nor the esteem of your person, that therein I have pass'd the precise limits my estate prescribed me, and (since a perpetual separation permits me to avouch it,) I have not been so insensible, but if Heaven and my Parents had left me in a condition to make my own choise, and* Tyridates *imbrac'd the true Religion, I had prefer'd him above the rest of Mankind.*

The Queen used some violence to bring forth these words, though they all wore the badge of Innocence, when my Soul drew all the consolation it had then capacity to hope for. *Ah! Madam*, said I, *how glorious is my destiny, and how little cause of complaint hath this Declaration left me? But Gods! yet glorious as I am, I must be banished for ever: Oh hard Sentence, that alone can ballance the glory you have given me! rigorous doom of my death, which I cannot, and yet I ought to undergo without a murmure! Since my Queen pronounc'd it! No Madam, it is not just you should disturb your quiet, not just I should put your life in danger, not just to spot your candid reputation, but it is yet lesse just to abandon you to* Herod's *mercy, that I should fly to a Haven while you ride it out in the Tempest: why should I carry this unfortunate and vagabond life among the Romans, while you remain submitted to the Frantick fits of that savage man? Must I for ever shut my eyes upon those Lights, my Soul can only acknowledge Glorious, while those of* Herod *and his Jews are cheer'd with the divine Beams, to which I must bid an eternal farewell? at least set some limits to my Exile, or give me time to prepare for it, and while that lasts, let* Sohemus *be once more permitted to bring me to your presence; I should do what is possible to bow my Soul to an unrepining obedience: but to bid you now adieu; now to rend my self from you for ever, is more than my heart can resolve, without leaping a most desperate precipice.*

I utter'd some other expressions full of transport which the Queen heard with an admirable pati-

ences; but not with so much assurance; for, whether it was the remembrance of her condition (which I had awakened) or the pity she took of my Misfortunes, her fair eyes let fall some tears: But I saw she was troubled that I had perceiv'd it; and now, desirous to put an end to this dangerous discourse, she rose from the Chair she sate on, and approaching to me with an Action that spoke her resolute: Tyridates, said she, *though you appear sensible of the displeasure you take to quit me, I think your courage capable to surmount greater difficulties: if I have any power upon your spirit, I desire to put it all in my interest, that for my sake you will support it patiently; 'tis the last proof I beg of your Affection, but desir'd with so much ardour, as you cannot refuse it without destroying all that you have gain'd within me, release your fears for me: though you leave me in Herod's hands, all succour hath not forsaken me as you imagine; I have still a Defender in Heaven, who is not too weak to protect me from the Cruelty of a Husband: in him I shall ever find my refuge and my comfort; and doubtless so should you too, were you inlightened with his Divine beams: adieu Tyridates; take my last adieu, if sometimes you remember me, at least forget my weakness, and the faults you have made me commit.*

At these words (seeing me fall at her feet in a condition that left me no reason to reply) she bow'd down, and taking my head between her hands kiss'd me on the forehead: and this was the greatest and most signal favour I ever received of *Mariamne*; which so soon as she had bestow'd upon me, she retir'd to her Chamber, and shutting the door after her, disappear'd from my eyes for ever.

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The heart of *Tyridates* was so over-charg'd when he came at this sad piece of story, that he found it impossible to go on before he had given passage to some sighs, that stop'd the pursute of his discourse. The fair Queen was so sensibly touch'd at this story, as she suffer'd compassion to steal some liquid pearls from her eyes: but when he was return'd to himself I know not Madam say he, what to say more, for the rest of my life is as unworthy of your attention, as my pains to recount it: you may imagine, if you please, the Woes that rent my heart when I saw my self forc'd to indure my Life, and support my Miseries by the command of *Marianne*; I vow by all the Gods, that neither Fear nor Cowardize had a hand in the Religious observance of my Queens injunctions: but such an obedience as must ever be exhibited in my thred of Life, dispos'd me (by the assistance of *Sohemus*) to depart the Pallace and City, whence I returned to my followers, took my way to *Rome*, and presented my self to *Augustus*.

I know Madam you will easily remit the relation of that tedious Voyage, & the wearisome residence I made with the Emperor, for it contains nothing capable to divert you. And indeed the remembrance has so freshly set my griefs a bleeding, as I find my self unable to be more particular; be pleased then only to know, that I have ever since lived in darkness; that neither the Caresses of the Emperor, who (always nobly treated me) the pomp of *Rome*, nor all the pleasures that were daily proffer'd in that great Mistris of the Universe, could ever give my griefs a moments ease, when after I had there worn out a year without an hour of repose,

the fear my Melancholly might render me insupportable to the Emperor and his Court, made me abandon it, without designing any other retreat or mansion, but to breath the anxieties that deny'd me quiet; when after I had long wandred upon Earth and Water, I was cast upon this Coast, where I have since made my miserable residence: a condition, though mean, yet better suteing with my humour than that I enjoy'd in the Courts of Kings.

It only now remains to tell you, that about a Month since I remembred *Mariamne's* command extended no farther than my banishment, that she had not forbad me to inform my self of her Condition, which made me send my faithfull *Arsanes* into *Judea* to learn it.

This Voyage he undertook out of hope to live there unknown, till possible he might find the Queen in so relenting a disposition to repeal my exile: I attend his return in this solitary Mansion, which for some presents I obtain'd of an *Alexandrian* for the time I shall stay upon this Coast; and I confess I tasted more sweetness in this sollitude, than I could have hop'd from the continual perplexities of my Soul; besides I cannot call it lesse than a comfort to my grief, that I have had the happiness to render some service, and to give this poor retreat to so great a Princess.

Thus *Tyridates* clos'd his story, and the Queen, who had lent him a serious attention, made both her action and discourse expresse how much she was impressed in his Fortune.

Your relation, said she, after some other words, *hath sensibly touched me, as the Misfortunes of a great*

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and Virtuous Prince, whom Heaven hath perfected; but if I commend your respective affections, I must not forget to praise Mariamne's *Vertue, that in so just and great occasions to hate her Husband, so courageously resisted the batteries of your Affection, and the motions of that inclination, which, if I judge aright, she had toward you: indeed she was oblig'd to the rules of her Duty; but it is not easie to acquit the debt that often exacts such weighty payments, and defend her self from the excellent qualities of such a Prince as* Tyridates.

Tyridates retorted this obliging discourse in very submissive language; and the complement would have lasted longer, if the Queens Supper had not interrupted it; which made *Tyridates* respectively withdraw, because she supp'd in her Bed (and deeming her weariness requir'd what was left unspent of the night for repose) he bade her good night: but before he left the Chamber: *It is not just*, said she, *you should longer be kept ignorant of her name and fortune, whose life was so lately your Gift; and that since seconded by a noble entertainment,* Eteocles (continu'd she, pointing at the man that was preserv'd with her) *shall begin the relation, and when you have learn'd those Adventures, that so preceded mine, whereof no man is better instructed than himself, you shall know the particular accidents of my life from my own mouth.* *Tyridates* civilly return'd his thanks for this promis'd favour, and quitting the Chamber, return'd with *Eteocles* to his own, whom he compell'd to sup with him, though upon knowledge of his quality he would modestly have refused the honour. After Supper he caus'd him to be conducted to his

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Chamber, and himſelf went to Bed, where he paſſed the Night in his ordinarie inquietudes.

So ſoon as he waked the next morn he ſaw *Eteocles* in his Chamber, that came to bid him good morrow, whom the Prince courteouſly received, made him come nearer, and remembring that from his mouth he was to expect the beginning of thoſe Adventures he long'd to underſtand; invited him to a ſeat by his Bed ſide; and having forc'd him to to ſit down, *You ſee*, ſaid he, *a very inquiſitive Man, loath to diſpence with the charge the Queen hath given you, and I can neither find time nor place more commodiouſlie favourable than this, to require ſatisfaction; for it will not be a civil hour to viſit the Queen, till two or three be expir'd, Sir* ſaid *Eteocles, I believe what ſhe ſuffer'd yeſterday will ask this mornings repoſe to unwearie her, a time I cannot better imploy than in rendring proofs of my obedience to both your commands*, and after the preparation of a ſhort ſilence, he thus began his Diſcourſe.

The Hiſtory of *Julius Ceſar*, and Queen *Cleopatra*.

BEfore I can enter the Relation of that great Queens adventures, whom I have now the honor to ſerve, I muſt of neceſsity go back to the life of another Queen, illuſtrious for greatneſs, beauty, and the accidents of her life above all thoſe that ever preceeded her: you may eaſily judge it is the Queen *Cleopatra* I intend to ſpeak of, whoſe Name

is

is not only known in this Country that was under her dominion, but has ſtretcht it ſelf to the remote corners of the World, and will doubtleſs be a task for the Memory of Fame till the laſt Ages.

Of the accidents that befell her with *Anthony*, none are ignorant; I ſhall only therefore lightly touch them; but becauſe her enemies have indevoured to black her reputation with what happen'd in her greener years with the great *Julius Caſar*, I am oblig'd in conſcience (as he of al men with whom the truth is beſt acquainted) to defend her memory from that Calumny, and give you a faithfull account of thoſe paſſages compris'd in as few words as poſſible.

The Queen *Cleopatra* was Daughter (as ſure you have heard) to King *Ptolomee*, ſurnamed *Auletes*, & deſcended with King *Ptolomee* her Brother, from that glorious ſtock of Kings, that ſince the great *Ptolomee*, friend and ſucceſſor of *Alexander*, hath continually ſway'd the *Egyptian* Scepter. This Princeſs was born with all the graces that the Gods could beſtow upon a mortal Perſon; the beauty of her Body could not be match'd upon earth, nor had that of Spirit leſſe advantages: and the greatneſſe of her Courage infinitely rays'd it ſelf above her Sex; I would ſay more, if Renown had not ſaved me a labour, and thoſe gifts of Heaven been too fatal to let me dwell delightfully upon the Story.

But the Prince *Ptolomee* her Brother, was not ſo by inclination; but being naturally prone and propenſe to vice, he ſuffered his flatterers by pernicious Coun-

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ſo, to corrupt and deface all that impreſſion of good that his high birth had left upon his Spirit; which in fine, tumbled him headlong in his laſt misfortunes. He receiv'd the Crown very young, by the death of the King his Father; and the unbridled liberty which he found in that abſolute power, ſunk him in all his vices. The *Egyptian* people diſcontentedly conſidering theſe ſad beginnings of his Reign, and ſighing to ſee themſelves ſubjected to a Prince ſo unworthy to command, began to turn their eyes upon the Princeſſe *Cleopatra*; and perceiving how much ſhe differ'd from her Brother, in Spirit, Majeſty, and all things elſe that might render a perſon worthy of a Scepter, they repin'd that her Sex was an obſtacle to their wiſhes; and every meeting would freely confeſs to one another, how much more they thought ſhe deſerv'd their allegiance than *Ptolomee*, or rather *Pothinus*, *Theodorus*, *Ganimed*, with the reſt of the rabble of vile flatterers, which he took up from the duſt to lift to the higheſt dignities; or rather to give them the Soveraign Authority.

This unworthy crew having once perceiv'd that *Cleopatra*'s Credit was like to extinguiſh theirs in every *Egyptian* breſt, began to render her ſuſpected to her Brother, and eaſily perſwaded that poor ſpirit, that it was fit ſhe ſhould periſh; the ungracious Prince ſuddainly reſolved to give the blow: but (having notice of his evil intention) ſhe retir'd from the Court, and ſought a refuge among thoſe *Ægyptians* which ſhe believed did beſt affect her: nor did they abuſe her confidence, for a great part of the Realm arm'd it ſelf in the quarrel, divers Cities de-

declar'd for her, and, if her party was not the most puiſſant, at leaſt it was compos'd of the honeſteſt ſort of *Ægyptians*, that a long time kept her ſide behind their Bucklers againſt all the forces the King could make.

At laſt, after the Inequality of number had given *Ptolomee* ſome advantage, he beſieg'd the Princeſs his Siſter in the City of *Peluſium*; whither ſhe was retir'd.

At that Siege he was buſied, when the infortunate *Pompey*, (a dreadfull example of Fortunes inconſtancy,) that great man that had triumphed over three parts of the World, and by an infinite number of victories had juſtled for precedency with the renown of *Alexander*; flying from the Battail of *Pharſalia*, came to throw himſelf into his Armes, there to ſeek an *Aſylum* againſt the purſute of his victorious enemy. Indeed all ſorts of honor and aſſiſtance were due from *Ptolomee* to the dignity of that grand Captain, and doubtleſs any Soul but his, would have receiv'd him (that a few daies before was the greateſt of all men,) with a ſubmiſſe reſpect to his precedent condition: but that diſloyal man, (only prizing his preſent fortune, and not his vertue) hearkning to the pernicious Counſels of *Pothinus*, *Theodotus*, and *Ganimed*, that repreſented how advantagious an amity the death of *Pompey* might gain him with his Enemy, butchered that unfortunate Prince upon the ſhoar of *Peluſium*, in the ſight of his Wife *Cornelia*, who hardly eſcaped (by the Succours of her own men) from the ſame deſtiny.

The belief I have that fame has made you acquainted

quainted with this pitifull History, the importance of which spread it over the Earth, makes me contract it in a small volume. A few daies after, *Ptolomee* understanding that *Cæsar* was come into *Ægypt*, and hearing he disapprov'd the Cruel War he made against his Sister, rais'd his Siege from *Pelusium*, and bent his Course towards *Alexandria*, where he staid his coming up.

Cleopatra no sooner saw her City unguirt, and her self at liberty, but by the Counsell of her faithfullest Servants, and especially of my Father *Apollodorus*, who had ever much credit with her, she resolv'd to go throw her self at the feet of *Cæsar*, and demand his protection before he ariv'd at *Alexandria*. This design was presently executed, and she and her train wafted over with a winged diligence to the Isle of *Farion*, where *Cæsar* had made some small abode. I was of that number that attended her, and because of the faithfull service which my Father ever render'd her, none had freer accesse nor greater credit about her than my self. The great *Cæsar*, being advertis'd of her arrival, came to meet her with much civility; and because I was present at that interview, 'tis fit I recount some of the particulars.

Cleopatra, the better to advance her design, had that day call'd both art and glory to wait upon her natural beauty, that it might sparkle at the best advantage; and though in her habit she had affected a modesty, conform'd to her present estate, and therefore concluded mourning more becoming than Pompe, in an action wherin she was to appear a Supplicant; yet both her mourning and her modesty were

set off with what was more great, and pompous, than the dazling lux of Gold and Jewels could boast: Her Eyes darted beams, a thousand times more glorious than the richest Diamond could sparkle, & the Majesty of her Port and Visage did more loftily express her quality, than could be done by a magnifique and a numerous train of Servitours.

If her view put *Cæsar* and his followers to their wonder, I confess too the visage of that brave man, the greatest, not only of his own, but all the Ages that preceded it, stamp'd a respect in all our Souls, that made us regard him, as if he had been a God. That prodigious reputation he had gain'd in an hundred battails, against the most valiant people of the World, and his last victory upon the Romans themselves, which he came from subduing with a far lesse number than theirs, gave us an astonishment full of veneration. Indeed his face did not belie the dignity and Grandeur of his Actions: And though there was something missing there, that must needs go away with his vigorous youth; yet there appear'd all the marks of a perfect Greatness: His Looks so imperious, and yet so full of sweetness, that it was not easie to take him for lesse than the Master of the Universe. *Cæsar* and *Cleopatra* before they spake, spent some time in gazing at one another, making their looks and silence express their mutual admiration; but at last *Cleopatra* (considering she was in his presence that had her repose & fortunes in his hands, or rather was the Master of her destiny) bow'd her haughty disposition, & forcing a more than ordinary humility, from the dexterity of her spirit, threw her self at the feeet of *Cæsar*, and resisting his ear-

moſt and vehement intreaties to riſe; *You ſee great Emperour*, ſaid ſhe, *you ſee at your feet, the Daughter of the* Ptolomees, *that is here to demand that of you againſt a cruel Brother, which from his Arm ſhe might expect againſt other Enemies. Oppreſſed Innocence, and Imbecillity implore your aſſiſtance, and do preſer a brave imployment to your generous bounty, that cannot ſhew it ſelf in a more becomming garb, than in protecting a Princeſſe, perſecuted by unnatural Crueltie, in her Fortune, Repoſe, and Life, in the ſame eſtate my Anceſtors commanded, part of which is my Legitimate inheritance; I have now no other retreat, but your favour, and if that be denied me, I muſt render up my ſelf to a Brothers crueltie, in whom neither my Blood, Sex, nor Youth can ever ingender pitie. Let me not imbrace your victorious knees in vain, before which, all that is great on Earth, muſt learn obedience, and confeſſe thee as great and as much Cæſar in generoſitie, as in that triumphant braverie, that has made thee Maſter of* Rome, *and with her of all the World beſide.*

The fair Princeſs had doubtleſs ſaid more, if *Cæſar* (no longer able to hear or ſuffer her [illegible] on her knees, though accuſtom'd to ſee Kings whole daies in the ſame poſture) had not imploy'd (after the tryal of intreaty) the force of Arms to raiſe her; and having plac'd her in an eſtate better conform'd to what her Beauty might claim; *Fear not, Cleopatra*, ſaid He, *the* Roman *Armes ſhall defend thee from thy Brothers threatnings, and if he contemns our prayer, we will not leave* Ægypt, *till we have provided for thy repoſe and fortune.*

He pronounc'd theſe words with a *Roman* gravity

and a Majesty that equall'd his Condition; but a while after, seconding his parly with the Princesse, his tempter was so softn'd at the charms he there encounter'd, as he lost all his gravity; and in his following discourses put a submisse behaviour in the place.

After he had re-assur'd her fears by repeating his promise not to abandon her, he told her he would conduct her to *Alexandria*, present her to her Brother, and put her in possession of her partage in the Realm. *Cleopatra*'s experience of her Brothers ill nature, gave her some difficulty to resolve it, but at last she was constrain'd to obey the absolute will of *Cæsar*, who presently dispatch'd one of his chief Commanders, to let *Ptolomee* know, that he could not see him as his Friend, nor as an allye to the people of *Rome*, if he refus'd to receive *Cleopatra*, whom he intended to present him, with all assurance of reconciliation. *Ptolomee* entertain'd this imperious order with a most sensible despight, and had much ado to hinder the escape of some passionate folly, but he stood in too much awe of the *Roman* puissance to profess his indignation, which made him resolve to dissemble, till time should offer him an occasion to shew it at the best advantage. He therfore unwillingly forc'd himself to submit to the impos'd command, and in the mean time to render *Cæsar* more favourable, he sent him by the wicked *Theodorus* the head of mighty *Pompey*: but his expectation prov'd so erroneous, as that generous Conqueror, instead of bidding the present welcome, refus'd to see it, and commanded the wretch that brought it, to be chas'd from his presence, after he had expressed how much

he detested his Masters Treachery, in terms full of Contempt and Choler; nevertheless he enter'd *Alexandria*, where *Ptolomee* receiv'd him with great respect, and many feigned demonstrations of good will. *Cleopatra*, upon his score, was likewise entertain'd with kind imbraces, *Ptolomee* protesting before *Cæsar*, that he was ready to resign up her partage, & for the future resolv'd to treat her like a Brother. *Cleopatra* forgot all the cause she had to complain, and thus accorded, divers daies were consumed in triumphant and magnificent Festivals.

But the Soul of mighty *Cæsar* (wholly invincible as it was) could not defend it self from the Charms of *Cleopatra*; that glorious Conquerour, that made the World his Trophee, was now become Captive as to a Woman's Eyes, and took more wounds in his treaties, with her looks, and discourse, than he got in all the dangers of so many combats.

This cannot seem strange to those that knew this great Queen; for when she was pleas'd to set her intricements at liberty, it was hard for a man to trye their strength, and come off untaken: before he discovered his passion to the Princess, he endeavour'd to give intelligence by his looks and gestures; and when he thought they had prepar'd him audience, he trusted his tongue to tell her, what she had made him feel.

Cleopatra was one of the most ambitious persons on Earth, and that passion then beginning to gain an ascendent upon her Spirit, made her regard the submissions of that *Herod* not unwillingly: she had conceived an opinion of her self, high enough to

believe that few hearts were so well fortified to hold out against her Batteries; and, observing *Cæsars* behaviour, she doubted not but he was struck, before his discourse assur'd her; the first time he strip'd his thoughts to her, was in the Palace Gallery, where he walked a long time discoursing of her affairs, and the order his intention had contriv'd to put them in.

The Princess return'd her acknowledgement for his Courtesies, in expressions full of Civilitie, and upon these terms they were, when finding that no unfit Occasion to unveil his thoughts, after the preparative of some amorous looks, that fore-ran the discovery; "I should never have believ'd, *said he*, "you would thus have requited the service I render "you; were you just, you would not ruine my re- "pose, while I endeavour to restore yours; be not "amaz'd at this discourse, *pursued he*, in a more seri- "ous accent, in procuring your liberty, I have let my "own fall at your feet, and humbled my self, from "the principal authority in the Empire, that I might "give it you in *Ægypt*; I had rous'd the same "Courage to defend my self from you that pre- "serv'd me from the Foes that were of Fortunes "stirring up, had I not foreseen it would prove "too weak to withstand your assault, and found "more glory in the defeat, than disputing the victo- "ry. Fair *Cleopatra*, I am your Prisoner, but with "this satisfaction, that I yeeld my self to the fair- "est Victor upon Earth, to such a one from whom "I may implore mercy, without shame or baseness; "use your Victory as vertue shall advise you, and "remember that you cannot still be generous and "abuse it.

Theſe were *Cæſars* firſt expreſſions, and to this Declaration the Princeſs liſten'd without diſpleaſure; for ſhe could not deſire more glorious proofs of her own merit, than in the conqueſt of ſo great a man; and after ſhe had ſtudied a while for a becomming anſwer, ſhe reply'd in theſe terms.

"*My Lord*, I never cheriſh'd ſo good an opinion "of that little beauty the Gods have ſent me, or thoſe "other qualities, that may make me a pretence to "the eſteem of common perſons, to believe them "able to ſubdue him, who has taught the whole "World obedience; 'tis not eaſie to imagine that "the vanquiſher of mankind ſhould hook himſelf "upon ſo weak a bait, at leaſt too feeble to hold "ſuch a Soul as his: the Gods have form'd him "of a nature ſo approaching to theirs, that vain "were the ambition of mortal beauties to aim at "ſuch a Conqueſt; nor were it juſt, that (after "having ty'd your victorious chains upon the Uni-"verſe) you ſhould loſe your own liberty to a Prin-"ceſſe, that owes you for hers, with all that repoſe "you have ſo nobly reſtor'd her. Nevertheleſſe, "*My Lord*, I receive this diſcourſe (full of noble-"neſſe) with a reſpect due to great *Cæſar*, and "my particular Benefactour: and if his Spirit "has made choiſe of this kind of divertiſement, "to unweary it ſelf from his grand imploy-"ments, I am contented to afford him matter "for it; on condition he takes notice, that I "ſuffer all from him, as my Protectour and my "Maſter.

Cleopatra finiſhed theſe words, turning her Eyes upon the face of *Cæſar*, with a ſmile capable to per-

ſwade him that her words, and thoughts were not of the ſame piece; and with an action ſo ſweet, and yet ſo Majeſtique, as if the graces them elves had compos'd it; her Eyes brandiſhing ſuch an extraordinary brightneſs, as they ſhot new flames into great *Ceſars* Soul, who by his freſh wound, became ſo tranſported, as he had much ado to hinder his amorous feaver from breaking out into the hotteſt proofs: however, though with much conſtraint, he retain'd it; and regarding the Princeſs, with Eyes in which paſsion was not ill repreſented,

I ſhould be angry with you, ſaid he, *if I did not know that your tongue wrong'd your heart, when it miſpriz'd thoſe bright powers that conquer'd me, for they are able to perform greater feats: the advantages which my Arms, with the aid of Fortune, have given me over men, are all too weak to guard me from you, I will give my life (if you diſdain it not) for the confirmation of this truth, and with it ſubmit at your feet all the vows, and thoughts, not of your Protector, & your Maſter, but of him that conſecrates the reſt of his daies, to the divine* Cleopatra, *with an intire obedience & ſubmiſſion.*

'Tis like he had ſaid more, if he had not ſpy'd King *Ptolomee*, whoſe approach to ſalute him, hinder'd the purſute of that diſcourſe. But the next day he again renew'd it, and as well by words as actions, gave *Cleopatra* ſuch clear proofs of his paſſion, as ſhe found not the leaſt ſcruple to frame a doubt of; This knowledge ſhe manag'd with much prudence and reſervation, not willing to give cauſe of complaint to a Man, from whom ſhe expected all, and on whom her fortune and tranquillity abſolutely depended, yet ſhe govern'd her ſelf in ſuch ſort as he could

could never take the least advantage upon her, nor had cause to blame her for too much rigour or fancy. But she would pleasingly flatter her self with the glory of overcomming him, whom the World had not power enough to resist. The knowledge she took of her own high birth, and admirable qualities, gave her a belief she might pretend to all things; and she foster'd no meaner thoughts than such, as aim'd at the Empire of the Earth.

Besides the glory that shin'd in the greatness of his actions, *Cæsars* person was very capable of inviting affection; and though he was not young enough to keep all those charms upon his face unfaded, that are Loves Torches, yet he was not so large of those graces, to want much of his primitive vigour; for his Countenance displayed such brave and erected looks, as it imprinted respect in every Soul that saw it: *Cleopatra*, who had eyes as well as others to regard it, finding her self deeply obliged to his noble offices and affection, insensibly fell to tye on her own chains, and had already begun to ingage her self, when the affairs of *Ægypt* received that memorable resolution, of which you have doubtless heard, and from that belief, I shall abridge the recital as much as possible.

While *Cæsar* intirely gave himself to his love, and endeavoured with all the proofs of it to gain *Cleopatra's*, the wicked *Ptolomee*, and his perfidious Counsellors, nurs'd designs very different. They had found in *Cæsar*, as they apprehended, little acknowledgment for the service they had render'd him in the death of great *Pompey*; and indeed that high mis'd Spirit (that could neither approve villany, nor esteem

esteem those that committed it) had contemptuously treated all those, that had dip'd a hand in that black treason; besides *Ptolomee* saw with despite, the love he bare to his Sister, and not without cause fear'd that he would favour and support her against him, in the partage they were to make: these considerations joyn'd with the Counsels which *Pothinus*, *Achillas*, *Theodorus* and the rest of their perfidious Companions were ever fomenting, made him at last resolve to use *Cæsar* as he had done *Pompey*, and find a way to his ends by the death of him and *Cleopatra*. *Cæsar* had lodg'd none but his most considerable persons in *Alexandria*, and to satisfie the *Citizens* had left the body of his forces at the *Isle of Pharion*, which was so near the City, that it might easily be seen from his Chamber window. *Ptolomee* believed this occasion might favour the execution of his plot, and secretly causing his Army (which was yet undisbanded) to advance, he made it approach to *Alexandria*, and assured himself of all those in the City whom he knew at his devotion: His design was ill contriv'd, worse conducted, and worst of all executed. And it is to be thought, the Gods that abhor Crimes, forbad Success to so loathed a Treachery, and so blinded the Contrivers of his mischievous intention.

Cæsar was in *Cleopatra*'s Chamber, when one came to advertise him that the whole City was in Arms, That *Pothinus*, and *Achillas* one of *Pompey*'s Murderers, were Marching towards the Palace in the Head of a great Troop, with design to kill him at the Feast he had made that day. *Cæsar* did not despise this advice, but having rallyed such of his with[illegible] adm[illegible]

admirable diligence, as had time to range themselves about him, he quitted the Palace, & march'd against the Conspirators, with an assurance worthy of himself. But before he left *Cleopatra*'s Chamber, *Madam* said he, *It is not I that seek the ruine of your Brother, but Heaven, who (unwilling so wicked a man should longer reign) does this day present you the Crown of Ægypt. I go now to fight for you and my self, and I promise with the Victorie our common Vengeance.*

Cleopatra had no time to reply, because he instantly departed; but her Eyes kept him company as far as possible: and knowing he went to combat for their common Interest, she aided him with Vows to Heaven for his Successe.

The Traitors perceiving they were discover'd, resolv'd to fight it out Couragiously, and in effect disputed it very hotly, yet the Justice of his cause with his own admirable valour, gave *Cæsar* the victory; *Pothinus* was kill'd upon the place with the greatest part of his Forces, and *Achillas* with such as could follow, fled out of the City to *Ptolomee*, whom the report of that ill successe had made retire with his Army.

Cæsar might safely have staid in *Alexandria*, and inforced himself by *Cleopatra*'s faction, which was none of the weakest; but he rather chose to retire to his troops to give *Ptolomee* battel, and (hearing the *Alexandrians* of the contrary part, indeavour'd to cut off his retreat by surprizing his Vessels) he ran thither with that handfull of men that followed him, doing such deeds against them, as in any other but *Cæsar* would have been accounted Miracles. Yet

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he there ran a greater danger, than he had done before in all his former Battails; For, no longer able to make Head againſt the great number of his Enemies, which grew every moment ſtronger, by the comming up of freſh Reſerves, he threw himſelf from the Cliff into one of his Boats to gain the Iſle, but being diſcovered, he was inviron'd by his enemies, and preſs'd upon with ſuch deſperate fury, as after he had received divers blows and arrows upon his Arms, he was conſtrain'd to throw himſelf into the water, and ſwim that ſpace between him and the Iſland, not without exceſſive pain and peril. At laſt he recover'd his Forces, gave order for the Battail, ſhipp'd them, and row'd towards *Ptolomee's* Army, who conducted by his evill deſtiny, advanced with full Sails to meet him. The Battail prov'd very dubious and bloody, but I ſhall forbear the particulars, becauſe I believe, I have already repeated things, of which no perſon can be ignorant; It ſhall ſuffice to tell you, that *Caſar* was alwaies *Caſar*, that the Ægyptians were defeated with a mighty loſſe, their King, by a juſt chaſtiſement of Heaven, being fallen into the Sea, was drown'd by the weight of his Arms, and not taken up till the next day, when he was found arm'd in a gilded Curaſſe, half buried in the ſand. After this Victory, *Caſar* advanced towards the City, and at the Gates found the Queen *Cleopatra*, with a part of the Citizens, that begg'd pardon for the others, who (through obedience to their Princes Authority) had taken up arms against him; the Princeſſe obtain'd all her deſires, and entered the City and Palace with her, in a faſhion wholly pompous and triumphant.

Next

Never was there seen so sudden an execution, nor so many troubles appeas'd in so short a time. *Ptolomee's* evill Counsellours were all either perished with him, or had sought their safety by flight. The rest of the Egyptians willingly submitted to *Cæsar*, who told *Cleopatra*, that for her sake he was sorry for her Brothers death; but he knew so well how to represent the small cause she had to afflict her self for his losse, as (after she had given some tears to his memory, which such an excellent nature as hers could not refuse him) she accepted the comforts he profered. The Funeral Honors she celebrated with much solemnity, and the following day *Cæsar* having conven'd the Egyptian Nobility, in their presence put her in possession of the Realm, and with an universal applause, Crowned her with his own hands; all the Egyptians, by whom *Cleopatra's* Government was much more desired than *Ptolomee's*, receiv'd her for their Queen, with excessive contentment, and render'd publique thanks to *Cæsar* for his magnanimity and munificence.

But the troubles that agitated the soul of *Cæsar*, were not quieted with those of Egypt; and in giving peace to that people, he had not done so to his own spirit; the eyes of the fair Queen still made war upon him, & prevailed, as if his gift of the Crown of Egypt had augmented her dominion in his heart. Of this he daily gave her fresh assurances; and *Cleopatra*, who by this last obligation, felt her self engag'd to receive them with a deeper acknowledgment than formerly, liv'd with him in a fashion, as much obliging as she could without offending vertue.

One day he was with her by her bed's side, when

after

after divers other discourses, the length of which would weary your attention, taking her fair hand and joyning lips unto them, "I dye fair *Queen* "(*said he with an action wholly passionate*) I die if "your pity does not draw me from my tomb, and "I vow by those fair eyes, which I adore with respective veneration, that 'tis impossible my life should "longer continue, if yout mercy does not strengthen "the thred of it. I should be much afflicted, *said* "*the Queen*, to see it in any danger, the gratitude "I owe to great *Cæsar*, and the particular esteem "I have of his person, will never suffer me to refuse "means, within the bounds of possibility, to comfort him.

"'Tis in your power, reply'd he, not onely to "comfort, but create me the happiest of all men, in "making your self the reward for what I have given "you; no other price can gratifie the present I have "made you, I mean not of a Cromn (upon which "I never set an esteem) but of a heart, and a soul "which can never be but to you, and of a heart "and a soul which I have made yours with a resignation so intire, as I have reserv'd no power to "my self of a further disposal.

"This glorious present, reply'd the Queen, can "never be requited with the price you demand, a "thousand such lives as *Cleopatra's*, can never weigh "with the heart and soul of *Cæsar*: yet Sir, I "would bestow my self upon you, as you demand, "(pursu'd she, letting fall her eyes with a kind of "shame) if honour could shew me the way to do "it; I am born a Princesse, Daughter to a long "succession of Kings, by your bounty I am now

"Queen,

"Queen, and which is yet more glorious, by his pro-
"per confeſſion, I have triumphed over the Soul of
"mighty *Cæſar*; Sir, theſe advantages having plac'd
"me in one of the formoſt rancks of women, do ob-
"lige me to preſerve my ſelf there in a reputation
"pure and ſpotleſſe; and ſhould I render my ſelf
"unworthy of my birth, my preſent dignity, and the
"affection of great *Cæſar*? ſhould I yield up my ſelf
"unto him, in any other way, than what his vertue
"can approve of?

She ſtop'd at theſe words, ſuppoſing ſhe had ſaid enough to be underſtood, and that *Cæſar* could well enough conſtrue her intentions; yet being by the maximes of State, and the tyes he had to the Common wealth, forbidden to make a more ample Declaration, he ſtood, as if ſurpriz'd at *Cleopatra's* words: nor was he yet reſolv'd to eſpouſe her, fearing that *Rome* would diſapprove the alliance, & it might prove prejudicial to his deſign, to make himſelf Maſter of it, as he did in a ſhort time after: but perceiving himſelf oblig'd by *Cleopatra's* word to declare his intention, he remain'd ſilent a while, not knowing in what manner to evade the proteſtations he had made her; but at laſt he recover'd his ſpeech, and lifting his eyes from the earth, where they had been fixed, *You do merit*, ſaid he, *a condition yet more glorious, than what would render the favours I demand, lawfull; the World cannot afford a Spouſe to* Cæſar, *more worthy of that quality than the Queen* Cleopatra, *and I do vow by truth it ſelf, that were I free in that election, I ſhould ſoon make it known, with what paſſion I deſire that advantage: but I am now ſo tyed by Intereſt to the Republique, that I cannot ap-*

prehend

prehend it expedient, to make my conjugal choyse without its appropriation: nevertheleſſe, I ſhall endeavour to expreſſe, how much I deſire to be intirely yours; and paſſing by theſe conſiderations, in a few daies, (if it be poſſible) make known the truth of my Affection.

At theſe words *Cæſar* retir'd, without giving the Queen time to reply: but after that, ſhe liv'd with him in a faſhion more reſerv'd than ſhe had done formerly, and would no longer licence thoſe petty liberties which before ſhe had permitted him. He obſerv'd this change with much diſpleaſure; but ſo ſoon as he complained of it to her, *My Lord*, ſaid ſhe, *you are too juſt to deſire thoſe things of me which I cannot conſent to, without my own ruine; and ſince I muſt pretend to a quality that may authoriſe them, give me rather leave to return the Crown you have given me, and reſign the repoſe and the life it ſelf which I hold of you, than licence ſuch crimes, as neither your greatneſſe, nor all the obligations I have to it can ever excuſe*: This Diſcourſe again ſtruck *Cæſar* dumb, but after ſhe had oft repeated her reſolution, it wrought ſuch an effect upon his ſpirit, as made him reſolve what he executed a few daies after.

One day, after he had ſent to deſire a particular audience of the *Queen*, he enter'd her chamber, only followed by *Lucius Metellus*, and *Caius Albinus*, two of his friends, in whom he repos'd the greateſt confidence, he found the Queen prepar'd to receive him in the manner he demanded, only accompanyed with her two dear Maids, *Charmionne* and *Iras*, my Father and my ſelf: *Cæſar* that knew us, and in what manner we were ty'd to the Queens Intreſts,

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was well pleas'd to have no other witneſſes of his intended action; and, after he had pay'd his ordinary Civilities to the Queen. "Madam, *ſaid he*, I "have been too long reſtrain'd by ſuch reaſons, as "forbad me to render, what was due to my own "Love, and your Vertues; I am now reſolved to "tread upon thoſe inhumane Maximes, that play "the Tyrants with me, and preſent my ſelf to "you, in that Honourable, and Lawful way, that "my ardent Paſſion did ever truly intend: but be-"cauſe this Marriage, which I deſire to conſummate "with you, cannot be Promulg'd, without deſtroy-"ing my deſign, to ſet the Crown of the Univerſe "upon your head, let me intreat your conſent, that "it may now be known to no other perſons than "thoſe I ſee about you, and theſe two friends, whom "I have brought to witneſs this action, in the Gods "and their preſence (if you conſent) I will pre-"ſently eſpouſe you, and if it may but remain a "ſecret amongſt us, till I enter *Rome*, & there eſta-"bliſh my power, as my deſignes have fram'd it, it "ſhall then be publiſh'd with all the Pomp & Mag-"nificence your wiſhes can invent.

To theſe words *Cæſar* added many other affectionate expreſſions, to render the Queens ſpirit flexible to his intreaties, and help her over all the difficulties ſhe found in that propoſition. Shee took a long time to ballance the reſolution ſhee was to take, and in fine, betook herſelf to the Counſell of her Maids, my Father, and (if I may dare to ſay ſo) my ſelf, but above all our perſwaſions, the beliefe prevail'd ſhee had of *Cæſar*, as a man that could not conſent to violate his promiſe given to a

Princeſſe of her condition, in the preſence of ſix witneſſes, enough to convince him of infidelity before men and Gods, which he ſolemnly invok'd in that action: at laſt, whether vanquiſh'd with Reaſon, or undermin'd by her own weakneſſe, ſhe yielded her ſelf: When *Cæſar* putting his hand in hers, after he had call'd all the Gods to the myſtery, he proteſted that he received her as his Spouſe, and ſolemnly ſwore, that he would never own or acknowledge any other; theſe proteſtations ſhe ſeal'd with a kiſſe in our preſence, and, to contract the relation, the company judging their preſence no longer neceſſary, retir'd, & left *Cæſar* alone with the Queen, to take poſſeſſion of thoſe admirable beauties (envy'd of all Princes of *Aſia*) which were then with an unbridled liberty abandon'd to his deſires.

Oh Gods! Cry'd *Tyridates*, with a profound Sigh, Gods Sovereign Arbiters of our deſtinies, and what has the unortunate *Tyridates*, done to you, that you ſhould force him thus to trail on his life, without either happineſſe or hope, when you diſpenc'd ſo much felicity to the reſt of mankind? theſe few words he paſſionately utter'd, with his Eyes lifted to Heaven, when *Eteocles* thus purſu'd her Story.

Hymen's Præludia:

OR

LOVE's Maſter-piece.

THE THIRD BOOK.

ARGUMENT

The Rebellion of King Pharnaces *calls* Cæſar *out of* Egypt, *and invites him to an eaſie Victory. Hee leaves* Cleopatra *with Child. The Birth of* Ceſario. *The early dawning of his rare qualities, both of mind and body.* Ceſars *Victory in* Syria *againſt* Cato, Scipio, *&c. He wins the Battel of* Munda *againſt* Pompey's *Sonnes, which compleats his Conqueſts. Comes to* Rome, *and is made Perpetual Dictator. His ingratitude to* Cleopatra. *He adopts* Octavius, *and is kill'd in the Senat-houſe. The Trimvirs revenge his Murder, by the death of all the Conſpiratours.* Cleopatra's *care in* Cæſario's *Education.* Anthony *in his Parthian expedition ſummons her to appear before him. He is taken in the ſnare of her Beauty. Repudiates* Octavia *and Marries her. This rais'd a quarrel betwixt him and* Auguſtus, *which is decided in the Battel of* Actium. Anthony *is overthrown and flies with*

Cleopatra *into* Egypt. *The Conquerour purſues, and beſieges them in* Alexandria. Cæſario *is ſent for ſafety to* Hydaſpes *King of* Ethiopia. *Is betrayed in the way by* Rhodon, *and preſerv'd by the loyal policy of* Eteocles. Hydaſpes *receives and treats him as his own Son.* Cæſario *falls in Love with* Candace *the Kings Daughter.* Antony, *through a miſtake, kills himſelf.* Cleopatra *dies by the bite of an* Aſpick. *The Character of* Britomarus, *& his haughty pretences. The gallant Combat between him and* Cæſario. *They are parted.* Cæſario *protects him, Moderates the Kings anger to a Baniſhment. The brave ſpeech of* Britomarus *to* Cæſario *at their parting.*

SInce that fatal day, which I know not whether I may call happy, or infortunate, the great *Cæſar* and the Queen *Cleopatra* intirely dedicated themſelves to their unreſtrained delights, and though the Mariage continued ſtil a ſecret among us, and while the day laſted, they obſerv'd the ſame Ceremonies, before company they had formerly us'd, yet the nights by the means of *Iras*, *Charmionne*, and my Father (in whom the Queen repos'd a clear confidence) ſtill reviv'd their contentments: never did Love appear more amiable than in their two Perſons. *Cleopatra* liv'd not but in *Cæſar*, *Cæſar* was *Cleopatra*'s Idolater, and they forgot nothing that might prove their Paſſion the ſtrongeſt, and yet the moſt ſincere, that ever invaded Lovers; the whole Court, nay, all *Egypt* took

part

part in their contentments, though they knew them not; and I think *Rome* her ſelf ſcarce ever ſhew'd ſo much Pomp, as then our *Alexandria* was dayly dreſt in.

The whole World knows *Cleopatra* was the moſt magnificent Queen, that ever lived, not only in the pride of entertainment, in the ſplendour of her Feſtivals, and the gifts ſhe beſtow'd on *Antony*, but in the whole courſe of her life kept up her royal Grandeur at that lofty pitch of glory, where ſhe ſhould ſtill have flown; and then perceiving her ſelf the Soveraign of his will, that was like to be the Sovereign of all Men, ſhee forgot nothing that might help her to hold thoſe advantages; and *Cæſar* not leſſe ſatisfied with his fortune, judging her moſt worthy of his affection, was never weary of admiring the rare qualities of her Body and Mind, which daily ſerved to make his Love flame higher.

But at laſt fortune interrupted the courſe of their mutual felicities, and *Cæſar* (that was not born to waſte his life upon a VVomans lap, or whom all great actions were re'erv'd, & to whom the worlds Empire was deſtin'd) was conſtrained to quit *Ægypt* and with his Army to paſſe into *Syria*, where he had learn'd that *Pharnaces* King of *Pontus*, Son of *Mythridates*, & inheritour of the hatred which he bore to the *Roman* name, though not of his vertues, was up in Armes, and had ſpoiled a part of *Armenia*. I ſhall forbear to repeat the adieu's of theſe two Lovers, for I doe but touch upon their life as I paſſe b it, & only take it in my way to another Story, to which it ſerves me for a conduct. Should I inlarge my ſelf upon the loves of *Cæſar* and *Cleopatra*, truth

would ingage me to defend the memory of that great Queen, who doubtleſſe has been foulely blotted by the ignorance of thoſe that knew not of her Marriage: but in that which befel her ſince, with the deplorable *Anthony*, I ſhall make but a ſhort ſtay; their infortunate Loves, and lamentable end, being known to all perſons in the world that are capable of underſtanding.

Cleopatra's tears were too weak to retain *Caſar* in *Alexandria*; but he comforted her with the ſolemn repetition of his promiſe before us, to call her to *Rome*, ſo ſoon as he ſhould be eſtabliſh'd in the dignity (which his ambition aym'd at) of Perpetual Dictator; and then to declare their Marriage to all the world: at that time the Princeſſe began to perceive herſelf with Child, and gladly believ'd that the aſſurance ſhe gave to *Caſar* of it, before his departure, would yet more deeply ingage him to remember his vows, and the dear pawn he left behind him.

Thus *Caſar* march'd into *Syria*, leaving *Cleopatra* in *Alexandria*, where ſhe governed her people with ſuch moderation, and prudence, as ſhe taught all men to admire thoſe politique, and moral vertues in her Sex, that were rarely found even in men of uncommon parts; ſhe ſupported the abſence of her dear *Caſar* with much anguiſh, but ſhe receiv'd frequent comforts with the news of his continued Victories: not long after his departure ſhe learn'd that *Pharnaces* was defeated by him in a ſignal battel, and the war, which in all appearance was like to laſt many years, thus terminated in half a day; a little after ſhe receiv'd intelligence that in *Africa*

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he had vanquiſhed *Cato*, *Scipio*, and the King *Juba*, with a prodigy of fortune & diligence; and, having gained that victory, with the Slaughter of 50000. of his Enemies, & the loſſe of but 50. of his own Souldiers, he was returned to *Rome* where he had made three triumphal entries: the fame of theſe great deeds, pleaſingly flatter'd the Soul of *Cleopatra*, and ſhe diſmiſſed all her anxieties, with a confidence that ſuch a man could not be capable of infidelity.

In the mean time no longer able to hide the ſwelling fruit of her Womb, and unwilling to contract the ill Opinion of her Subjects, ſhe was conſtrained openly to declare the truth of their Marriage, and in ſtead of the ſhame and confuſion her fear ſuſpected from that diſcovery, ſhee found her *Ægyptians* poſſeſſed with a new Joy in the expectation of ſuch a King from her loines, as might prove a perfect copy of *Cæſar* aad *Cleopatra*.

The Queen was brought to Bed in *Alexandria* (almoſt at the ſame time that *Cæſar* made his entry into *Rome*) of a Sonne not only worthy of his Father and Mother, but of all that the moſt fruitful hope could conceive; never did the light ſalute a thing ſo beautifull, the Aſtrologers never knew a birth ſo advantagious; for this royal Infant immediately became the admiration and delight of all that ſaw it: but becauſe his child-hood was but the ſpring to that luſtre, which hath ſince appear'd in him with riper advantages, I will not ſtay upon the beginnings of his life, becauſe they are of leſs importance. By a general conſent he was call'd *Cæſario*, & we all hop'd, that though there was litle difference

between his and his Fathers name, there would be yet leſſe in their qualities, and the greatneſſe of their actions: the Queen took a marvellous care of his education, and made the whole world to be ſearched, for the moſt expert, and knowing Maſters in all Sciences and Exerciſes, wherein he was to bee inſtructed when his Age permitted him, and (though I did but weakly merit that Honour, and a better choice might have been made among the *Ægyptians*) ſhee was pleas'd to make me his Governour; for my Father was too old for that imployment, and only deſir'd it for my ſelf.

In the mean time the Queen, what ever conſolation ſhee taſted in the injoyment of her Sonne, was gall'd with bitter grief, ſeeing there appeared no fruits of *Cæſars* promiſe. Not long after ſhee underſtood he had given the laſt blow to that war, by the defeat of *Pompey's* Sonnes; that in *Rome* he hap uſurped the Sovereign Authority, and forc'd a Maſter upon that proud City, the imperious Miſtris of ſo many Kings, and ſo large a part of the univerſe.

Then her hopes began to ſwell with expectation of his promiſe, and *Cæſar* by frequent Letters indeavour'd to confirm them, excuſing his abſence from her delights with very ſpecious reaſons, which for a time appeaſed her: but when ſhe ſaw a whole year was waſted, and yet no haſte made to accompliſh his vow, ſhe began to loſe her patience, and complain of his infidelity; yea, before ſhe thought fit to make her reſentments ſpeak lowder, ſhe ſent my Father *Apollodorus* to *Cæſar*, as well becauſe he was the

the faithfulleſt of her Servants, as that in his preſence *Cæſar* eſpous'd her, and might therefore better than any other reproach the violation of his word: this voyage of my Fathers prov'd ineffectual, yet when *Cæſar* ſaw him, he hug'd him in his Arms, entertained him nobly, gave him rich preſents, and often mention'd the Queen with dear reſentments of affection: but could afford him no other reaſons for his delay, than what he had written to *Cleopatra*; he proteſted that ſo ſoon as he felt himſelf ſit ſure upon his imperial throne, he would accompliſh his promiſe; but in that condition, while his Monarchy was yet an Infant, feeble, and ſtaggering, he found it not ſafe to enterprize any thing againſt the conſent of the people, and Senate, whom he had alreadie exaſperated with impoſing his yoak.

Cleopatra was contented for a time to flatter her ſelf with the likelihood of theſe excuſes: but in fine, after her patience had learn'd another leſſon as tedious as the firſt, ſhe broak into reproaches againſt him, gave her ſelf up to the ſway of a juſt paſſion, & probably was hatching thoughts to make it known in ſome deadly blow, when news came that Heaven had revenged her, and that her faithleſſe *Cæſar* was murdered in the Senate-houſe, with twenty three wounds, by thoſe that he thought his deareſt friends.

This report fell like a Clap of thunder upon her ſpirit, & all her choler could not diſſwade her from receiving it at firſt, as the greateſt blow that Heaven and Fortune could contribute to her overthrow: She ſolemniz'd this loſs with a deluge of tears, with ſuch

such actions as could best expresse most passion, and would possible have abandon'd her self to grief, if the last marks of *Cæsar's* ingratitude, had not brought her comfort: for she learn'd that a little before his death, he had adopted his Nephew *Octavius* (who is now the great *Augustus Cæsar*) for his Sonne, declar'd him his Heir, and oblig'd him to take his name and dignity, without making the least mention of his Sonne *Cæsario* or *Cleopatra*. This last assurance the Queen received, of her Husbands ingratefull disesteem, kindled a despite that dry'd up all her tears, and shew'd her cause to rejoyce in the same death she so lately bewayled; however she ceas'd to bemoan his losse in publique, though she render'd to *Cæsars* memory the Funeral honours which she believ'd due as to her lawfull Husband; but her resentments against the Father, descended not to the Son: for, she nourish'd the little *Cæsario* with as dear an indulgence as if his Father had still been faithfull; and remembring that (perjur'd as he was) he had been the greatest of all men; in his face she beheld the Image of his mighty Sire, as another dawning of her comfort. To him her resolutions intended the Crown of *Ægypt*, and (though the *Egyptians* perceiving the *Ptolomean* race was almost extinct) did oft petition her to make choyce of another Husband, she alwaies deny'd their intreaties, and at last so won upon them by her milde and prudent Government, as they were content to approve her design of passing the rest of her life in Widowhood.

Alas! How happy had the poor Queen been had she held her resolution; she had avoided those

famous misfortunes that made ſo much noyſe in the world; and her miſeries with the lamentable Cataſtrophe of her life, had not forc'd tears from her rudeſt Enemies.

Sir, I ſuppoſe you know that a few years after *Julius Ceſar's* death, the unfortunate *Antony*, having ſhar'd the Empire of the world with young *Ceſar*, ſince called *Auguſtus*, and with him reveng'd the murder of their Predeceſſour, by the defeat of the conſpirators, and by that bloody *Triumvirat* which produc'd ſuch fatal effects in *Rome*; paſſing through *Cilicia* to make war upon the *Parthians*, he Summon'd *Cleopatra* to appear before him; and becauſe the Queen was too weak to reſiſt the puiſſance of that great Maſter of half the world, by the advice of her Counſell, ſhe went to find him in that ſtately Galley, whereof the Stern was all of pure Gold, the Sailes of Purple, the Oares of Silver, and all the reſt dreſt in that proud Equipage that has ſince found the world ſo much Diſcourſe: you have heard of her meeting with *Anthony*, and the feaſts they made ſo full of pomp and profuſions: but as *Anthony* was firſt vanquiſh'd with *Cleopatra's* magnificence, ſo he gaz'd not long before he was ſubdu'd with her beauty, to which he became a ſlave, not with a ſervitude parallel to his Predeceſſor, but ſuch an one as only expir'd with his life; and would have indur'd a thouſand Ages, had the Gods lengthen'd their daies to ſo remote a period.

Anthony was ſomething inferiour to *Ceſar*, and therefore *Cleopatra* in beſtowing her ſelf upon him, might ſeem to deſcend a little from the height of her pretences: But, ſince ſhe was reſolv'd to give

Ceſar

Cæsar a Succeſſor, ſhe could not chooſe a greate
than *Anthony* amongſt men, whoſe glory was no
yet blaſted by the fortune of *Auguſtus*; his birth wa
of the moſt illuſtrious, his perſon recommended b
a number of fair qualities, and brave actions, an
his rank no leſſe conſiderable than the chief upo
earth. *Cleopatra* render'd her ſelf to theſe conſide
rations, and to the loyal affection of *Anthony*, wh
for her ſake, deſerting the amity of young *Cæsar*,
his Siſter *Octavia*, whom he had maried at *Rom*
gave up all his intereſt in the Common-Wealth
and his own fortunes that were faſtned to it,
give himſelf intirely to her, and confining his Am
bition within her Embraces, eſpous'd her in *Ale*
andria.

I know the *Romans* irreconcileable enemies to *Cl*
opatra's memory, have indeavour'd to diſprove th
Mariage as they did the former, and perſecuted th
deplorable Queen in her reputation, after they ha
ſent her to her tomb by their Cruelty: but my ey
were witneſſes of what might ſerve to upbraid the
inhumanity, and juſtifie her memory, againſt the
cruel ones that would ſtill diſturb her repoſe in h
very Sepulchre.

Anthony ty'd the Conjugal knot in publick, but wi
an inauſpicious augury, which their misfortunes
ſince prove too prophetick. They are ſo well know
that I believe you are not ignorant of the leaſt pa
ticular; I ſhall therfore incloſe them in a few wor
and ſwiftly follow the thread of my diſcourſe, t
arive at what chiefly ingages this relation. Wit
the firſt year of their mariage, the Queen diſclo
a double birth, a Sonne and a Daughter;

Son was call'd *Alexander*, the Daughter *Cleopatra*, and if I had not named *Ceſario* I would have ſaid that humane eye ne'r ſaw any thing ſo fair as theſe Twins: indeed I think their beauty was fatal to their Houſe, and a cauſe of calling down the Divine Vengance upon *Anthony*, for ſo oft provoking the Gods, by ſhewing theſe Children at publick ſpectacles, with the uſurped names of *Apollo* and *Diana*, cauſing them to be dreſſed in the ſame faſhion thoſe Deities were uſually repreſented in, and commanding the ſame honors ſhould be render'd th em as were ordinarily paid to thoſe Divinities.

I ſaw them not ſince they were eight or nine years of ge; but at that time they were the wonder of all that beheld them, and it was thought the beauty of young *Cleopatra* would not only equal the Queen her Mother, but out-ſhine all that ever were accounted fair.

Thoſe that conceived ſuch hopes of the Princeſs Cleopatra, (ſaid *Tyridates*, interrupting *Eteocles*) *as much reaſon on their ſide, my ſelf ſaw her in* Rome *while I made my reſidence in the Emperors Court, & agreed with the general opinion, that Nature never fram'd a face ſo triumphantly beautifull: ſhe now lives at Court with the Empreſs* Livia, *who tenders her with as dear an eſteem, as if ſhe were her proper daughter; the fame of her perfections have already nois'd them in a large part of the world; and were I not loth to interrupt your narration, I would ſpeak more amply of them. Young* Ptolomee, *her Brother, was then at* Rome, *in an high eſteem for handſomneſs; but the elder* Alexander, *whom you mention'd, was a while ſince loſt at Sea, without any news of his eſcape.*

Sir,

Sir said Eteocles, *your relation doth sensibly to me, for while I have life I must own so passionate interest, in all that pertains either in blood or al ance to our dead Queen, as I cannot hear them sp of without extraordinary motion; may the Ge frame them a fortune different from their Parents, do me the grace to let me see those dear reliques that illustrious Family, recover their splendour.* But continue my Story, a year after *Alexander* a *Cleopatra*, was born that *Ptolomee* you saw at *Ro* little inferiour to the other two, carrying in visage the fair marks of his glorious birth. Ne was there seen a Court so pompous as *Anthony's* a *Cleopatra's*; most of the Kings upon earth, c thither to pay their homages; and many of th sent their children, that they might have the ho to be educated with our young Princes: indeed th were brought up with such care, as was due to th only; and though *Cæsario* was not Son to *Anth* yet his respect to him was proportion'd to t great veneration he preserv'd for his Fathers me ry: he caus'd the mariage of *Julius Cæsar* with *Cl opatra*, to be publiquely proclamed in all his do nions, declar'd *Cesario* the Legitimate Son, and dubitable heir to his Father, rendered him hon suitable to that dignity; & whether it were to ind his Mother, or to appear kind to *Cæsar's* me ry, he caus'd him to be styled the King of King he had already *Cleopatra* the Queen of Kings; disdaining she should only bear a barren title, gave her the Realms of *Ægypt*, *Cyprus*, *Soria*, the lower *Suria*. To young *Alexander*, *Armenia*, *Media* and *Parthia* when it shall be conquered. yo

young *Cleopatra*, *Libya* and *Cilicia*, and to litle *Ptolomie*, *Syria* and *Phanicia*. Of theſe ſeveral preſents he ſent the decree to be confirmed at *Rome*, which nevertheleſs was ſuppreſſed by the Conſuls, *Domitius* and *Soſius*, the very ſame you mention'd in your diſcourſe.

In the mean time, you know what wars were waged while they lived together, both in your own Country, and in *Syria* againſt *Antiochus*; The good ſucceſs he had againſt *Parthia* by his Lieutenants, and the ill luck that befell him when he caried the War thither in perſon; his reſentments againſt *Artabaſus* King of *Armenia*, whom with his Children he led Captive to *Alexandria*, where a while after he loſt his head by *Cleopatra*'s command, as your recital expreſt it. You are not ignorant of the many voyages he made to *Rome*, where he alwaies reſiſted the Senate that would oblige him to forſake *Cleopatra*, and at laſt fell foul with *Auguſtus* by that ſcornfull repudiation he made of his Siſter *Octavia*.

In fine, the war being openly declar'd between theſe two Maſters of the world, their grand factions almoſt intirely divided it, accotding to the ſway of ſeveral affections; two greater powers han theſe never met in oppoſition, and the world never regarded an event with ſo much intereſt, as that which was to decide its Empire.

My Lord, you have underſtood the beginnings of this War; with the divers incounters wherein Fortune ſometime liſted her ſel in one, ſometimes in the other party, till the battail of *Actiam*, where, after ſhe had long ballanc'd her good will, ſhe declar'd

clar'd for *Cæsar*. The miserable *Antony* was betray
both by Love and Fortune, and what ever coura
the Queen disclos'd in the spring-tide of her life, w
all resign'd to the horrour of that one battail, whe
she assisted in person; whence flying with 60 Sa
in her company, she drew along the amorous *A*
tony, who rather chose to abandon with the vict
ry the Empire of the world, than to lose his *Cleop*
tra. You must needs have heard how after that si
nal defeat they were forsaken by all their Troop
and sure Fame has told you of the pitifull effec
that error produc'd among them; how upon
false report of *Cleopatra*'s death, spread by her se
with design to cure *Antony* of an unjust suspici
he had conceived of her; that desperate Prince sl
himself with his own hand, and breathed his la
between the arms of his dear *Cleopatra* in th
Tomb wherein she had shut up her self; you ha
heard it related how *Cæsar* (having rendred himse
Master of *Alexandria*) came to visit her, brought h
comfort, and intreated her to hope for all the cr
usage his power could afford; all which the grea
hearted Princess couragiously disdained, and not
during to survive her dear *Antony*, nor to see her
in danger to be led to *Rome* in triumph, she cal
Death to her rescue, which she gave her self by
Aspick's invenom'd tooth, for want of other we
pons: and how *Cæsar*, after he had pacified *Egy*
and left *Cornelius Gallus* Governor at *Alexandri*
returned to *Rome*, whither he led *Alexander*, *Pt*
lomee, and *Cleopatra*, the Children of *Antony* a
our Queen. Thus compriz'd in a few words, I ha
given you the lamentable destiny of these infort
na

runate Princes, but you are yet to understand that of *Cæsario*, and I assure my self you believ'd with the greatest part of the world, that *Augustus* had caus'd him to be put to death, as fame did openly divulge it.

'Tis true, said Tyridates, *and I had my belief from the general confidence at* Rome *that it was so, where I have often heard that* Cæsar, *having taken* Alexandria, *and advising with his friends what he should do with* Cæsario, *the Phylosopher* Arrius, *who was in great credit with him, whisper'd some words in his ear, that alluding to a verse in* Homer *might thus be interpreted*

Plurality of Cæsars is not safe.

And from that hint Augustus (*fearing that he might one day dispute the succession of his Fathers Empire*) *put him to death; such* reply'd Eteocles, *was the general opinion, and we are happy that it got so much credit among the Princes Enemies; who possible without that prevention, would have made their pursute and persecution reach to the place that protected him: But to you I shall unmasque the truth, what ever danger the discovery may threaten, knowing well I do not hazard my Prince in declaring the truth of his life to a sister Prince, that equals his vertues; and it was but to come the right way to his adventures, that with a few words I touch'd a part of the Queen his Mother.*

The History of Cæsario *and the* Queen Candace.

AFter the loss of the Battail of *Actium*, and the disloyal falling away of the greatest part of their forces, the unfortunate *Antony* & his Queen shut themselves up in *Alexandria*, & there attended the approaches of their victorious Foe, with the rest of their forces, resolving to defend it to the last man, and the latest moment of their lives; their courage was not revolted with their fortune; for, they might yet have protracted their fate, and again debated the worlds command, if the prevention of that disastrous mistake had not contriv'd their ruine: Nevertheless the Queen, not able to refute her just fears of a sodain wrack, began to cast an eye upon her deplorable Family, that in so short a time were tumbled from the sublimest pitch of Fortune, to the foot of Calamity. Oh Gods! what words (that were fittest to shew the marks of a signal grief) did she not give to those sad considerations? there was much reason in her fears that the Victour would make his hatred reach to the Children of his Enemy, & so choak all the seeds of war, that might grow up to give another shock to the tranquility of his dominion, by rooting out the whole *Antonian* race; and these suspitions made her oft solicit that the Children might be put in some place of Safety, and either sent to the King of *Æthiopia*, a great and puissant Prince, their friend and allye, who had neither felt nor fear'd the *Roman* arms, or to *Herod's* faith-

faithfull friend to *Antony*; or at leaſt to ſome others, whom the change of fortune had not perſwaded to diſavow their amity.

But *Antony*, who tenderly indulged his Children, could not reſolve to ſee them ſo pluck'd from him, or ſend them to ſeek their ſafety from the faith of a ſtranger: he repreſented to the Queen, that the Gods were yet able to ſend them ſuccours (contrary to the opinion of men) might miraculouſly repair the ruines they had made; and, ſhould ſuch a change arive in their favour, they would repent the expoſing them to a flight, whoſe ſucceſſe was incertain: that if Heaven had reſolv'd to compleat their deſtruction, they might expect a better fate for their infants from the clemency of their Enemy, than the loyalty of any barbarous Prince, whoſe friendſhip the Child of their fortune no doubt would follow it to the Conquerors party.

Cleopatra perceiving his reſolution not to be mov'd, and her ſelf not able to wreſt the diſpoſal of the Children from him, fell to conſider of his preſervation, whom he had no part in; and judging with much prudence, that though *Auguſtus* might pardon the progeny of *Antony*, yet he would not do ſo to the Son of *Julius Cæſar*, who (profeſſing himſelf the off-ſpring of a lawfull Mariage) while he liv'd, would at leaſt be arm'd with Juſtice, to bid fair for his Fathers ſucceſſion, which the other poſſeſs'd by no other right than that of adoption, the lawfull power of his diſpoſal, ſolely remaining in her ſelf (for *Antony* pretended not to it); ſhe concluded that it was not ſafe to truſt him to the mercy of that enemy, & could find no other way but ſuch a flight to ſecure him.

Cæsario was five or six years elder than the rest, and then newly ariv'd at the fifteenth year, but as that age was become the most accomplish'd of Princes; his beauty never found an equal among those of his own Sex, in the vivacity of his eyes, and all the features of his visage was seen an ayre so Majestique as could belong to none but *Cæsar* and *Cleopatra*: his stature was extraordinary for his age, his force prodigious, his agillity and nimbleness in all his exercises attracted the admiration of his beholders, his sprightly dexterous wit expres't such an inchaunting sweetness, and his inclinations were alwaies so level'd at great actions, that in his tendrest years, I never knew him nurse a thought that was not wing'd for a common flight: he was inflamed with an emulation at his fathers glory, & it kindled the same desires in him that before it had done in the soul of young *Alexander*: but in the relation of his life, which was made him, and which I oft represented to his eyes as a model for his imitation, he never set a lower esteem upon his Clemency, Liberality, and Moderation, than his valour and prudent conduct; and all the glosses he made upon it, were so many delightfull demonstrations to me of his ardent love to vertue. In an age so tender and feeble to support a Cuirasse, a hundred times has he offer'd to precipitate himself into military dangers; and had not an absolute authority retain'd him, he would have follow'd *Antony* to his Battails with an ardour, which he found very difficult to moderate: Such a one, or rather a thousand times better than what my expressioa has made him, was *Cæsario*, when the Queen his Mother (preferring his security

to

to her own delight in injoining his lovely preſence) reſolv'd to loſe it for ever, and being confirm'd in that purpoſe, and prepar'd to execute it, I was commanded to attend him from his Chamber to her preſence.

She could not behold him with a deſign never to ſee him more, (at leaſt if the Gods reſtor'd not their fortunes) without reſigning that conſtancy, wherewith ſhe temper'd all her actions, to abundance of tender tears; which ſo ſoftned the young Princes ſoul and mine, as it ſet our Eyes for a while to the ſame task.

At laſt ſhe made an aſſault upon her grief, and ſtrugling to recover an aſſur'd look, after ſhe had wip'd away her tears; *My Son*, ſaid ſhe, *though your years be few, your apprehenſions do much ore-top thoſe of an equal age; and I know you are already capable to make reflections upon our preſent and paſt fortunes; you are deriv'd from a Father that was the greateſt of men, and a Mother that may boaſt to have held ſome rank among women, and will leave a report of her life behind her, that is not ordinary in her Sex. I ſee nothing in you, (the Gods be thanked) that belys your birth, or forbids me to hope that you wil not make the Soul of mighty* Cæſar *(now plac'd among the Gods) to bluſh at your begetting: if fortune frowns upon your budding age, and bereaves you (with thoſe from whom you had your being) of the advantages, which in part you ſhould hold of her, learn in time to ſlight her, and ſtrain your vertue to captive her ſmiles, and force her back again. You wear a Sword, after your Fathers example, that may one day recover the Crowns you have loſt; and if the Gods decree (as*

there is much appearance) that we fall in this war, and period our Empire with our daies, you shall stay behind us to win that back again by the glory of your actions, which we lost by the last of ours. Revive the memory of Cæsar *and* Cleopatra, *and perhaps revenge the fate of* Antony & Cleopatra, *upon those enemies that destroy'd us. These are the hopes, my Son, that move me to study thy safety, when I neglect my own; my affection to thee makes me commit a cruel violence upon my tendereſt inclinations; 'tis fit we part, young* Cæsar, *that thou mayest get beyond the reach of thy Enemies arms, and go in queſt of a better destiny, than that thou muſt expect at the knees of a pitileſs Conqueror; and indeed it is unfit that the Legitimate Son of great* Cæsar *ſhould tamely beg a life of his adoptive, which he cannot take of him without a bluſh, and which he muſt never look to obtain from him, who, in bearing the name and power of* Cæsar, *does neither inherit his Clemency nor any of his other vertues. To preſerve thee I diſpoyl my heart of its deareſt Sentiments, but (whatever violence I ſuffer) I ſhall alwaies think it a more gentle calamity, to part with thee for ever, than to ſee thee cold in thy urn before I enter mine, to behold thee a Suppliant at the feet of our cruel enemy, or drag'd in triumph behind his Chariot, to that City, which thy Father firſt rang'd under his obedience.*

The Queen ſtop'd at theſe words, to dry ſome diſobedient tears, which rebell'd againſt her reſolution; and, removing her eyes from the face of her Son to faſten them upon mine; *Eteocles*, ſaid ſhe, *this is the laſt time that I remit into your hands, the things which I account moſt precious: I truſted you with*

with his education, as I doe now with the conservation of his life, and with it all my own hopes; let your fidelity expres's you by the proofs I ask to be the worthy Son of Apllodorus, *who dy'd as he liv'd in my service, after he had got the repute of the most loyal servant that ever breathed; take the Prince my Son and your Pupil, whom I releas'e to your care and conduct, & with your most winged diligence conduct him out of* Alexandria, *and the unfortunate* Egypt, *into* Ethiopia: *the King of that puissant Realm is our friend and allye, and the only neighbour we have that dares think himself strong enough to defend his own against their invasions, and therefore stands not in awe of the* Roman *armes; of him in my name demand a refuge for this young Prince, whom I do not only trust him with, but bestow upon him; tell him, our alliance does not only oblige him, nor the lawes of generosity, that preach the protection of the miserable and oppress'd, but the interest that is common to all that wield Scepters, to oppose himself against the violence of the* Romans, *those cruel enemies of mankinde that would stretch their Tyranny over all the Kings on Earth. I know he will recieve you, and allow my Son all the shelter you can ask. This night you shall set forward, for I desire your voyage may be secretly carryed, lest our enemies take notice of it, and so indeavour to strike at the life of this poor Prince; You shall have* Rhodon *and* Alexander *for companions in your flight, with a few Officers most necessary for so small a number; lest a greater train might discover the design, and betray my Sonne to such dangers, as my timorous apprehension is apt to frame. I shall furnish you with Money and Jewels enough to keep*

off neceſſity, while you ſtay from us in ſo remote a reſidence. If we make peace with Octavius, *or, by the favour of Divine ayde recover ſtrength to rear our drooping Fortunes, I will call you back again, and with all the haſt that affection can make, draw you from an exile, which I cannot ſupport without a bleeding grief.*

The Queen expreſt her ſelf in theſe terms, when the young Prince, throwing himſelf at her feet, proteſted he would rather dye than abandon that in ſtead of leaving her expos'd to the menaces her, of ſo much peril, he had courage enough to run her Fortune and *Antonie's*.

The Queen drawing new arguments from the diſcourſe, and action of this brave ſpirit, and excellent Nature, felt a painfull increaſe of her affection; and, turning her eyes from his face, where they did but gather freſh cauſes of grief: Great *Cæſar*, ſaid ſhe, if thou beeſt not rank'd among the Gods, ſince he carries ſo many worthy marks of thy life, protect the Son that thou haſt left me. And then turning to her Son, at firſt ſhe gently ſtrugled with his reſolution, but perceiving that way would not do, ſhe ſternly imploy'd all her authority, and after ſhe had abſolutely forbidden his farther oppoſition of her will, ſhe commanded me to carry away by force, if he refus'd to follow.

Young *Cæſario* bearing ſuch a reſpect to the Queen, as knew not how to diſpence with obedience, ſubmitted to this laſt command; and only in tears expre'ſt his grief to forſake her. I ſhall not farther inlarge upon the Queens and our regrets, to which, and to our preparations for departure we dedicated

dicated the reſt of that day: the Queen ſent by *Iras*, *Charmionne* (her two faithfull Maids that dyed with her with ſuch conſtant fidelity, as will be the wonder of all ages) a Cabinet ful of Gold and ſome rich Jewells, which ſhe truſted to my hands; and ſo ſoon as the night approach'd, after ſhe had utter'd her laſt adieu to us, bath'd in a river of Tears, ſhe bruis'd the Prince in her armes; and when ſhe had left her laſt kiſſe upon his cheeks, *Goe*, ſaid ſhe *young Prince, where thy deſtiny calls thee, the Gods will undertake thy protection, in the mean time forget not thy Fathers greatneſſe, and let none of fortunes rude blows over tame thee to actions unworthy of thy birth.*

After theſe words, the laſt I heard from her, untying her ſelf from her Sonnes imbraces, ſhe caus'd us to mount an horſe-back in her preſence, and without farther delay to quit the melancholy *Alexandria.*

My Lord the beginning of *Caſario's* adventures, carrying much reſemblance to yours; like your ſelf he was forc'd to fly his Countrey, in an age litle differing from that wherein you quitted *Parthia.* He went out of *Alexandria* with not above a dozen Horſes in his train; & he that a while before with ſo much pomp had been proclaim'd the King of Kings in divers Nations, was forc'd to abandon his native Country, and in that petty equipage to go ſeek a Covert for his life in a foreign Land.

This ſuddain and ſtrange revolution of Fortune, may ſerve for a memorable example to thoſe that truſt to her favours, and ſuffer themſelves to be blinded with treacherous Proſperity. The magnificence of *Antony* and *Cleopatra* had been excuſable, if they had

had not ſtain'd that Grandeur that placed them
the chiefeſt rank of Mankind, with actions t
pull'd the Divine Anger upon their heads; and th
that a little before ſaw ſo many Kings at their fe
bereaving one of his Crown, another of his He
(as the unfortunate *Antigonus* King of *Judea*, & t
wretched *Artabaſus* of *Armenia*) beheld the
ſelves reduced to attend their deſtiny in the laſt C
ty that was left them, and, a few dayes after, co
ſtrain'd to take the ſuccours of death from their o
hands, which *Cleopatra* (to compleat her Calam
ties) had much a doe to obtain, and did it at laſt
an Artifice.

We parted from *Alexandria* almoſt at the ſa
time that *Octavius Cæſar*, incamp'd on the oth
ſide, in view of the walls; and had we longer d
lai'd our voyage, we had found no paſſage fr
Young *Cæſario* had ſo long practis'd Horſe-manſh
under thoſe Maſters that taught him his exerciſe,
it render'd him the leſſe unfit to undertake the t
of ſuch a Journey; beſides, he had inur'd himſelf
travel by his cuſtome to follow the chaſe, which
would doe with much eagerneſſe, being of a conſ
tution ſtrong beyond his age; & this prov'd very ſe
viceable to our deſign, the firſt night we ſtrive
reach ſo far, as any perſon, leſſe hardy than himſe
would have been weakned with wearineſſe; and
bout the break of day we ſtaid at a Village three
foure hundred furlongs from *Alexandria*; where w
found it fit to let the young Prince repoſe himſel
while we refreſh'd our Horſes. In that place w
ſtaid three or four houres, which expir'd, we agai
got to horſe, but had not march'd many furlong
befo

fore I ſpyed the Princes Horſe, with my own, *Ro-*
don, and three or foure others in the company, to
alt, and not ſo much as dreaming of the treachery
as intended us, I only imputed it to the wearineſs
ey had contracted with hard riding and extraor-
inary haſte: we might have taken thoſe that conti-
ed ſound; but, loath to part with ſo many neceſ-
ry officers, and beſides, ignorant of the miſchief
at purſu'd us, we were conſtrained to march ſo
ſtly, that we had much a doe in that whole day, to
each another Town, that was not diſtant above one
undred and fifty furlongs from that where we reſt-
d in the morning; and there arrived (our Horſes
arce able to ſuſtain themſelves,) we were com-
ell'd to ſtay that night: but ſending for ſome
Smiths that liv'd there, to ſearch them, we found
hey were all pricked, and the nayles that hurt them
no ſooner drawn out, but they were much mended,
et not ſo recover'd as to indure that nights travail.
I then began to entertain ſome ſuſpition, and to be-
ieve this an intended treachery to retard our Voy-
age: but yet I knew not whom to diſtruſt, our little
Troop was compos'd of no perſons, but ſuch from
whom, indeed, we had reaſon to hope an untainted
fidelity; my ſelf excepted. *Rodon* and *Neander* were
the principal: *Rodon* was made the Princes ſub-Go-
vernour in his tendereſt years, and had not a leſſe
part in his education than my ſelf; beſides, he had
a Sonne there of the ſame age with the Prince, that
was brought up with him, and then follow'd him
in that Voyage: *Neander* was a man of approved
fidelity; and the reſt all eminent Officers of *Cleopa-*
tra's Houſe, that ſhe had cull'd from ſuch as ſhe
thought

thought moſt truſty; yet even among thoſe we fou
Monſters capable of the blackeſt Treaſon, and t
moſt prodigious Villany that ever was hatch'd
humane invention.

After I had almoſt waſted that night converſi
with cares, too reſtleſs to admit ſleep, I threw
ſelf from my Bed, on which I was laid in my cloat
and paſſing into a little Gallery adjoyning to o
Chamber, I open'd a window, to ſee if I could
the approach of day; Under this window was a lit
Garden, in which I over-heard ſome perſons d
courſing; and though I had little room for curio
ty, unleſſe ſuch as regarded my Princes ſafety,
then, and peculiarly then, I think the Gods
ſpir'd me with it; the firſt words had no ſooner
liver'd themſelves at my ear, but I knew the vo
was *Rodons*, and preſently after diſcover'd him t
talk'd with him, to be a Kinſman of his and one t
he deeply truſted, call'd *Acetes*, for whom he
formerly procur'd a beneficial Grant from
Queen. The time and place made them excha
their thoughts with a confidence fearleſs of o
hearers; but Heaven was awake in my Prince's
half, and by that miraculous occaſion, beck'ned
to his preſervation.

Rodon and *Acetes* did but enter the Garden wh
open'd the window, & therfore I believe I heard
their parly. *Thou haſt made great haſt*, ſaid *Rodon*,
*is it poſſible thou couldſt diſpatch ſo many thing
ſo ſhort a time, coming out of* Alexandria *but wit
Content your ſelf*, repli'd *Acetes*, *that the affair i
ven to the mark of your deſires, that I ſpeak with C
himſelf, who well remembred your name, & menti*

solicitations he had formerly made, to obtain that which now you have offer'd him: There I staid, by his command a full houre, while he consulted with his friends upon the most requisite resolution; at last he call'd me to his presence, commanded me to return into you, and assure you, that he would not only bestow those Jewels on you, which the Queen had committed to Eteocles custody, but bids you hope for more important imployment; and this day to expect news from him upon the way, which your Letter told him, you were to take. My self over-heard the command he gave to a Centurion, to be ready, and I believe they will overtake us before we reach the forrest of Agria, *through which we are to passe. They will have time enough to do that* replyed the disloyal *Rodon; for our march has been so slow since I nayl'd our Horses, while* Eteocles *and the rest were at their repose, that the Romans will need but a little diligence to reach us: but now let us talk no more of it, for we cannot carry too much caution and distrust in an Affair of this nature.* And thus whether they fear'd to be lessen'd or surpriz'd by the dayes arrival, which than began to appear, they left the Garden, and me still at window, in such a confusion as is impossible to represent.

Gods! What a strange agony of Thoughts was then distracted with? To what extremes of Grief, Astonishment and Anger did the knowledg of that bathed Treason hurry me? I had much adoe to credit my own Eares, in a thing so unlikely, it had almost surpriz'd the use of my Reason and Judgement; the first thing I did was to detest *Rodon*'s infidelity; then, upon my knees, I gave thanks to the Gods, for the miracle of this Discovery, and Petition'd

Petitione'd the continuance of their aid for t
Princes safty, yet I was much to seek for the con
nuance of my indeavous, for I saw my self, on
sides, menaced with so much difficulty, th
almost wanted power to conceive a hope of
cesse.

And now the day had withdrawn all the C
tains of darkneſe, before I could fasten upon any
ther resolution than to kill *Rodon*, & at least reve
my Prince, if it were not permitted me to pres
him; nevertheleſſe having no time to loſe, I retur
into my Chamber full of mortal inquietudes, &
ter I had given order for the Horſes to be ready
wakened the Prince, and caus'd him to riſe wi
haſty diligence; while he was apparelling him
I drew *Neander* aſide, (having learn'd by *R*
diſcourſe, he was not of the Conſpiracy with t
Traytor) in a few words, I let him know our de
ny, which ſhook him with as great a fit of con
on as my ſelf; while we were talking of it, the
faithful *Rodon* came to us, the ſight of whom
almoſt put all my power into the hands of Paſſi
and I was even ready to flie upon him and ſtra
him, yet, with much adoe, I bridled it, and a
ſing *Neander* to the ſame reſervation, we got
Prince a Horſeback, concealing the truth from h
leſt his tender years proving too weak to diſg
his apprehenſion, ſhould betray it in trou
looks, and ſo deprive us of the means to indea
his preſervation.

Thus leaving the Town, we took the ſame
was firſt reſolv'd, for fear *Rodon* ſhould ſent
diſcovery of his Treaſon; & we had ſcarce mar

quarter of an houre, when the Gods ſent me a thought which I reſolved to Act without farther deliberation.

I confeſſe, at firſt, I felt ſome repugnance, for the danger to which I was to expoſe an innocent Perſon; but the ſafeguard of my Prince outweighed the reſt of my conſiderations, and helped me in a moment to level all the obſtacles that oppos'd my intentions. For that reaſon, making a ſign to *Neander* to keep up with the Prince and the reſt of the Troop, I march'd ſoftly after with *Rodon*, whom I had ingaged in diſcourſe; but when the reſt had left us a little behind (feigning that ſomthing was broke about my Saddle) I alighted, making ſhew to amend it, and oblig'd *Rodon* to ſtay for me, telling him that a little galloping would ſoon recover our Companions; beſides that I had ſome authority over him, the eſtate whereto his Conſcience had reduc'd him, left him not confidence enough to gainſay me; nor was he unwilling to accept of any occaſion to retard our voyage, becauſe he knew it might advantage his Deſign.

Thus, when our little Troop had gain'd more ground of us, and, by the help of a little Hill betwixt us, we had loſt ſight of them, I remounted my Horſe, and approaching *Rodon*, with a look that repreſented part of the paſſion that ſway'd within me; *Traytor* (ſaid I) *thy death is at hand; and if thy Prince muſt die by thy diſloyalty, thou ſhalt yet want the ſatisfaction to ſee him periſh, or reap the profit of thy horrid Treachery.*

I had no ſooner utter'd theſe words, but my Sword was in my hand; and the faithleſſe *Rodon* (more com-

combated with his Conſcience, than the fear of t
Valour) receiving my menace with a pale diſma
look, had much adoe to put himſelf in any poſtu
of reſiſtance; nevertheleſſe with a trembling ha
he drew his Sword, but defended himſelf ſo ill wi
it, that, with a fecility which took away all the gl
ry of that action, I paſſ'd mine twice threw his b
dy, and tumbled him upon the ſand, where he v
mited out his perfidious Soul with his blood.

After this execution, ſheathing my Sword agai
I haſted after the Prince with all the ſpeed I cou
make; but caſting my eyes back from the top of t
Hill, I perceiv'd the Squadron of Horſe that *Ce*
had ſent after us, marching out of the Town wh
we lodg'd, which I preſently judg'd to be the ſa
that the falſe *Rodon* expected: this ſight made
ſpur up to my company, and when I had overta
them, approaching to *Neanders* ear: Neand
ſaid I, Rodon *is dead, but our enemies appear; t*
the Prince with you and two of our men, gallop on
fore to the Foreſt of Agria, *thruſt your ſelves into*
thickeſt part of it, and there expect my coming up
good newes the reſt of the day: I will try to abuſe
Enemies; and, if Heaven favour my intentions,
der their further purſuit of us. If you ſee me not c
back to you ſome time to day, at night purſue y
voyage, under the conduct of the God, who will no
bandon you.

I ſaid no more, and without giving him time
anſwer, made him ſpeed away with the Prince
the two that were to follow them, one of which
cauſe of known fidelity (carried the Jewels & G
the Queen had given us. *Cæſario*, who had a m

docile ingenuity, absolutely obey'd my will, and made no scruple to follow *Neander*, because I counsail'd it; I could not see him part so sodainly without letting fall some tears as a tribute to my fearful incertainty of ever seeing him again: and in the meane, turning to those that staid with me: *My friends*, said, I *we are betraid*; *our Enemies are within a hundred paces of us*; Rodon *stayes behind to make discovery of them: and behold the Traytor*, continued I, shewing them *Acetes*; *see, the Villain that hath sold us, has the confidence to stay among us.* At these words I flew at him with my Sword in my hand, but was prevented by two of my Companions that stepp'd before him as he was preparing to fly, and with two blows threw him dead at our Horses feet.

Rodons Sonne, whom I caus'd to stay with us, though hee would gladly have followed the Prince, whom, as I told you, was of an equal Age and Stature to him, and had much in his lookes that over-top'd his Condition, beheld the Death of *Acetes* with astonishment, when approaching to him, and taking him by the Arme, I shewed him the Romans, that were advancing to us a good swift trot: *We are all dead Men*, said I, *if we doe not deceive our Enemies, by making you passe for the Prince* Cæsario; *the personating this dignity will save your life*; *for if the* Romans *take you for the Sonne of* Cæsar, *they will only content themselves to lead you Prisoner to their Emperour*; *if you tender your own and our Lives, favour this just deceit.*

The fear of death had so seiz'd the Youth, as it

dispos'd him to follow my fatall counsel, which I had scarce ended when the Romans were upon us, and spreading themselves upon the Plain began to inviron us, and shut up the passage to our flight.

I then perceiv'd the danger at hand I had expos'd my self to, and had well fore-seen it before the attempt: But the Gods can witnesse, that I felt no regret to hazard my life for my Prince's safety, that there came no other care to my thoughts, but for him and his conservation. At a sign I made to my Companions, we all threw our selves from our horses, & putting our knees to the ground, we encompassed the son of *Redon*, whom I had only caus'd to keep his Saddle. The *Romans*, who ran upon us with an impetuous haste, perceiving us in that suppliant posture, were staid by the command of their Captain, attending his orders without offering a blow: but so soon as my voyce could be heard; *All whatever you be*, cry'd I, *if we have merited your anger, turn your Weapons upon us only, and spare great Cæsars Son; Sacrifice us to your rage, if we have offended, but give our Prince his life.*

These words, with our submissive action, turn'd the Roman Swords (fatal to the innocent Son of *Redon*) from our throats; for the Captain approaching to him with his drawn Sword: For you, said he, we give you your lives; but 'tis this same Son of *Cæsar* we only seek to take; at these words he making his way through us, he ran the Youth through the body with his Sword, just as he was about to speak, and probably to tell him, he was not *Cæsars* Son. I cannot remember that poor young man

ripe fall without the sence of some remorse for my own superchery; but my Lord, it was otherwise impossible to save our Prince, and since one must perish, it was but just that the Sonne of that Traytor should be sacrific'd to his Fathers treachery: besides I had indeed conceiv'd a hope (if hope could shape it self in so short a time) that the Romans would forbear the cruelty of his Murder, and only content themselves to lead him to their Emperour; in the mean time I cast my self upon his body, and (the better to abuse our Enemies) I made my complaints swell to as high a tide, as I should have let fall upon the Corps of our true Prince. The Roman Commander, being a man of quality (as good Fortune would have it) was touch'd at my piety, and protested to me, that he had executed *Cæsars* Command with regret: he oppos'd himself against many of his men that would have cut off the Youth's head to present it to the Emperour; and told him they might assure him of the truth without exercising that inhumanity upon the Son of *Julius Cæsar*; nevertheless, at their solicitation, he demanded the Jewels *Cleopatra* had given us: but I reply'd, they were in the hands of one of our Companions, call'd *Rodon*, whom we had not seen all that day; and that I believ'd it was he that had betray'd us. At this the Souldiers fell to threaten, and began to search us; but they found little about us; and their Captain remembring his name was *Rodon*, who in effect betray'd us, and knowing the Emperour had design'd him the Jewels as a price of his Treason, easily believ'd that he was gone away with them; and desiring hee should rather possess them by that Title, than as

the gift of *Cæsar* commanded them to unhand us, restore our Horses, and let us at liberty to retire where we pleas'd. And thus his men marching after him, they left us about the unfortunate Sonne of *Rodon*, upon whom I still continued to act my Laments.

When our Enemies were marched out of sight (after wee had covered the body of that innocent Youth with a little Earth, and indeed contributed some true tears to his destiny) wee remounted our Horses, exalted with our happy successe beyond expressions, and followed the track of our true Prince.

See, my Lord, what has passed about *Cæsario*'s supposed Death; they were abus'd that believ'd he was ever in the hands of *Octavius*; for I dare assure you, he never saw him; and that if he did consult upon what was to be done with him, and resolv'd to put him to Death, as you related, by advice of *Arrius* the Philosopher, it must either be while *Rodon*'s Messenger was with him, or before while the Warre was hot between him and *Antony*, during which, 'tis true, he had oft solicited us to deliver the young Prince into his hands, or put him to Death.

Two houres after wee had thus escaped our Enemies, we arrived at the Forrest of *Agria*, and at the entry of it found the Man that *Neander* had set Sentinell neer the high way, to conduct mee to the place where the Prince was hid; without this precaution our task would have been difficult to have found him, because the Forrest was vast and full of Thickets. But Gods! what a joy exalted mee when

I recover'd the sight of my dear Prince! what words did I not utter! what tears shed, when it was permitted me to imbrace him, for whom, some houres before, I had been shook with such just apprehensions? But then what a pleasing satisfaction was given me! when (after I had receiv'd my Princes *Caresses* overflowing with affection) I learn'd of *Neander* the inquietude hee had suffer'd for my absence; and his resolution (after he knew the truth from *Neanders* mouth, who could not refuse it to his pressing importunity) to return back and run our Fortune, without permitting us alone to expose our lives for his safety: A design so Noble (from which *Neander* only with held him by force) in so young a Soul, pleasingly confirmed me in those hopes I had already conceived of the height of his courages, and after I had express'd my resentments of his Nobleness, and he rewarded us with tears of acknowledgement for what we had done for his preservation; and, as proofs of an excellent disposition, paid some to the memory of that innocent Son of *Rodon*, I caus'd him to mount a horse-back, and so we got out of the Forrest, and continu'd our voyage.

My Lord, the particular passages by the way deserve nothing but silence, & to give way to things of more importance, which I must inform you of. Within a few dayes we left *Aegypt* at our backs, and having traversed part of the Desarts of *Nubia*, which are contiguous to the two *Realms*, we enter'd *Æthiopia*, and took our way toward the great City of *Meroe*, where that mighty King then made his residence. Our young Prince suffer'd the incommodities of the Voyage with an admirable

courage and patience; he was ever the first that urged our departure from those Towns in our way, where I had oblig'd him to stay, and take some repose: we call'd him not by his right name, lest the news of his safety, coming to his Enemies Ears, should make them try to find Traytors in *Æthiopia*, as they had done in *Ægypt*; and for that cause we accustomed to call him *Cleomedon*, with design, that none there should know him by any other Name, except the King, and such other persons as must necessarily be trusted with the truth. But why should I detain you longer? We arrived at *Meroe*, whither we had sent *Neander* some dayes before, to advertise the King of our Princes comming, and excuse the entrance of his Dominions without permission, with the pressing necessity of his flight.

The King of *Æthiopia* (one of the best and justest Princes upon Earth, who hated the Roman Tyranny, and ever honour'd *Cleopatra*) expresst much joy at the confidence that great Queen repos'd in him, & dispos'd himself to treat the Prince her Son as his own: he would have given him a magnificent reception, if *Neander* had not disswaded it, instructed by the fear we had to divulge that, which former considerations taught us, was fit to be concealed. The King, to favour our Design, was content to receive him in his Cabinet, where he gave us a particular audience without admitting any to be present, but such as he knew would guard the secret.

The magnificence and Furniture of his Palace had doubtlesse astonish'd any persons, but such as had dwelt in the Court of *Cleopatra*, where there glister'd more sumptuous Pomp and Glory, than all the World

World beſide could boaſt of; yet we there ſaw ſuch an abundance of Riches, as cuſtome to behold ſuch ſights could not keep us from ſurprizal: for, (as I believe you know) in *Ethiopia* Gold is ſo common; that it is imploy'd by perſons of the loweſt Rank, upon the moſt vile Offices: but to contract my diſcourſe upon this ſubject, I ſhall only tell you, That as the Majeſty of the King challeng'd our veneration, ſo the countenance of my Prince wrought an effect upon his Spirit, that ſoon made him conſider'd as the Sonne of *Cæſar* and *Cleopatra*; for he accoſted him with a garb that juſtified his Birth, and ſaluted him with a ſtately modeſty, that had nothing in it but what was great and graceful, which rather ſtir'd up admiration and reſpect, than pity: I had prepoſſeſſed him with ſome few inſtructions, which he made uſe of with a moſt becomming grace; and after he had render'd his due ſalutes to the King:

Great Prince, ſaid hee, *my parents, whom Fortune hath abandoned, have bequeathed mee to you, with a belief that you will not refuſe me your protection; and with them I demand it of you, as the ſole Prince of the World, from whom I am willing to receive it.*

Hee ſaid no more than theſe few words, which he utter'd in a Kingly faſhion; and at the ſame time I preſented the King with the Queen *Cleopatra*'s Letter, who preſently acknowledg'd the Seal to be hers, and in it found theſe words.

The Queen *Cleopatra*, to the Great *Hidaspes*, King of *Ethiopia*.

THe knowledge I have of your Vertues bids me hope, that your Affections will not change with our Fortune; and that having been our Friend and Allie in Prosperity, one Calamitie can neither make you forget our Amity nor Alliance: Upon this confidence, I give you mine, and the Sonne of mighty Cesar, *whom the Armes of his Enemies have chased from his native Countrey, and reduced to ask a Refuge, which, but from you I would not begge of any. If the Gods consent to guard us from the* Roman *yoake and oppression, I shall dearly preserve the memory of this Obligation: But if (for expiration of our faults) they have resolved our Ruine, at least I shall perish with this comfort, That I trusted not the deerest thing I had in the World, but to him who of all Princes is most worthy of the confidence and amity of* Cleopatra.

King *Hydaspes* having read these words, & heard the Princes, with a visage moistened with some teares that *Cleopatra*'s misfortunes drew from his Eyes, he turn'd to him, and taking him in his Armes: *Son of* Cesar *and* Cleopatra, *said he, welcome; I see and receive you with an unfeigned joy; the memory of your Father, and the Person of the Queen your Mother in mee shall ever challenge a sacred reverence: Promise your self not only the same Offices from us you might expect from your own, but be confident of our protection so long as I have a man that can hold a Sword.*

And

And thus my Prince was receiv'd by the *Æthiopian* King, who presently caus'd him to be lodg'd in the Palace, gave command for the provisions of his house, and made his intention known to us, that he would have him treated as his proper Son. His orders were so punctually executed, as in a few daies we beheld our selves in as high a condition in *Meroe*, as we had formerly appear'd in *Alexandria*; the Prince had a great number of Officers, a large proud Equipage; and indeed wanted no respect that was fit for the Son of a mighty King in his Fathers Court.

His proper name and true birth were only known to such as the King honour'd with most confidence: Among the rest he pass'd under the name of *Cleomedon*, for a Prince only a Kin to *Cleopatra*, and something ally'd to King *Hidaspes*.

Tyridates at that passage interrupted *Eteocles*: *Though I have been ignorant of* Cesareo's *destiny*, said he, *I have heard of* Cleomedon; *and the distance that divided us could not hinder renown from bringing his name among us, and with it the report of his grand actions that carryed it.* *Under that name*, reply'd Eteocles, *my Prince did things considerable; and such as doubtlesse their reputation might reach you; but I shall relate them in their order.*

You know the Æthiopians are black; but the Kings having bin oblig'd by reason of State, to make alliance with their neighbour Princes, and so espouse white Women, have partly lost that scorched complexion of their Family. This King, who was born of a white woman, was only a little swarthy, and the

the Queen his Wife, who died a year before we arived in *Æthiopia*, being purely white, and a most beautifull Princess, brought forth a Daughter that not only Heir'd her Mothers complexion, but became Mistris of so rare a Beauty, as made her the wonder of her own and the better part of the World beside. This was the fair Princesse *Candace*, and the same bright Queen now in your house, which you deliver'd from the greedy waves, where she had perish'd without your succour. To come to the relation of her life with my Princes, I have begun your Narration, which, though something remote from them, will not altogether appear unnecessary; and now I shall conduct your knowledge through all those accidents that compos'd the present fortune of those two great Personages.

The Princesse *Candace* exceeded not eleven years of age when we entred *Æthiopia*; and we had not resided there above a year, before my Prince render'd his arms to her triumphant Beauty, and delivered up unto it a precious liberty, which he could no longer hold against the rare perfections of that Princesse. This passion, that intirely seiz'd his Soul, came seasonably to banish a dangerous grief, that arrested him shortly after our arival, with the news of *Cleopatra's* deplorable end, and the lamentable fall of that infortunate Family.

This struck my Prince so deep, that all the comfort we could urge, had much adoe to keep him from his Tombe; nor had we so soon appeas'd his sorrow, if *Candace's* beauty had not struggled more successfully with it than our arguments: indeed it was hard impossible for a Prince so born, and newly entred

age capable of the sweet impressions of Love, to resist such uncommon puissance: And though at first *Cesario* strive hard to preserve his liberty, yet all his luctation fainted at last, to the confession of his weakness, and buckled to the yoke of a Tyrant that handled him more rudely, because he resisted.

I did not disapprove the birth of this Passion; for (finding nothing in it fit to censure) I no sooner knew it from my Prince, but indulg'd him in it, instead of disswading. He ever dearly lov'd and respected me, and not only considered me as his Governour, that had over-seen the growth of his greenest years; but as him that had sav'd his life, with the dangerous hazard of his, and to imbrace his Interests, had cashier'd all other thoughts that had eyes for his own: this knit him to me with the tender ties of such a confidence, as indeed was only due to the Queen his Mother. He open'd his heart unto me so soon as he felt the wounds that Love had given it; and having demanded my counsel and assistance, and found me wholly dispos'd to contribute all to his desires: *Father*, said he, at Loves first alarm, *I feel a delightfull pain; but because 'tis cruel enough to rob me of my rest, me-thinks it resembles that Fire, whereof I have oft heard the Queen my Mother and your self discourse; and I fear it will usurp as much power in my Soul, as it did in the unfortunate* Antony. *Gods!* said he a while after, *what a bright wonder is this Princesse* Candace? *how impossible is it to see and not turn slave to her Beauty?* These words were accompanied with divers sighs, which I had neither will nor power to condemn. In the

mean

mean time his flame grew daily higher, and in a ſhort time made him a moſt ardent Paſſioniſt.

I ſhall forbear to importune you with the large diſcourſes he made me at the firſt ſentiments of his Love, and only inſiſt upon ſome particularities that fell out in the blooming years of this young Couple; and though I am willing to ſtep haſtily over thoſe, that I may bring them to an age more rational, yet I cannot ſilence ſome paſſages, which me-thinks deſerved better than to be ſwallowed by oblivion.

The fair Æthiopian Princeſſe was born to all thoſe excellent advantages, that the conſpiring bounty of Heaven and Nature can beſtow; but the Beauties of her aſpect, which I preſume you have noted, are dim to thoſe that ſhine within her Soul; they began with her earlieſt youth to break out with ſuch beams, as were not to be ſeen but in herſelf; her extraordinary vivacity was alwaies accompany'd with a marvellous ſolidity; a Iudgement elevated above her Sex, and a courage great enough to challenge a rank among Perſons the moſt generous: of this ſhe hath given ſuch clear proofs, as will ſoon claim your Credit: but before I paſs to their recital, 'tis fit I ſtay upon ſomething that preceded.

The Divine qualities of this Princeſs twiſted ſuch a reſpect with my Prince's affection, that he long ſmother'd his ſighs, before he durſt declare his Paſſion; and though the ſublimity of his Birth, and the merit of his Perſon might have arm'd him, with a boldneſſe capable to attempt any thing; and the

tender

tender age of the Princeſſe, younger by four or five years than himſelf, might well have helpt to diſcard part of his fears; yet he alwaies beheld her with ſo much reſpect, as he wanted the aſſurance to ſerve himſelf with any of theſe advantages; he daily ſaw her with more freedome than any of the other Princes that were educated in the Æthiopian Court; and the King, who dearly lov'd him, gave him a more free and familiar acceſſe to his Daughter than any of the reſt: ſhe gladly admitted him a Companion to her Sports; and though he had already a ſolidity that over-top'd his years, yet his affection has found the way to ſweeten the moſt ſerious and important imployments: he paſſed all his evenings with her, and in the day-time waited upon her walks; but ſtill kept himſelf about her with ſo profound a reverence, that he took no other advantage from the Princeſſes civility to licence the declaration of what he felt, but by his ſighs, his paſſionate looks, and his actions full of an extraordinary complacency.

The Princeſſe (young as ſhe was) was not yet ſo innocent, but ſhe had already begun to diſcern a difference between actions of Civility, and ſuch as pirted from another motive, and (as her knowledge ſurmounted her age) ſhe obſerved part of that in my Prince, which his own mouth durſt not bewray.

Ceſario, by his excellent parts, was already become the darling of the whole Æthiopian Court; he was grown ſo accompliſh'd in all thoſe ſervices and exerciſes, to which hee had given marvailous beginnings in Ægypt, that he was look'd upon as a Perſon of moſt refined qualities; nevertheleſs,

I am bound to confeſs that there was a Youth of his age at *Meroe*, which my Judgement tells me was no way his inferiour, but in birth; and indeed, ſince ſome remarkable events will have him mingled, with my Prince in this Hiſtory, he doth merit a particular mention, and cannot without injuſtice be deprived of that which is due, even from his Enemies.

Among a great number of Servitors, of which the Princeſſes houſhold was compoſed, there were divers young men particularly dedicated to her ſervice, that alwaies kept near her Perſon, but at ſuch times when women had only acceſs; theſe were alwaies ready to receive her Command, took care of her divertiſements, and for that they were particularly imployed; for the moſt part, they were of noble extraction, choſen by the King from the beſt Families of the Realm and among ſome ſtrangers that came thither to inhabit.

Among theſe the young *Britomartus* appear'd with wonderous advantages, and though he was the Son of a ſtranger, who for many years had made his residence in *Ethiopia*, and it was ſomething difficult to prove his Nobility; yet the qualities of his Perſon prevail'd with the King to paſs by that conſideration: Indeed I never beheld a perſon better ſhap'd, neither for Body nor Mind; he had a moſt comely proportion; in his face there was the rare mixture of Sweetneſs and Gravity, his Eye full of a ſparkling livelineſs, But in his ſupport and Actions, he bore it out with a garb ſo fierce and haughty, that he ſeemed to be ſenſible of nothing leſſe than his own baſe and obſcure birth: and though his knowledge taught him ſub-

miſſion

mission to such as he believed had right to a legitimate obedience, he could never bow to those, who had no other pretence to command over him but such as their Birth or Fortune gave them; he liv'd with his companions, as if he had been their Master, and though there were some among them of the most considerable Houses of *Ethiopia*, yet he never regarded any but for their Vertue; Only to the Princesse he was most flexibly officious, and when any particular service was requisite he never could suffer, but with much regret, that any of his fellows should be imployed.

This Youth was neer about the age of *Cæsario*, but he quickly cherished an aversion against him, a part of which I believe (considering the qualities that got him the esteem of others) his Nature contributed, but there were stronger reasons to exasperate him against my Prince, that in the end transported him to things that merit the recital, and such as have obliged me to give him something too curious a Description of a person of his condition.

My Prince, one day, entred the Palace Garden, to go look for the Princesse, and in crossing an Alley, he met young *Britomarus*, who had gotten a Nose-gay in his hand, with intent to present it to the Princess; *Cæsario*, perceiving it to be a fair one, desir'd to make this present himself; and for that reason saying *Britomarus, I pray thee*, said he, *bestow that Nose-gay upon me, that I may give it the Princesse.*

My Lord, answered Britomarus, *it was for that design I made it, and do intend to present it my self, if you please to permit it; for that*, reply'd the Prince, *you may get another, but must needs consent that I may*

give

give her this, and I assure she shall know it came from you.

Britomarius could not refuse my Prince's demand, well knowing how high his credit stood with the King: but he obeyed him with an action, that plainly told him with what repugnance he did it. *Cæsario* instead of being offended at his behaviour, esteem'd his courage, and, to appease his displeasure, would have restor'd him his Nose-gay, if he had not suddenly left him, and immediatly after quitted the garden: he would have call'd him back, sorrow to do him such a petit Injury, if I had not diswaded it, telling him that *Britomarius* was not a person considerable enough for him to value his displeasure: but this was the only incounter wherewith my Prince gave the cause of complaint: As *Britomarius* was the forwardest undertaker among all his Companions, he still carried away the chief employment for the Princesse service; wherewith, while he was often busied, *Cæsario* entring the Chamber, and envying the honour was done him, would oft take the work out of his hands, and so constrain him to leave the place; but he always did it with such a reluctancy as made the print of it self upon his visage: This behaviour did not provoke young *Cæsar* against him, though the eye of his affection often look'd upon the others officious forwardnes about *Candace*, not without some Jealousie: but besides that, he was of a most sweet disposition, and far from doing the least injury, the obscure condition of *Britomarius* hinder'd him from heeding any occasions that might kindle displeasure, for he was remote from any imagination that his resentments sprang from the true motive

that caus'd them; and suspected not the Young man of any other ambition than to raise his Fortunes.

In the mean time my Prince's Fire burnt inward, without daring to give his Passion vent, though his Face and actions plainly told what he suffer'd. At last, after a long contestation, he gave Fire to the Train; the first time he attempted it was in the Temple of the Sun, where the Princesse being at her devotion, *Cæsario* approached to the place where she kneeled, and standing a long time behind her, let her go on in her prayers without interruption; but at last turning her head she spy'd him, and sweetly reproving the faintnesse of his zeal, invited him to bear her company in Devotion. The Prince presently obey'd her, and postrating himself behind her, *I bend my knees*, said he, *as you command; but the Gods must pardon me if I say it is to you, as the chief Divinity I must ever adore.*

At these words he let fall his eyes, and the Princesse signify'd by a blush, that she was not such a novice as not easily to apprehend the meaning: and being already confirm'd in the truth by *Cæsario's* gesture, she would fain have dissembled, as if she had not understood him: but her blushes betray'd her, and the confusion that seas'd her would not suffer a reply; her silence made the Prince a little more hardy, & desirous to put a progress to this beginning, recover'd his discours, & (without removing his eys from the earth) *If you refuse my Adorations*, said he, *you do not imitate the Gods, whom you commanded me to pray to; in their presence I protest, that the resentments I have for you cannot strike sail to the respect I owe to them*: Madam, *let me then be suffer'd to avow this in their*

Temple, I confesse it is a presumption, and the thoughts that ripen'd it too soaring to hope for pardon from a lesser goodness than yours; but I have kept them cover'd with a whole years silence, & should not now have adventur'd to let them go, had it been longer possible to hide them: if you find ought in it to be condemn'd, to you I will not dare to excuse it, nor allege any other justification than the violence your self has done me, against which greater forces than mine are not capable of resistance.

Doubtless he had said more, if the Princess had not intercepted him, This language could not justly offend comming from a Prince, that by the greatness of his birth & the qualities of his person, might dispute priority with all the Princes on earth: besides, his tongue said nothing that she had not read before in his actions; nevertheless this unmasquing did a little surprise her; and not willing to suffer him to go on, *I am sorry*, said she, *you should interrupt my prayers with language that I cannot like, & henceforth you shall do well to find other subjects for discourse: If I have displeased*, reply'd the Prince, *I will not repine to endure the punishment you shal ordain, & if you have been so unfortunate to kindle your anger, by discovering thoughts full of veneration & respect, I shal think nothing too unjust or rigorus to expiate the offence I have commited.*

'Tis not for me, answer'd Candace, *to appoint punishments for Princes of your extraction; I have only right to complain of the displeasure you have done me in holding a discourse which I neither understand nor approve.*

She pronounc'd these words with such a serious coldness, as the Prince durst venture no more replies; and receiving the anguish, which *Candaces* displeasure had given him, at the Center of his heart, he retir'd with

with a Countenance so sad and troubled, as almost put his face out of knowledge; and I think this grief had gone further, if at the recitall, which he made me of his adventure, my Counsell had not stop'd it, by representing, that he had no cause to afflict himself; but that in all likelyhood he could not hope a more favourable answer from the Princess, who had never before heard any Language of that nature. *Cesario* drew comfort from my words, & resolved this first repulse should not disarm his Courage.

In the mean time he liv'd with her, after the same manner he had done formerly, and intermitted not the payment of his observances full of respect and discretion: but she appeard to him more reserv'd than usual, call'd him not so freely to her recreations, and her walks; and though she still continu'd to him her first Civilities, yet she kept him off from occasions to renew the discourse that had displeased her: but if his tongue was mute, his eyes & actions became Orators so eloquent, that though her tender years had contributed less understanding than she had, she would have needed no other interpretation of the respect that ty'd his tongue, and might easily perceive that my Prince his passion, in stead of abating, daily took a greater inflammation from her coldness; & in this condition he was with her, when there ariv'd a memorable accident that merits your attention.

At a solemn Feast that was celebrated at *Meroe*, upon the Prince's birth-day, without the City there were made most magnificent Courses on Horse-back, at which the King with the most eminent Nobility assisted; the young Courtiers were ingag'd for this exercise, where they appeared in all the bravery

they could make; they ran armed at all points, and in the courſe launc'd their Javelins againſt a mark, and made divers other active tryals of their Force and Dexterity: *Cæſario* was enter'd his 17 year, and being already ſtrong enough to make a ſtout performance in all manly exerciſes, preſented himſelf in the Liſts, clad in a gallant Armour, which the King had given him; his Caſque was ſhaded with white and black Feathers, he was mounted upon a Horſe white as Snow, which he manag'd with an admirable grace and agility: This was the firſt time I ſaw him in Armour, and me-thought he became it ſo graceſully, as my eyes could not be ſatisfied with a ſpectacle ſo agreeable. The King, Princeſs, with the whole Court, faſtned their regards upon him with marvelous hopes, & poſſible the whole aſſembly yielded but one perſon, whoſe affection he had not attracted. Before the courſes began, all the young gallants preſented themſelves before the Ladies they lov'd, & publickly demanded their favors, and upon ſuch an occaſion they were hardly permitted to refuſe them; there was ſcarce any that did not obtain of their Miſtreſſes, either Knots, Scarfs, Bracelets, or other preſents of that nature, only *Britomarus* made no addreſs, but ſtood almoſt alone at the foot of the Scaffold, where the King, the Princeſs, with the chief of the Ladies were ſeated, without expreſſing the leaſt deſire of what the other ſo eagerly intreated: he had purchaſed ſo high an eſtimation at Court, that divers perſons became intereſſed in his coldneſs, & the King himſelf, having caus'd him to be call'd, demanded the reaſon why he ſought not to gain ſome favour, as wel as his companions, to ſhew his activity in honor of her whom he beſt affected. The

The bold Youth lifted up his head at the King's demand, and beholding him with a bravely-aſſured look, *Sir*, ſaid he, *I have liv'd till now among all the Ladies of your Court, without parting with my liberty; and though I have honor'd them all as I ought, I have made no ſingle preſent of my heart to any, nor indeed am I willing to beſtow it: I am intirely vowed to the Princeſs ſervice, to whom your Majeſty has done me the honour to give me, and though I ought to look upon her as a Subject, and a domeſtique Servitor, I hope ſhe will pardon me if I take the liberty to proteſt before her, that I will not ask a favour from any but her ſelf: I never had other aim but her Service, ſince I was made happy in my dedication to it; and, if I may not enter the liſts under her Cognizance, I am reſolv'd to beg no others.*

While young *Britomarus* ſpake in this manner, the boldneſſe of his action became the wonder of all that ſtood near him: this rais'd a cry among them, which redoubled his aſſurance, and, ſwelling with the flattery of thoſe acclamations, he advanc'd to the Princeſſe ſeat, and throwing himſelf at her feet, *If your Highneſſe*, ſaid he, *will vouchſafe to honour the meaneſt of your Servitours with ſome badge of your bounty, I dare promiſe that there is not a perſon in this company able to diſpute the prize of this day, nor to carry away the victory in any kind of combat I ſhall undertake for your ſervice.*

The words and behaviour of *Britomarus* were diverſly receiv'd by the company; many of the aſſiſtants cenſur'd them as inconſiderate and over-bold; and ſome excus'd his Youth, and imputed it to that true height of Courage, that had ſhewn it ſelf in all his other actions, of this number was the King himſelf, who inſtead of checking the young mans confidence, wit-

neſſed, that he approv'd it, and commanded the Princeſſe to beſtow ſomething on him; *Candace* was ready to obey, when my Prince, who regarded *Britomarus* his action, with thoughts very different from the reſt, and felt himſelf ſtung with Jealouſie at the Youngmans hardy demand, could not ſuffer the honor was intended him; and conceiving the Princeſs favour due to none but himſelf; was loath that a perſon, ſo much below him, ſhould carry away advantages, which he durſt not petition for: &, in the heat of this thought, approaching the Princeſſe, and bending his knee before her; *I was not bold enough, Madam,* ſaid he, *to aſpire to the grace* Britomarus *has demanded, deeming my ſelf unworthy of it, as doubleſs he is: but if you muſt ſtoop to beſtow it on one of us, I hope I may believe that my hopes have the fairer title, and will not come behind him in defending that glory in all our Combats.*

The Prince had no ſooner ſpoke, but his deſire was granted; & the King not permitting the Princeſſe to reply, *Give the Prince* Cleomedon a *Favour*, ſaid he, *Britomarus muſt not diſpute his pretences, & to ſatisfie him, command ſome of your maids to give him a preſent.*

If theſe words ſeem'd cruel to *Britomarus*, they were as pleaſing to the Prince, who receiving a bracelet of Iewels from *Candaces* hands, after he had kiſs'd it with abundance of reſpect, mounted on horſe-back, with a tranſport of contentment, and preſently put himſelf in the head of thoſe that were to begin the Courſes.

Britomarus was call'd to receive a gift offer'd him by *Artimis*, one of the Princeſs maids: but he would not vouchſafe to look upon her, but leaping on his horſe in a furious diſcontent, convey'd himſelf out of the

the company, without ſo much as entring the liſts.

The Courſes began, of which I ſhall paſs particular Deſcriptions, and be content to tell you that my Prince behav'd himſelf with ſo much active ſtrength and bravery, as he aſtoniſhed the whole Aſſembly, eclipſt the repute of all the reſt, & confirmed the King & Court in the pregnant hopes they had entertain'd of him; after a great part of theſe exerciſes were finiſhed, my Prince, deſirous to breath a while, and withdrawing about 100. or 200. paces from the Preaſe to the freſh air, he ſpy'd *Britomarus* leaning againſt a tree, and looking upon the manly ſport his companions made, in the poſture of a perſon much afflicted. Though his cartiage had diſpleas'd the Prince, yet the rejection he had procur'd him, and the eſteem of his good qualities, with the grief his looks confeſt at the affront was done him, exchang'd Iealouſie for Pitty. In fine, his excellent nature could not give him leave to ſee his affliction, and himſelf the Author of it, without indeavouring to give him the redreſſe of ſome comfort: with this reſolution he ſoftly gallops up to him, ſpies his face cover'd with teans, and him in a condition ſad enough to require a juſt compaſſion. *What* Britomarus, ſaid he, *in tears? Is it poſſible ſo great a ſpirit (the markes of which we have acknowledged) can deſcend to weep for ſo trivial a cauſe of diſpleaſure? Yes my Lord*, anſwered Britomarus, *I do weep, and I ſhould weep tears of blood, for the injuſtice of my fortune, that expoſes me to miſeries my courage cannot brook. And have you no greater ſubiects of ſorrow*, reply'd the Prince, *than thoſe we know of. No my Lord*, ſaid Britomarus, *yet thoſe are ſtrong enough to dragge me to my Grave, ſince Heaven, in giving me courage,*

has not given me a birth that will permit me to make use of it. I am born, my Lord, with a heart as big as yours, and possible thoughts about it that look as high, only Fortune has put a difference betwixt us, which it may be vertue intended not, from this blind chance you daily take commissions to wrong me, and my condition ordaines me to suffer it; you have oft provoked me with shame and displeasure, which, though respect hath taught me to pocket without complaint, my spirit could not learn to support it without sinking under sadnesse; had I taken these injuries from a person with whom I might have hoped to have measur'd my sword, (wherewith I one day expect to reap some glory) you should soon see this discontent dispell'd, that clouds my brow; but since I am abus'd by a Prince, from whom I cannot hope that satisfaction, I will turn my Sword against my own breast, and punish the ambition there, for lifting its head so high above my extraction.

While *Britomarus* spoke in this manner, the young Prince heard him with admiration, and thought he found something in his words that tasted of an unweighed irregular ambition, yet he took notice of a spirit so bravely daring as he could not disapprove it: but withall clearly discovering his intentions, and (not willing to smother his own) he answer'd him with a serious coldnesse: "I did believe, *Brito-*
"*marus*, that our distance in quality did forbid all
"competition betwixt us, that you need not have af-
"flicted your self for some advantages I have seas'd,
"which, to my thinking, you ought not to dispute, &
"this perchance has made me pass by that circumspe-
"ction which I would preserve with my life, not

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"to injure persons of Courage: I am sorry I have "offended you, and really to witnesse that I am so, I "will not seek excuses in my condition, to refuse that "satisfaction that may content you; I will grant that "to your courage, which your birth could not suffer "you to hope, and possible may make you know "that fortune has not put all the difference betwixt "us.

"Ah my Lord, *cry'd the young* Britomarus, *ravish'd* "*with Joy*, now you prove your self a perfect Prince, "poor *Britomarus* is a debtour to your Nobleness "for the honour you proefr; *My Lord*, I acceept it "with more gladness than I would doe the gift of "a Crown, and will no otherwise abuse the favour, "than to let you see, that he that durst not demand "it, was not wholy unworthy of it: and since you "have ofer'd it with so much generosity, I can- "not slight an occasion that proposes so glorious a "remedy, for the displeasures you have made mee "resent. Let us go then, *reply'd the Prince, beginning* "*to be angry*, and if you desire this consolation, let "us flie the sight of such persons that may hinder it, "our armes are equall, for I would be loath to use "any advantage which you want. At these words he spur'd away from the company, and *Britomarus* hastily following with a fierce joy, they soon lost the sight of the Assembly. Yet they were loath to stay neer it; and the Prince, unwilling to be interrupted in the first assay of his Manhood, ran on about 50. or 60. Furlongs farther, till they came into a Valley where none could discover them.

There *Cæsario* stop'd, finding the place commodi-

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ous, and turning again towards *Britomarus*, *we will go no further*, said he, *Let us give our horses a little breath, and then end our difference.*

Britomarus his courage was so high flown, as it would permit him to make no answer; and suffering his Horse to breath a while, he beheld the Prince with eyes that spoke naught but defiance. The age of both was equal, their stature little different, and this the first time that either had worn Armes, they had both Javelins in their right hands, & at Swords their left; their Horses were both good, both chosen for the solemn exercise of that day: scarce had they patience to give them leisure to breath, when after lowd defiance, they launc'd their Javelins at one another, with a force so impetuous, as scarce was ever more fury shown by any of the rudest hands that ever were inur'd to the trade of War, which they then began but to practice: their Javelins were both shiver'd upon their shields into a thousand peices, and the young Combatants passed by one another, without the least staggering in their seats; but they soon return'd with their drawn Swords, as yet unus'd to this imployment, and advanceing them in the aire with an action bravely menacing, turning their Horses heads they flew the second time at one another more eagerly than before: the first blows drew bloud, and the second made two deep wounds. *Britomarus* was run through the left Arme, and *Casario* in the Thigh. Never did two young Lions see their own bloud drop from the hunters Spear, with a rage more violent than that of my Prince and the ambitious *Britomarus*: they equally breathed vengeance and victory, and rushed together with so lavish a fury

fury, that if the Gods (like them) had forſook the care of their lives, their practiſe in Armes had there begun and ended together. They had each received another ſlight wound, when my Prince coming cloſe up, laid hold of *Britomarus* his Arme, and hee not refuſing to cloſe with a like intention, ſtreightly ingaged him in his; and thus locking one another in friendleſs imbraces, and putting ſpurs to their horſes, they fell both to the Earth, where they began to rowle o're each other with a moſt dreadful fury; ſometimes one was uppermoſt, and then the other, yet neither could keep the maſtery; but in this ſtruggling they loſt ſo much blood, that at laſt both riſing by a joynt conſent, they were ſcarce able to hold their Swords, however in that ſtaggering condition they fell to freſh blowes, and doubtleſſe would have ended their combat, and poſſibly both their lives, for as yet there appear'd no advantage on either ſide, when we happily arriv'd to ſtop the miſchief.

Their ſudden departure had given us ſome ombrage, though we were farre from ſuſpecting *Britomarus* his raſhneſſe: but, as faithfull care would ſeldome ſuffer me to keep my Eye from my Prince, I had no ſooner learn'd in what manner he departed, but without ſtay, mounting my horſe, I ran after him with all the company I could ingage, and wee came, as I told you, in a happy time to part the young combatants, whom wee found in an eſtate that ſpake our arrival very neceſſary.

So ſoon as *Cæſario* ſaw me, he even ſobb'd with grief to ſee himſelf interrupted, and ſuſpecting (not without likelyhood) that we would doe *Britomarus* ſome outrage, hee put himſelf before him

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in a posture of defence, and crying out to me as first came in, *Father*, said *he, as you tender my life do not hurt* Britomarus, *it was I that first assail'd him, compell'd him to defend himself, & I will rather suffer death than him to be injur'd; I will defend my self as well as I can*, said the fierce young man, *for it is not fit I should hold it of you, after having done my utmost to take away yours.* These generous & gallant words on both sides gave us new wonder; in the mean time having taken care, according to my Princes desire, that *Britomarus* should not suffer, we hastily lighted from our horses, and ran to the two Combatants, just as they were ready to fall to the ground with weakness: I snatch'd my Prince in my armes, & wetted his face with my tears; but whilst I was helping him a horseback, and getting up my self behind him, he desired the same office might be done to *Britomarus*: and not only content to take that care for him, he made *Neander* get up in my place, and sent me before to the King to beg the young man pardon, and to protest that he would never come in his presence till he had granted it: I obey'd his command, but found it no easie task to reverse the King resolution, who had absolutely design'd *Britomarus* for punishment: but at last he granted mercy, upon condition, that so soon as his wounds were healed, he should leave the Court, and never more return, upon forfeit of his life.

In the mean time my Prince was conducted to his Lodgings, presently put to bed, and searched by Chirurgions; his wounds were found not dangerous, only the losse of blood had done him the greatest mischief; and after the application of some necessary remedies,

remedies, they injoyn'd him a silent repose without any disturbance till the next day.

In the mean time, the bruit of his generous gallantry spread it self in a moment, and the relation of *Britomarus* himself to his friends of the bravery and nobleness of his behaviour fill'd the whole Court with admiration. Oh how gladly I drank up his praises from every mouth, how sweetly was my fear and displeasure vanquished that his wounds had given me! the gentleness and grandeur of that first action, made me gladly conclude him worthy to be what he was; and though I blam'd the Prince for that passage, to prevent future hazards by the like, yet I did it in such terms as gave him a clear discovery that I could not disaprove it.

So soon as the Chirurgions would permit him to be seen, the King came to visit him, and after he had expresst the interest hee took in his recovery, with words full of affection, he fell a commending that action, as indeed it merited, and yet in some sort, gently blam'd him by the consequence of an intreaty, to more with so careless a valour to hazard the Son of *Cæsar* and *Cleopatra* against a man of *Britomarus* condition.

The King was scarce parted from him, when by his own orders, the Princesse his Daughter came to visit him; but at that sight his joy was so excessive, as his wounds had like to have broke loose, and by the chinge of his countenance, had they but mark'd it, they might have easily known what his heart meant by it. The fair Princesse having taken a seat by his Bed-side, accepted his thanks for her visit with a Majestique Modesty, Her Answer ex-

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preſſing in very obliging tearms, the grief ſhe took for his hurts. This conducted *Cæſario's* paſſion into the Scene, for perceiving the Princeſſes attendants, keep themſelves at a diſtance through reſpect. "Madam, *ſaid he*, it was but juſt that I ſhould buy "your favours with the bloud they have coſt mee; "but had I added all that is left in my veins, to what "is already gon, it would not have paid for the meaneſt part of them. I am ſorry, *ſaid Candace*, the "King ſhould command mee to give you ſo dangerous a preſent, which at beſt has coſt you ſome "bloud too pretious to ſpill for ſo mean a toy; you "undervalue that, *ſaid Cæſars Sonne*, that the moſt "ambitious Princes would prefer to Empires; but "might I diſpute this ſubject againſt any other but "your ſelf, the VVorld has not a perſon from whom "I would not force a confeſſion, that all things elſe, "though of the higheſt value, become worthleſſe "and contemptable, when compar'd with the Princeſſe *Candaces* favours, and indeed it ſhould teach "me a higher pride, if your own free choyce, without the Kings command, had beſtow'd it; and it "had not only been the child of obedience. *Madam*, "I know this deſire has too much ambition, but I "am grown too weak to repulſe it; and if it had "kindled your diſpleaſure, *Madam*, behold me in an "eſtate to quench it with the reſt of my bloud that "is left, and ſo make my life the expiation.

"I demand no ſuch reparation, *ſaid the Princeſſe*, "as you offer, for the offence; your life is not prized "ſo low, but we can rather chooſe to ſuffer ſome"thing from you, than put that in hazard; but I "ſhould take it well at your hands, would you turn

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"the tide of your discourse upon another subject, "and not oblige me to hear that, which must make "my visits lesse frequent.

These words came so seriously from her, that the Prince began to fear indeed he had displeased, and upon that thought, "If either my discourse or action, *said he*, have made me so wretched, to urge "your displeasure, I do here vow to punish my self "with a rigour that shall satisfie your anger; the "Gods raised *Britomarus* to call to an account my "unjust ambition, for teaching my Eyes such aspiring looks; but if his Arm was not strong enough "to do it alone, I will inforce the Iustice of his quarrell by the assistance of my own; and since it is a "rashnesse worthy of your anger, to speak of a passion you cannot brook, I am resolv'd to doom my "tongue to an eternal silence.

The Prince put such a passionate action to these words, as it soften'd *Candace* to some pitty; and not willing with a harsh reply to exasperate his afflictions, *I have already told you*, said she, *that I desire no such cruel reparations of you, and do tell you again, that it only behoves you to mind your recovery in a place where none can wish you ill.*

She had gone further, if the arival of divers persons, who then entred the Chamber, had not interrupted the discourse; among whom was *Tyribasus* the Kings favourite, or rather the second King of *Æthiopia*, whom though I have not yet mention'd, must make up a principal part in the progress of this History.

This man was of an illustrious extraction among the *Æthiopians*, of a great courage, and a greater

ambition; comely of perſon; dexterous in every thing he undertook, and indeed worthy to ſit where Fortune had plac'd him; his credit with the King was not greater than with the Souldiery, in whoſe hearts he had got the power (by commanding them in ſeveral warlike expeditions) of an abſolute diſpoſal. In fine, he was the chief man of *Æthiopia*; and though others were born nearer unto the Crown, their authority not only fell ſhort of his, but was intirely ſtrangl'd by it; and, as then there being no diſſention between my Prince and he, knowing that the King deſir'd it, he appeared his friend, and at that time gave him a very civil viſit; where, after he had ſtaid with him till the Princeſs withdrew, he attended her back to her lodgings; after this my Prince often ſaw her, while his wounds confin'd him to his Bed, without gaining the leaſt intelligence by her diſcourſe how to faſten any Judgement upon his fortune, or know what was his within her breſt.

And now he had left his Bed, and was reſolv'd the next day to quit the Chamber; when one came to tell him that *Britomarus* (whoſe recovery had been as forward as his) was at the Door, and deſir'd permiſſion to ſee him. We much diſſwaded this interview, ſuſpecting that *Britomarus* (whoſe deſperate rage had ſo lately made the danger of it known) had carried ſome deſign againſt the Princes life; but he knew his heart better than we, and not having power to diſtruſt him, commanded us to conduct him in.

Britomarus enter'd the Chamber with a viſage ſomething pale, and his Arm in a Scarfe: but with a Countenance ſo noble, and ſo bravely aſſur'd, that

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in ſpight of prejudice it even wreſted both eſteem and affection from us: *Caſario* roſe up to meet him, whom *Britomartis* having reſpectively accoſted, though with a very ſad look, "My Lord, *ſaid he*, I "could not carry away my ſelf from this Court, "without leaving my thanks behind me for the fa-"vours you have made me receive; you have per-"mitted me (a poor Souldier as I am) to draw "my Sword againſt a great Prince, defended me "from the fury of your Servants, and imploy'd your "credit with the King to ſave my life. Theſe Obli-"gations, great as they are, cannot make me your "friend, the diſhonour you have done me, and the "diſpleaſure I reſent to abandon a place for your "ſake, where I had ſo ſtrong a tye, have inforc'd "my diſpoſition to oppoſe and reſiſt it. Nor is it on-"ly to diſcharge my heart of theſe words, that has "brought me to take my leave of you; but to aſſure "you, though I muſt be your enemy, I ſhall diligent-"ly ſeek occaſion to be quit with your generoſi-"ty. I am now going in queſt of glory, and poſ-"ſible may find a fortune in ſome other Country, "that will be leſſe ingratefull than this. I hope the "Sword, which I had the honour to draw againſt "you, will reap me advantages that may permit me "to ſee you again upon the ſame occaſion: my heart "tells me my birth is not inferiour to yours, and "if it deceives me, I will puniſh the falſhood by ma-"king it dig for that in a Mine of danger, which my "extraction hath refus'd me: I have appear'd wor-"thy to be ſcorn'd by the King of *Æthiopia*, the "Princeſs his Daughter, and your ſelf, but I muſt "preſume to tell you, that none of you yet have

"known me, and I dare hope one day to appear in "a condition that may challenge a better notice.

When he had ended these words, and given a respective reverence to the Prince, without staying for an answer, he departed the Chamber, though the Prince call'd him back, and follow'd to speak with him; and immediatly mounting his Horse, he quitted *Meroe* with the *Æthiopian* Court, and was never seen there since.

Tyridates stay'd *Eteocles* at this passage, "I am "deeply deceived, *said he*, if I be not able to learn "you news of this *Britomartis* you speak of, and "they are such and so great as I wonder they should "misse the way to your Ear: but this merits a par- "ticular discourse, and I will not interrupt yours. *Eteocles* was going on with his Story; when one told him that the Queen was awake, and had call'd for him, which made him take leave of *Tyridates* for some moments; in the mean time the Prince call'd for his cloaths, and quitted his Bed, where *Eteocles* Story had detein'd him longer than ordinary.

Hymen's Præludia:

OR

LOVE's Maſter-piece.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

ARGUMENT

The ſight of Alexandria *renews* Candaces *complaints for her* Cæſars *loſſe.* Tyridates *invites her to take the freſh air, with the promiſe of a pleaſant walk; where, preparing to go on with her Story, ſhe is interrupted by the arival of a ſtrange Knight, who is known by* Tyridates *to be* Coriolanus *Prince of* Mauritania. *He ignorantly reſcues* Zenodorus, *from* Britomarus, *as he was ready to kill him: while the Knights fight, the Pirate eſcapes.* Tyridates *interpoſes his perſwaſions in vain. The arival of* Cæſario *diſorders the combat, and for a while makes it Tripartite. His* Cask *is ſtruck off by* Britomarus, *and* Candace *knows him. They are parted.* Zenodorus *returns with twenty Horſe-men, who aſſail the Knights, while he carries away* Candace. Britomarus *ſaves* Cæſarios *life, who ſpurs away in purſuite of* Zenodorus. *The Pirates men are all ſlain but three, by the prodigious valour of the Combatants.* Can-

dace *is miſt by* Tyridates, *who ingages the reſt to joyn with him in purſute of the Raviſher. Their ſearch proves vain, and they all return to* Tyridates *houſe.*

IF the fair Queen wak'd late that day, it was not ſo much to be imputed to her wearineſs of the former, as to her cruel cares, that refus'd to be charm'd by ſleep till day was ready to break; the conſideration and complaint of her diſaſters, had almoſt ſwallowed the whole night, and that courage, that had ſhewn it ſelf great in all the accidents of her life, could not ſometimes deny homage to a grief too juſt to be condemned: The troubles of a Kingdom (either loſt or very ſtaggering) could not feed her griefs ſo high, but the continual fears for the loſs of that which her ſoul indulged, batter'd it with more violence.

Theſe juſt and cruel apprehenſions, not only drew ſighs from her breſt, but laments from her mouth, with a brook of tears from her fair eyes, which they let fall in ſuch aboundance, as her Pillow was wholly ſteep'd in the ſtream.

Good Gods! ſaid ſhe, *What are the offences have provok'd your impetuous rage againſt me? And what could a poor Maid commit worthy of ſo many marks of your protracted anger? Was it ſo great a crime for* Candace *to love the ſon of* Cæſar, *that the loſs of one of the fairſt Crowns in the World, ſuch unparallel'd perſecutions of my ſex and condition, with ſo many dangerous hazards that I have run both of my life and honor, could not expiate it; but I muſt ſtill be tortur'd with the remem-*

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trance of perils, to which you have expos'd that which is more dear to me than my ſelf? Alas! continu'd ſhe, *'tis too probable my dear* Cæſar *lives not; for, if Heaven did not ſend him particular aſſiſtance, he could not but be cruſhed with ſo many dangers (joyn'd with his ſorrow for my loſs) that my malicious fortune has thrown upon him; Ah! if it be ſo, juſt Heaven do not ſuffer the wretched* Candace *to ſurvive him one moment; ſnatch her no more out of the jaws of* Neptune, *nor the hands of her Enemies, by a reſcue a thouſand times more cruel than that death from which you have guarded her.*

The fair Queen had inlarg'd her complaints, if the Maid that lay with her, who had much influence upon her, had not turn'd their current by the ſweeteſt comforts ſhe was able to apply. *Candace* would hear her, both becauſe ſhe dearly lov'd her, and beſides, delighted to have her misfortunes flatter'd, and to ſtay her ſelf upon the hopes ſhe gave her of the recovery of her Empire, and the ſafety of *Cæſario*. And thus they waſted the greater part of the night, till, a little before the Birth of day, ſleep came to becalm her cares, and draw the Curtains of her bright eyes, which he kept ſhut about four or five hours: At the end of which being awaked, and feeling no indiſpoſition that could perſwade her to lie ſtill, ſhe caus'd *Clitie* to riſe (that was the name of her Maid) and give her her Cloaths; a part of which when ſhe had put on, ſhe quitted her Bed, and in that eſtate took ſome turns in the Chamber; at laſt ſhe open'd a window, whence the eye might freely ſpread it's view over the adjoining Sea, and the ſtately City of *Alexandria*.

The ſight of that City (heretofore the abode and

legitimate inheritance of her dear *Cæsario*) awakn'd her complaints, and after the Prologue of two or three sighs, tying her eyes to those proud Walls that *Alexander* built:

Desolate Alexandria, said she, *since thou hast lost thy fairest Ornaments; since thy* Anthonies, Cleopatra's, *and* Ptolomee's *dwell no longer with thee, but in thy dust, Pompous and Triumphant, as thou wert; thou dost now languish under a Tyrannick Yoak: Oh! that I could at least repair part of thy losses, in restoring that to thee which thou gavest to me: Within thy bosom my young* Cæsar *first saw the light; to thee I owe thee education of his tenderest years; and of thee I receiv'd him, with all those lovely graces that he brought among us: & now I am come without him to thy forsaken walls, to expose my self to the reproaches thou mayest throw upon me, for having unjustly detein'd him from thee. But pardon me, my Beloved's native soyl, If I cannot restore what my self hath lost: He is pull'd from me by the cruelty of my destiny; and I bring thee as much of him as is possible, by offering thee a heart where he hath a lively and perfect being, as in that place he now inhabits. Ah! my eys,* said she, (wiping away some tears that had newly forc'd their passage) *must every object give a fresh warning to your tears? Can you present nothing to my imagination, but what renews my disquiets? Since you first became Fountains, you have been so lavish of your streams, as your spring might well be exhaust; but you still overflow as much as when my miseries first alarum'd you: ah! could my dear* Cæsar *yet come and dry you up I should delightfully remember with what fidelity you have kept me company in my Disgraces, and then how zealously should I les the most dangerous &*

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ſad occaſions I have had to witneſſe the height of Affection? But alas! how incertain are thoſe hopes! how cruel the arms of our barbarous enemies! and then how dangerous are you inconſtant billows that rowle before mine eyes?

She had inlarg'd her Plaints, and ſuffer'd theſe ſad conſiderations to waſte a great part of the day, had not *Clitie* interrupted, telling her it was time to dreſs her, to receive the Prince *Tyridates*, who would not fail to wait upon her ſo ſoon as ſhe could be in a condition to permit his viſit: *Candace* came to her ſelf at *Clities* ſolicitation, as one newly wak'd from a deep ſleep: And regarding her with a languiſhing eye; *I had abandon'd my ſelf*, ſaid ſhe, *to ſome melancholy thoughts, which the view of* Alexandria *had rouz'd within my Soul; and I aſſure my ſelf, thou canſt not (without ſome tenderneſs) caſt thy eye upon theſe places where my beloved* Cæſario *took his birth: See*, ſaid ſhe, (opening the window again) *look upon this ſame City, where the lamentable* Cleopatra *deliver'd him to the world, where ſhe nouriſh'd and brought him up to beſtow upon me: And ah! how gladly did I receive the rich preſent of a Perſon ſo illuſtrious? how tenderly and dearly would I have preſerv'd him, whoſe abſence (and it may be utter loſſe) I now regret with ſuch violent reſentments.*

The Queen would never have given over, ſtill finding freſh ſubjects to entertain her ſorrows, if *Eteocles*, advertiz'd by *Clitie*, had not enter'd the Chamber; yet ſhe would needs draw him to the window, to ſhew her (as well as the diſtance would permit) all that might be diſcover'd of the Palace where the Prince was born and nouriſh'd; with ſuch

other places as he and the rest of his royal Play-fellows (often mention'd to her by *Eteocles*, in the story of his Masters Youth) had chiefly frequented in his greenest years. After the Queen had allow'd some time to this pleasing imployment, she made an end of dressing her, which when *Tyridates* understood, he came to bid her good morrow, and was met and receiv'd by her with an air full of sweetness and Majesty.

Tyridates, who was now grown acquainted with her name and condition, accosted her with all the respect due to her Person and Dignity. *You see*, said the Queen, *a person very slothfull, yet not altogether inexcusable, for having weari'd out so many cruel nights & days without repose, I assure my self you will not take it ill that I have now tasted in from your bounty. Madam, would it please the Gods*, said Tyridates, *that I had power to perform more than what this miserable retreat can contribute, and you should soon know, that the most difficult and dangerous occasions to serve you would alwaies be delightfull to such as Fortune shall honor with the imployment.*

Indeed I ought not to expect less generosity, reply'd the Queen, *from a Prince of the* Arsacides; *for, 'tis so natural, that you cannot want it, without belying your blood. 'Tis true*, said *Tyridates*, *the house of* Arsaces *had a fair stock of vertuous reputation, before the inhumane* Phraates *dishonor'd it with his cruelties; but it is now the infamous shame of all Royal Families; Nor do I believe that any can pass a more gentle thought upon it, without sharing in the guilt that is fastned to it. The crime of* Phraates, said the Queen, *cannot reach to you; the spots of his Cruelty are solely*

limited in himſelf, and cannot ſo much as dimme the lustre of your Vertue.

The fair Queen had gone on, if the Modeſty of *Tyridates* would have ſuffer'd it; but interrupting her diſcourſe, to change the Subject, hee demanded how ſhe had paſſ'd that night. *Could my mind*, ſaid Candace, *have ſhared in the repoſe you have given my bodi, I ſhould ſay, By your means I have reſted well. But as the troubles of my Soul have received no Comfort, but from your Aſſiſtance, I think I may ſay, I have number'd the tedious houres of the night with more unquiet than your ſelf. The Gods preſerve you*, ſay'd Tyridates, *from ſuch racking pains as dragge my dayes through eternal deaths; for, could your apprehenſion but reach them, you would doubtleſſe give them another Character. I ſee well*, ſaid the Queen, *that* Eteocles *has not yet told you my Story, or has but related a few of the firſt events. Tis true*, ſaid Tyridates, *that I am but yet acquainted with the beginnings of it; for* Eteocles *has gone no further than the generous Combat that the Prince* Ceſario *had with young* Britomarus. *Then you have yet heard nothing of my Life*, ſaid the Queen; *but when you ſhall once know it, you will confeſſe that I have Miſeries enough to match yours, and ſome to ſpare, ſuch as your patience never traverſed: I am baniſhed as well as you from my native Countrey, poſſibly diſpoiled of a moſt flouriſhing Empire; ſeparated, like you, from the perſon I love, whom I left expos'd to dangers far greater than ſuch as threaten* Mariamne's *life, ſuch as Heaven it ſelf cannot reſcue him from, without a wonder.*

Theſe Calamities, reply'd the afflicted Tyridates, *are*

are very considerable, especially in the person of so great a Queen as your self. But your Majesty may permit me to tell you, that I have some too cruel to be pattern'd among the worst of yours. You are bereav'd of that happy person whom you have judg'd worthy of your Affection; but the Subjects of our losses are very remote in nature; I assure my self, that the Prince you love, does support the separation at least, with as much impatience as you; and the losse of you makes him as sigh you for his absence: besides, your displeasures have not struck you in the most sensible part, since the blow you received, came only from the rude hand of Fortune, and not the will of him you love: But Gods! how different is my destiny; the only will of Mariamne *creates all my Miseries; it was that banished me her presence; and (which wounds me deepest) while I dye for her, she does not so much as dream of me. Would heaven that every raving wave were my professed enemy! that all the armes of the Empire bent their points at my happinesse! nay, that every thing in nature defyed me, on condition* Mariamne *were for me, I would incounter all their traverses with contempt, and either not feel them, or at least with an invincible patience sustain them; for as my Joyes and Griefs are intirely dependent on her, so 'tis she alone can make me Happy or Miserable: And for those that spring from any other source, in me they will find but little sensibility.*

"I see your affection, said the Queen, is truly worthy of your self, and the object it aims at: But, if "I mistake not, your Evils are not so great as you "have Figur'd them, if they only depend on *Mariamne*'s will; my thoughts tell me she yet loves you, and had not the care of her reputation, with the re-

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"were rules of her Duty, laid too heavy in the other "balance, she would never have banish'd you her "presence, but rather bestow'd some proofs of her ac- "knowledgement upon you, which sure she could "not bridle without much constraint: that last con- "descention she granted in your Favour, whenshe "suffer'd you to see her in the midst of so many dan- "gers that menac'd her, could not come from such a "person as *Mariamne* (who was never accus'd of "levity or imprudence) without the consent of Affe- "ction, which was all the excuse she had for it: Nor "doe I believe her wholly extempt from that which "your being divided makes you suffer for her sake; "and am confident she passes not a day wherein she "does not call you into her memory. Ah! Madam! "cry'd the amorous *Tyridates*, how agreeably you "flatter me, and how necessary is the authority of "such a person as her self to perswade that which "appearance could never manifest: I am unworthy "of the affection and remembrance of *Mariamne*; & "the Gods can witnesse, I never cherish'd a thought "so arrogant, to believe I deserv'd them. Yet I can- "not listen to your discourse without some comfort, "representing to my self, that a Person so divine as "you, cannot (like our common spirits) be capable of "Error.

This discourse had been enlarg'd, had it not been interrupted by those that brought up the Queens dinner; *Tyridates* din'd with her, and so did *Eteocles* and *Clitie*, because they would have it so, not then being in either place or condition to observe the regular method of all Ceremonies.

After dinner, *Tyridates* told the Queen, that, though

though the place was Desart and Savage, it afforded some unfrequented walks not unpleasant, which gave her a desire to take the air, when after her eyes had spent some time in turning over severall objects at the window, she went out of the House, propt by the arme of *Tyridates*, and only followed by *Eteocles* and *Clitie*; they walked a while upon the Downs, where their eys had liberty to converse with the successive waves, and those wondrous flows and ebbs that had so puzled the science of all Philosophers: but the Queen beginning to be wearied by the Sand, *Tyridates* led her down to a very pleasant Valley, semi-circled on the one side with divers points of a Rock cover'd with mosse, and on the other with a litle wood, which joyning Crescent-wise with the extremes of the Rock, left a green Meadow in the middle, beautify'd with divers Chrystal Fountains.

This place agreed with the Queens inclination to solited, and suiting her intention to be private, she accepted that invitation to discourse the rest of her adventures to *Tyridates*, and spying a space between two Rocks, cover'd with mosse, and fram'd by Nature into a seat, so secretly contrived, as it conceal'd them from the sight of any in the Meadow, though they might easily discern what past in any part of it; she setled there, inviting *Tyridates* to sit by her, while *Clitie* and *Eteocles* made choice of a place to lie down in, some five or six paces from their Mistrisse.

After the fair Queen had been a while silent, she looked upon *Tyridates* with a little blush, that with a glad ambition was newly clim'd into her cheeks:

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If I give you the relation of my life, said she, I must be obliged to uncover some follies, which the severe rules of modesty would keep conceal'd; but since it is not just, that I should either serve my self of your assistance, or demand your counsell in affaires whereof you are ignorant, I shall freely give you the naked account of my life, with that Adventure that conducted me into this Countrie, and in fine, crave your advice about the fittest order to be observed for the composure of my affaires, and security of my Person. I shall alwayes be more able to serve you in Person than Counsell, replyed Tyridates, *being very incapable of directing a Person of so much prudence as your self; however I shall imploy (since you ordain it so) all the judgement is left me, without expecting the trouble of this Relation from your Majesty, which I may as well learn from the Mouth of* Eteocles, *and so escape a Solecism in Civility.*

Candace was about to reply, and had dispos'd her self to take up the Story where *Eteocles* let it fall; when they were interrupted by a noyse of Horses which trod very near, and gave warning to their eyes to look about them; which no sooner done, but they spy'd two men on horse-back comming out of the Wood into the Meadow; the chief of the two, that appear'd the Master, quickly drew the regard both of the Queen and *Tyridates*, as well upon the Beauty of his Armes, as his graceful Deportment on his Horse; the ground of his Armour was black, but very richly gilt, set round with Rubies of great value, and in all the other places most remarkable, the plates of steel that were below his Tases, reach'd to his knee,

knee, and those upon his Arm to his Elboe, which were of the same materials and workmanship; his Horse was black, with some white spots upon him, but then almost all white with his own froath, which his pride and courage had newly dress him in; his Squire carried his Shield of the same materials with the rest of his Armes; on which hee bare a Crocodile, with a Motto under it in the Roman tongue.

In this Equipage, leaping a little Hay, he entred the Meadow, with intent to let his Horses feed there, while himself took some repose; and alighting from his Horse, his approach gave *Tyridates* and the Queen a more perfect description of the beauty of his shape, which appear'd with an admirable proportion; all his gestures, and every action so becomming, as it fastned their eyes upon him with a most serious regard; but their satisfaction was much improv'd, when (the better to refresh himself) he took off his Casque and gave it to his Squire, lending them a sight of his unarmed Head and discovered Face, which made them confesse they had never seen one better shap'd among all the persons of his sex; all the lines of it so evenly regular, as it was too hard for the skilfullest desire to mend any thing about it; his complexion was something brown, his eyes black, but full of a sparkling vivacity, as it required a very steady eye to behold them without shrinking at the lustre; his hair of the same colour, being very long, and curling naturally fell in large annulets upon his shoulders; in fine, his whole composure carried so compleat a Symmetry, as it would have pos'd Envy's self to have found fault.

This Stranger (such, and much better than my words have copy'd him) after he had set his Horse at liberty, sought a place to lie down on, and discharge some wearinesse he had lately contracted in a long voyage; and to favour their curiosity, Fortune led him to the choice of a place very near the corner of their Rock, which thought it hid him from their eyes, yet it could not hinder their over-hearing the discourse betwixt him and his Squire; who, after hee had taken care of the horses, laying his Shield, Casque and two Iavelins in readinesse, came & laid down at his feet, and desired him, if it were possible, to release his griefs to an hour of rest: *For Sir, said hee, I think no force, no health but yours, could have stood the rude shock of such violent pains as you have suffer'd; nor can you long resist it, if you persevere in this cruell manner of tormenting your self.*

The Master, fetching two or three deep sighs (as Prologue to his Answer) *Cease dear* Emilius, *said he, to trouble thy self for a life, which is not worth the pains thou tak'st about it, and which I cannot regard but as my deadliest Enemy: I lov'd it once, when it was dear to* Cleopatra, *but now she has refus'd an interest in it, I abandon it to despair as well as she.* But my Lord, replyed the faithfull Squire, *To what then serves that undaunted Courage, which (surmounting the growth of your unripe years) hath carried you to such a height of Reputation? To what your study in Philosophy, which you bestowed some of your budding age upon, with such a rare success? My courage and Philosophy, said he, indeed have helped me to support that with some moderation, which possible without their succour would*

have forced the effects of fury and transport, as well as those of folly; that in all likelyhood Report has carried to the limits of the Roman Empire: But they cannot cure a disease of this nature, without stripping my Soul of that Sensitive faculty, of which her self is in part compos'd; the advantages I have gain'd above others that wanted my education, do dissuade me from repyning against the Gods, from despairing of their goodnesse, and holds my hands from falling foul upon Subjects of Innocence, upon which the tempests of my grief (without their assistance) might possibly throw me, but they cannot hinder me from sighing, lamenting, and proving my self a man, by afflicting my self with causes of affliction, as I was formerly abus'd into an opinion of happiness by an imposture of prosperity; and would'st thou call to mind in what manner I resisted affronts considerable enough, when they sprung from other causes than the will of my ungrateful Princess, thou wilt remember that neither Courage nor Moderation fail'd me. What I suffer'd by the cunning malice of Tyberius, *the tyrannique authority of* Augustus, *with many other crosse blows that thou knowest of, I felt my self able to sustain, and possible I should not have shrunk under any weight, that had only power to bow an ordinary spirit; but after explication of the ingrateful and pittiless intentions of* Cleopatra, *'tis not enough to complain, tis fit I die,* Emilius, *nor can either Courage or Philosophy urge a just diversion from such a purpose.*

He uttered these words with a tone so passionately heightned, as it drew pitty from his concealed Auditors, and Prince *Tyridates* was about to tell the Queen a conjecture of his, when they o're-heard him goe on in his complaint. *Forget, Inhumane Prin-*

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rest, said he, were so many services, so many proofs of affection worth no more than to be insensibly driven from your memory? Have I deserv'd to be thus used for an inviolable fidelity? and think you this does not stain the blood of Antony *and* Cleopatra, *to sacrifice an innocent life to despair, which without the least reservation was espoused to your Service? Just Gods! Gods whom I have so oft invoked, and of whom I have receiv'd so many favourable assistances, if your Anger be still decreed to persecute the miserable Reliques of our House, which you have suffer'd to fall under the Roman Armes; turn all the points of it against me only, but do not punish me, because I Love, with such pains as should only be reserv'd for the guilty: If* Cleopatra *provokes your indignation by her ingratitude to me; Consider she is the Master piece of your hands, and that however my Conscience avowes me innocent, yet sure I am not so, her spirit is incapable of Errour, and by the weakness of some action, have surely plotted my own disgrace: if it be so, as I owe that belief to her judgement, my life, my actions, my thoughts, I disavow you all; if you have any other aims than the Love, Service, and Glory of* Cleopatra, *the Gods all know I never own'd any such, and if you slily crept into my breast, it was in such disguise as I discern'd you not from those she might safely approve.*

The Stranger would have stretch'd his complaints further, if his Squire, who began to be weary of that kind if life, had not thus stopp'd him: *My Lord, said he, I beseech you be not so lavish to your griefs, as to give away the power of reflecting both on what your are, and what you ought to be; 'tis true, your misfortune is great,*

but yet not desperate: and, as I believe, this change in the Princesse proceeds from some impression has been given her of you: so I hope (the truth once discover'd) to see you restor'd to the same estate in her favour. I am more than confident this mischief was plotted by the artifice of Tyberius; *for that peevish man will omit no occasion to deprive you of what he pretends to so unworthyly. But the Princess* Cleopatra's *Spirit cannot be so possest, but time will open her eyes upon your innocence: besides the Friendship of* Agrippa *and* Marcellus *will be active in your behalf; and me thinkes Fortune begins to intend you some kindnesse, by conducting* Cleopatra *hither, who, you know is shortly expected at* Alexandria *with the Emperour and Empresse* Livia, *whom she allwayes attends: all things conspire more assistance to your Designes here, than at* Rome; *especially the place of your residence being unknown, and probably 'tis doubted in the Emperours Court, whether you be still living. They have reason to doubt it, said the Master, & had I listned to the rational motions of my grief, thy fidelity had miss'd this daily trouble of urging fruitlesse consolations. Indeed I am glad at the coming of* Augustus *to* Alexandria: *but 'tis lesse out of hope to see* Cleopatra, *before I shall dare to appear in her presence, than for the revenge I intend upon* Tyberius: *I know that disloyal man think his subtilities have destroyed mee; but he shall find I am still living to give him death in the very armes of the Emperour and Empresse his Mother, that support him so unjustly against me. This is rather the design of my stay upon this Coast, than to justifie my self before my Judge that sovereignly condemn'd me, and possibly this sole intent has preserv'd my deplorable life, that else*

should

ſould have been ſacrificed to my juſt reſentments.

The Stranger thus ending his diſcourſe, gave occaſion to his over-hearers to communicate their thoughts. *Candace* had oft heard the name of *Cleopatra* pronounc'd with ſuch intereſt, whom ſhee could take for no other than the Siſter of her dear *Ceſario*. But *Eteocles*, who ever kept the blood of his dead Miſtreſſe in ſacred veneration, could not hear the name of that Royall Maid without appearing tranſported. *Tyridates* read both their troubles in their looks; and not ignorant of the cauſe: *I doe not wonder, ſaid he, to ſee you amaz'd at this encounter, for my own ſurprizal is little leſſe than yours; but I think I am able to give you ſome light in this miſt: for, if I be not deceiv'd, this Stranger, whom we have alſo juſtly admir'd, is the valiant Prince of* Mauritania, *Son to the great King* Juba, *who with* Cato *and* Scipio *was vanquiſhed in* Affrica, *by* Julius Cæſar: *His Love to the Princeſſe* Cleopatra *made it ſelf known to all* Rome *by the marvellous effects it produc'd; and there was ſcarce a perſon that was ignorant of his quarrel with* Tyberius, *link'd with divers other events that deſerv'd remembrance. During my ſtay at* Rome, *he was abſent; but if the general opinion might be credited, ſhe could not boſt a braver man, nor one whoſe valour was more advantagiouſly accompanied, with ſuch other qualities as render an accompliſh'd Prince: I muſt not let him goe, ſaid* Eteocles, *before I ſee & know him better, and demand ſome news of that Princeſs whom I have carried a thouſand times in my arms, whoſe Birth, Perſon, and Name are ſo ſacred unto me: & indeed, ſaid* Candace, *though my concealment be requiſite, I cannot but wiſh to ſee him that*

I vex my Cæsars Sister so passionately, the praises you have given him, with what I have discern'd in his looks, have gain'd him much of my esteem, and made me already interesse my self in his Fortune. Madam said Tyridates, *I am glad to hear you say so; if you think fit, we will shew our selves to him; and with your permission, I will offer him that poor retreat you did not scorn to accept; there we shall have leisure to know him, and learn, whether I guess'd right at his name and quality.*

To this the Queen gave an easie consent, and they were rising to salute him, when a great noyse of clashing of Armes, and loud voyces, that sent it self to their ears from a neighbouring Valley prevented them. This retir'd the Stranger from his profound thoughts, and, unwilling to hazard a surprizall in that estate, he suddainly snatch'd up his Casque, and commanded his Squire to bridle his Horse, which done, he was no sooner leap'd into the Saddle, when he saw two men on horse-back coming towards him in their full speed from their Valley, in a different estate & posture. The first (having no other Armes but his Sword) fled before the other arm'd at all points, who with his Sword in his hand pursu'd him with loud threatnings, and wanted but little of over-taking him. The Armes of the hindmost were of a brown complexion, and (as if art had studied disorder) confusedly filetted with Gold and Silver; his Coat of Mail was suitable to his Curiasse; upon his Casque he bare a Lion, with a long horse tail in his paw, that fell backward from his head upon his shoulders. The same beast was pourtrai'd on his Shield, with a Motto under him, that could not be read at that distance.

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The Garb of this Warriour was not so proud and fierce, but the other was as poor and timorous; the fear of death, that hung out its pale badge upon his Visage, would let him expresse no anger, but to his horse, which he spurrd most furiously; and as he turn'd his eyes round, as if he hunted for hope of succour, he spy'd *Cleoaptra's* Lover, whom he saw in a condition to defend him from his enemy's rage; & spurring up to him, with his hands stretched out in a supliant posture: *O save me Sir*, cry'd he, *from this cruell man that has taken this advantage to murder me?* He had no time to enlarge his intreaties, nor was it necessary to a man in whom the sentiments of vertu had too deep an impression, to flye any opportunity that might set his courage a work to relieve the oppressed. He return'd him no other answer than a preparation to give what he demanded: And to that end, putting himself between him and his pursuer, and first desirous gently to try the force of perswasion; he cry'd out to him a fare off, to moderate the violence of his passion, and pray'd him to consider the glory he was like to purchase, for a man armed as he was, to set upon a person that had so little to defend himself.

The Stranger, whom a most violent choler and animosity against the fugitive had wound up to a haughty fierceness, could not see the way to his revenge block'd up, without converting his fury upon him that deny'd it passage, and in stead of a reply, he advanc'd his Sword in the air, and flew upon him like a Lion: *Thy life*, said he, *shall pay the forfeit of this Traytors, which thou rob'st my just indignation of.* With these words came so weighty a blow, as his enemy

having scarce time to ward it with his Shield, was half astonish'd: but he, desirous to make use of that disorder (Revenge over-pow'ring Glory) would have quitted the Combat to continue the pursute: But *Cleopatra's* Servant sudainly recovering himself, catch'd hold on the reign of his bridle as he was passing by, & gave so rude a tugg to the tender-mouth'd Horse, as made him rise so high before, that he wanted but little to overthrough himself backward upon his Master, but he slacking his hand, with a sharp remembrance of the spur, pricked him for ward; yet not so soon but his fugitive was already got out of sight, and (that he might leave no certain tract to his follower) had betook himself to the Covert of an adjacent wood. But when he saw his hopes of overtaking him were fled with him, he turn'd his anger a fresh upon his new enemy; & beholding him with eyes that darted flames of rage: "thou canst not, said he, but be "base and perfidious, since thou favour'st those that "are so; but thy death shall repair the displeasure "thou hast done me. Take heed, said the other, and "defend thy own life carefully; for, believe it, thou "wilt have more need of all thy force against me, "than him whom thou wouldst have kill'd at such an "advantage.

The two brave Combatants, valiant as any that ever got a name in Arms, follow'd these words with such weighty blows, as he that first enter'd the lists, with an unwilling complement, was forc'd to bow his head to the Saddles Pommell, and the other to touch the Crouper of his Horse But recovering fresh force and fury, each finding the valour of his enemy, and expecting by the first blows what was like to follow,

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quited the thoughts of an eaſie Victory, and wak'd all the dexterous force that nature and exercise had given them, to find advantages. The Prince of *Mauritania* (for *Tyridates* was not miſtaken) at the firſt was leſſe angry than his enemy: but when he ſaw his Armes dy'd with his own blood, he ruſh'd upon his Foe with ſuch an unbridled, yet skillfull fury, as would quickly have given him the victory, had he not diſputed with a courage ſo invincible, as the world could not boaſt a braver.

The proofs they had given for their mutuall valour, were ſoon become the wonder of their Spectators. And while *Candace* was wrapt in a deep amazement at the ſight; *Tyridates* and *Eteocles* quitted their places, and advanc'd into the Meadow, with an intent (if it were poſſible) to part them: an undertaking ſomething difficult, they beeing both on foot & one-ly arm'd with Swords: *Tyridates* therefore judging the gentler way the beſt, and approaching ſomething neer them; *Gallant men, cry'd he, will you kill one another without a ſubject for a quarrell? might you not better reſerve your valour to imploy againſt your enemies whom you have cauſe to hate?* The Knights were ſo deaf to diſwaſion, as all the anſwer they return'd was a hot continuance of the Combat, each ſo vehemently ſpurring up his horſe to gain the crouper of his enemies, that *Tyridates*, fearing to be trodden under foot was conſtrain'd to retire a little and become a quiet Spectator, ſince he could not be an Arbiter; attending the event of that furious Combat, not without much fear it would prove too bloudy.

It was yet fought on both ſides with ſuch an evenneſs of fortune and courage, as no judgement could

allow either the leaſt advantage; when the appearance of a third that came galloping up to the Combatants, gave *Tyridates* ſome hopes of aſſiſtance in his deſign to part them: The Armes of this laſt commer were very richly embroidered with gold, and artificially engraven with the Roman Eagles; upon his Shield was painted that Royall-Bird turning her undazl'd eyes upon a Sunne in its glory; and upon his Caſque ſhe erected her two heads, and expanded her wings, as ſhe is repreſented in the Armes of the Empire.

The arrival of this new Cavalier, not more conſiderable for the gallantry of his Armour, than the bravery of his Garb and Poſture, made *Candace* and *Tyridates* (wholly fix'd as they were upon the former ſpectacle) to take off their regards, and beſtow them upon him: but he allow'd them but little time to obſerve; for he no ſooner caſt his eye upon him of the two that bore the Lion in his Caſque and Shield, but he clapp'd down the Viſor of his Beaver, then half up, and approaching the Prince of *Mauritania*, "Valiant Sir ſaid he, I conjure you by the remembrance "of what you love deareſt, to quit your place unto "me, and permit me to continue a Combat with your "enemy, which I began before yours, and is poſſibly "of greater importance.

The Prince turning his eye upon him that intreated ſo ſtrange a Courteſie, lik'd him ſo well at the firſt ſight, as he would not have ſtay'd his conſent, had he not been exceedingly provok'd by a reſiſtance, which hee was not accuſtomed to find among other Enemies; nevertheleſſe he was about to reply, when he was prevented by the other, who having heard

and the request of the last commer, at the first place knew and receiv'd him with a joyful clamour; "Come, Come, said he aloud, and joyn your forces together, I doe not fear to fight you both, "nor doubt the Victory, though your number were "greater. This said, he flew from his first Antagonist, and rushing in with his Horse, upon the other gave him a rude shock with a blow on the head that made him reel in his stirrops; but the other Stranger was not long in his debt, for having his Sword ready in his hand, he discharg'd it with such a puissance upon him, that the blow carried away part of his Shield, and so benum'd the hand that held it, as it forc'd him to let fall his reins, and his Horse, feeling himself at liberty, started away, and so sav'd his Master from the second blow: But he quickly recover'd his bridle, and, being much asham'd of the accident, he bravely turn'd head to both his enemies, that approach'd him with equall fury: A while he doubted upon which to bestow his first blows; but having little time to consider, he addrest himself to the Moorish Prince, and witnessing with his hand, that he had something to say: "I doe not doubt, cry'd he, but I have courage and "force enough to dispute the victory against you "both: But if thou dost value the request of my e"nemy, stand by a while, and give thy self the plea"sure of seeing us decide a quarrel of greater im"portance than what is betwixt us two, and I promise "that immediately after my Victory, we will end "our difference.

I fear, said he, *hee will not leave thee in a condition to give me such resistance as my honour can accept*

accept; for me thinks his forces are so little inferiour to thine, as I cannot hope the successe of this combat will tend to thy advantage; finish first then what thou hast begun with me, and if fortune decrees that thou scap'st my hands, thou shalt have leisure enough to debate thy first quarrell: These last words of the Prince were not so much as heard by the enemy, who staying for no answer, had eagerly renew'd his Combat with the Knight of the wings, and was receiv'd by him with as much bravery as he brought: The valiant Moor angry to be so slighted, ran up to him with his Sword in a posture to expresse it; but seeing him ingaged with the other, and asham'd to assail him at such an advantage, he held his Sword advanced in the air, as yet uncertain how to dispose of it: very unwilling he was to give over the Combat, and as loath to wound his Credit by striking one, that was so hotly match'd by another as valiant as himself: but during his irresolution, the two Cavaliers charg'd one another still with such mighty blowes, as made their lives indebted to the goodnesse of their Armour; nor could that long hinder their Swords from cutting passages for the blood in divers parts of their bodies, the sight of which rather animated than infeebled, urging each to carve his revenge upon the other, with such height of fury, as there was never seen a Combat between two men so terrible; their blood had in divers places dy'd the Earth in its own complexion, when after may cruel blows that came too thick to be counted, at last there fell two together with so huge a force, as they wanted both but little of kissing the dust, but they reeled a long time upon their Saddles; before they could re-

cover

over their Stirrops, the Knight of the Lyons broke his Sword upon the Caſque of his enemy, but with the blow cutting the Laces (that faſtened it) aſunder, threw the *Roman* Eagles to the ground, and left the head of it's Maſter naked and diſarm'd; which diſcover'd to the lookers on, one of the hanſomeſt and moſt Majeſtique faces that ever credited Natures workmanſhip: at the firſt glance *Candace* and *Eteocles* knew it, and advancing towards him with a tranſport of Joy, *Ah my Prince cry'd they at once*, *ah Cleomedon Cæſars Soone*; and indeed it was *Cæſario*, whom the heat of the fight had deafen'd to their cries, for covering his head with his Shield, with his Sword ready to cut out more work for the Chirurgion, he readvanc'd towards his oppoſite that attended him with an equal reſolution: but the Prince of *Mauritania*, who had lent attention to the words, and regard to the viſage of *Candace*, was willing to doe homage to the Empire of beauty in a deſire to oblige her; and ſeeing the Combatants in every deſperate condition, threw himſelf between to part them, believing *Cæſario*, with whom he had no quarrel, would not ſtrike him, and the others truncheon he did not fear.

Tyridates and *Eteocles* joyning with him, at the ſame time laid hold of their bridles, and by that means hindred the progreſſe of the Combat, which they fretted at with exceſſive choler: *Cæſario's* appear'd in flaſhes at his eyes, and bluſhes in his face, but at laſt lending an ear to the words, and an eye to the faces of *Eteocles* (who held his bridle) and *Candace* that ſtood by ſtill crying out *Cleomedon*, *Cleomedon*, immediately he knew them both, and with

a Joy that broke into loud accents, seeing his enemy held by the *Mauritanian* and *Parthian* Princes he forgot all thoughts of enmity, and was flying into the armes of his Princesse; when they all took a fresh Alarum, from 15. or 20. Horsemen, that with their Swords in their hands came up towards them upon the Spur, conducted by the same man that fled from the Knight of the Lions, and at him only they all seem'd to bend their unmanly outrage: but the two others (then quitting, or at least suspending all animosity) of enemies were quickly become parties; which known, without ballancing the basenesse of the act, they pour'd themselves upon them all; but the first that aborded them, carryed away incurable markes of their treachery: for they coap'd with such enemies as were incapable of being dismay'd at such a number. The Prince of *Mauritania*, who was the freshest of the three, sent the first he met without a head to the ground, and cut off the arm of the second, just as it was advanc'd in the aire to strike him. These two first blows gave *Cæsario* time to put on his Casque, which *Eteocles* had given him, & the *Knight of the Lions* leisure to recover a Sword instead of his own that was broken. Which done they both bravely joyned with the valiant Moor, and help'd him to distribute death among their enemies: the first that fell under the Sword of *Cæsars* Son, had his head cloven in two pieces; and he that dy'd on the other hand, was run through the body, his point finding a way through the weaknesse of his Cuirass, to tumble his Soul from the principall seat of life. These were no sooner fallen, but *Tyridates*, covering his head with one of their Casques, and snatching

up a Shield, leap'd upon a Horse, which a new blow from the gallant Moor had made masterless, and came and joyned his assistance like a considerable reserve to the rest.

Eteocles with the Prince of *Mauritania*'s Squire follow'd his example, only the Queen and her maid remained Spectators of the Combat: and indeed it was almost a prodigy to see men so weary'd and wounded in a former fight, with effects beyond humane puissance, in so few moments to reduce such a number of their enemies to despair of victory: *Tydates*, though but half arm'd, quickly tumbled two at his feet, and *Eteocles* couragiously cut his passage through the preasse, and joyn'd himself with the Prince his Master. But while these four gallant warriours, stung with brave emulation, like so many new *Mavses* display'd their invincible valour, the Captain of their enemies, whom fear of death had rang'd in the rear, contenting himself to animate with words, but not daring to give the encouragement of a personall example, chanced to cast his eyes upon the Queen of *Æthiopia*, who was seeing Heaven with her silver tears to rescue her *Cæsar* from the perills that menac'd him; he no sooner saw, but knew her, and breaking into an outcry, *Oh you Gods!* said he, *and doe you then restore me my Fugitive, that was wrested from my hands with so great a danger of my life?* When presently (commanding one of his men that was nearest to follow him, he ran to her, just as she was thinking for she had spy'd him) to goe hide her self behind the Rock: but she made not haste enough to prevent that barbarous villain, who rudely seizing upon her, and, by the help of his companion,

nion, having ſet her up before him upon the Pomell of his Saddle, he carried her away in ſpite of all the reſiſtance and ſtrugling ſhe could make for eſcape: his companion would have had no pleaſant task to force *Clitie* to the ſame poſture, if her reſolution to follow the Fortune of her Miſtreſſe, diſcarding the conſideration of her owr, had not made her his eaſie prey: But Gods! What fury ſhot it ſelf into the Soul of *Cæſario*? when hearing the out-cries of his Queen, and his ear directing his eye, he ſpy'd her in the Armes of her cruell Raviſher, who had borrow'd all the wings that haſte could lend to get ground of his ſuſpected purſuers; the whole ſtrength of his enemies was now grown feeble to arreſt him, for having thrown down one that oppos'd his paſſage, wsth a blow that clove him to the breſt, he darted himſelf among the reſt, with ſuch an irreſiſtable vigour, as he ſoon clear'd the way to his purſute, when (by a freſh piece of Fortunes malice) his Horſe, no longer able to ſuſtain the many wounds he had receiv'd, fell dead under him, and ſo ſuddenly, as falling with his Maſters feet ingag'd in the Stirrops, he expos'd him to the mercy of his enemies; two of which ſpying the caſual advantages, were coming to kill him, which they had eaſily effected, if the Knight of the Lions (a while before his eager enemy, reſigning hatred to a fitter ſeaſon) had not flown to his defence, and with two blows laid both his enemies at his feet, the one dead, the other with a deep wound: and taking one of their Horſes by the Reigns, juſt as *Eteocles* had thrown himſelf down to diſ-ingage the Prince from his, *Riſe Cleomedon*, ſaid he, *and receive this aſſiſtance from thy greateſt*

enemy

emy, but such an enemy as is unwilling to owe any thing to thy generosity.

The Son of *Cæsar* at another time would not have taken this succour from his declared Foe, without striving to restore the benefit, or at least tendring ample expression after his resentment, but at that moment the losse of his Queen (who to his eye had appear'd and disappear'd like lightning) wholly fix'd him, and would scarce suffer him to make a fit reflection upon the generous act of this gallant enemy; only in taking the Horse from his hands, and leaping upon him with more agility than his wounds could well allow of; *I know not*, said he, *how to understand thee, who in declaring thy self my Enemy, hast rendered me the Office of an intimate Friend: but I protest, that as much my enemy as thou art, I will ever be ready to pay thee back this life which thou hast so bravely assail'd, and so generously defended*: Finishing these words, and leaping into the Saddle, having now no enemies capable to stay him, he hasted after the Ravisher with all the speed imaginable.

Eteocles, whose memory harbour'd nothing so carefully as his Princes interest, after his example suddenly remounted himself, and observing the way he took, followed so swiftly, as in a short time he recover'd him.

In the mean time the Prince of *Mauritania* and *Tyridates* had handled the rest of their enemies so roughly, as they were reduc'd to a despair of victory; and, when he that so valiantly rescued *Cæsario*, was again joyn'd with them, they made such havock among those that remain'd, as after the death of all

their

their companions, three that were only left, were constrain'd to trust their safety to their heels; the gallant Warriours disdaining to pursue them, fell to a mutuall admiration of each others valour, and the brave unknown, addressing himself to the Prince of *Mauritania*; "At first, *said he*, you did me a dis-
"pleasure that made me your enemy, in hindring the
"execution of a revenge so just, as had you known
"the cause you would doubtlesse have favour'd
"what you prevented: but you have since so nobly
"assisted me against enemies, who I think only
"level'd their malice at mee, as the memory of that
"over-powers my resentments; and joyning with
"my wonder at your valour, devotes me to the search
"of occasions, that may make me worthy to become
"your Friend.

I am sorry, *reply'd the valiant Moor*, for the
"displeasure I have given you, judging by what I
"have since seen you doe, and by the late base act-
"ons of your enemy, that he was worthy of the pu-
"nishment you design'd him; but (as the truth was
"masqu'd) I could not refuse a protection which I
"thought was due to the weaker party. I deem it
"no mean happinesse to have effaced your resent-
"ments by so poor a piece of service; and after
"the experiment of your valour, I cannot without
"much joy receive the profer of your amity.

This said, they shook hands, and lifted up the visours of their helmets. If the stranger was ravish'd with the beauty and Majestique air of the *Moor*, the two Princes were not lesse surpriz'd at his high and heroique Mine, both believing, not without much reason, that they never beheld any that surpast him

thus they gaz'd one at another, their admiration taking a pretty diſtant precedency of their words: but the Prince of *Mauritania* firſt breaking ſilence, and turning towards *Tyridates*, who was dividing his aſtoniſhment betwixt them; *It is to you, valiant man*, ſaid he, *we have the moſt conſiderable obligation; to your valour and generous reſolution we owe the wonder, ſince naked as you are, you have brav'd a danger capable to diſmay men moſt ſecurely armed, rendring a gallant ſuccour to unknown perſons.* To theſe words the brave ſtranger added others that imported the ſame ſenſe, which *Tyridates* modeſtly receiv ng, "I have done nothing, *ſaid he*, but what the incite-"ment might juſtly chalenge; and the little help I "was able to contribute, ſhew'd ſo poor and worth-"leſs in preſence of your grand actions, as it merits "no remembrance.

In uttering theſe words he obſerv'd their Armes cover'd with blood, eſpecially the ſtrangers, who had loſt very much in his Combat with *Cæſario*; and not willing to dally in ſuch a condition, "I ſee, *ſaid he*, "your wounds expreſſe the neceſſity of a ſuddain aſ-"ſiſtance, which I am preſently able to give, if you "refuſe not the offer of a poor lodging about a "hundred paces hence, where your wounds ſhall be "ſearched, and your ſelves ſerv'd with much affecti-"on: but where is *Cleomedon*, *contin'd he*, looking "round for *Cæſario*. *Sir, he is gone*, ſaid the Prince of *Mauritania*'s Squire, (who being leſſe eager than the reſt, had better diſcern'd what paſt concerning the Combat) *in purſute of thoſe raviſhers that carried away two Ladies, that ſtood and looked on while wee were fighting.* *How*, cryed Tyridates, *are the Ladies*

carried away, that were with me when you arrived? Ye my Lord, reply'd Æmilius, *they were seiz'd on by the chief of those men whom you so lately defeated. Ye Gods!* said Tyridates, *what an unvaluable losse is this, if it be not speedily recover'd? how passionately could I wish these valiant men in a better condition, that they were able to indeavour the rescue of one of the most considerable persons upon earth! Let us goe*, said the Prince of Mauritania, *our wounds ought not to dispense with the succour of a person of so much importance. Indeed*, said Tyridates, *your obligation is particular, and possible I know you better than you imagine: but am loath to expose you in this estate to any fresh peril, especially that gallant man, pointing to the unknown, whose wounds are deeper and more dangerous than yours.*

'Tis true, said the Stranger, *my hurts are great: but they shall give me leave to go with you to the Sea-side, which is the only course you can take in this design; for the Pirate* Zenodorus *(who was he that I pursu'd, and doubtlesse the same that bore away the person whose losse you regret) has carried away the prey to his vessels that ride neere the Shoar, and only there we ought to seek it.*

This said, he put Spurrs to his Horse, and led the way (though not without much pain) towards that side of the Coast where he had seen *Zenodorus* his Vessells; the Princes eagerly followed, and (being in much the better estate) quickly left him behind, speeding their course to that part of the Shoar which he pointed at: but all alas in vain, for finding no vessell in the road, and coasting a while upon the sand without any discovery, at last they spyed two Ships a farre off with full sayls making off to Sea, which they presently

preſently judg'd to bee the ſame they ſought for: the brave unknown, who was as much intereſs'd as *Tyridates*, and poſſible not much leſſe than *Cæſario* in the purſuite of the Pirat, fetching two or three deep ſighs, and caſting a ſad look upon the Prince of *Mauritania*, *Oh!* ſaid hee, *how I ſhould hate you, if the ſuccour you have given me, with the knowledge of your vertue could leave a poſſiblity for the Paſſion.* Gods! purſu'd he, *Oh you Gods! what a loſſe doe I ſuſtain by this fatall Combat? what have I loſt in a condition, that diſables me to give my ſelf the leaſt hope of recovery.*

At theſe words he had let himſelf fall from his Horſe with weakneſſe, if *Tyridates* had not haſted to ſuſtain him: and the *Mauritanian* did as much on the other ſide, proteſting his ſorrow for the injury his ignorance had done him, and the ſhare he took in his misfortune. During this diſcourſe, *Tyridates* conſidering that a longer ſearch would but vainly ſtrengthen their deſpair of finding, began to lead them the way to his own houſe, alwaies keeping near the Stranger, whoſe loſſe of blood, and depth of wounds had ſo infeebled him, as he was ſcarce able to keep his Saddle: but they ſoon reach'd the houſe, where the ſervants of *Tyridates* render'd the ſame offices to the ſtrangers that were due to the perſon of their Prince: they were laid in ſeverall Chambers, (the houſe being ſpacious enough to afford commodious lodging) and their wounds viſited, which were not found very dangerous, eſpecially the Prince of *Mauritania's*, who had only received a hurt on his left Arme, and another ſlight one on his ſide; the Stranger's were greater both in number and condition: but the

Chirurgion (who was an officer to *Tyridates*, and an expert Master of his art) promis'd an infallible cure to both.

The Stranger took but little comfort from this promise, and appeared so sensibly afflicted, as the fears of those that serv'd him began to augurate worse successe from his sadnesse than his wounds. He was no sooner laid, but there entered into the Chamber a young man whom he presently knew to be his Squire; who, having spent a part of that day in his search, had at last addrest his inquiry to that house, where he understood what was happen'd.

At the sight of his Squire the Master expres'd some signes of comfort, and having call'd him to his Beds side, he intreated the rest to leave him to his repose. *Tyridates* had received two slight wounds; one on his right hand, and the other on his head: but they were too inconsiderable to confine him to his Bed; and having caus'd some remedies to be applyed, he spent his principall care, upon the service of his guests, whom hee marvelously esteem'd. At the evening understanding that the Prince of *Mauritania* might admit a visit, he entred his Chamber, and beeing received by the Prince with an excesse of civility, they spent some time in terms of Courtesie and deference; which ended, and *Tyridates* seated by his Beds side, before they could Methodically change the subject, hee of *Mauritania* calling to mind a word or two the *Parthian* let fall some houres before: "I remember you told me, *said he*, that "I was better known to you than I knew of, make me "the favour, if you please, to let me understand what "knowledge you have of me, and by what means "you

"you gain'd it: I drew it, *reply'd Tyridates*, from "ſome words I over-heard you utter before the ar-"rival of the valiant Stranger, againſt whom you "Combated, your ample mention of the Princeſſe "*Cleopatra*, and of *Tyberius*, added to what I had "heard at *Rome*, of the life of that Princeſſe, begat "my opinion you were the Prince of *Mauritania*; "but if at firſt it was only a ſingle conjecture, the "ſight of your viſage, with the grand actions you "perform'd in my preſence, have ſtrengthned it to a "confidence.

This diſcourſe rais'd a bluſh in the Princes cheeks, becauſe it imported him to diſguiſe his quality, yet willing that his Obligation to *Tyridates* ſhould vaniſh the diſpleaſure, "I ſhould be ſorry, *ſaid he*, "(as my affaires are now ſtated) to be known to "any other perſon than your ſelf; but you have "too nobly ingaged me to a high eſteem of your "worth to allow diſtruſt a being. 'Tis true, I am that "unhappy Prince of *Mauritania*, whoſe misfortunes, "if you made any ſtay at *Rome*, have poſſibly reach'd "your eares; but becauſe methinks your face too, "diſcovers more marks of greatneſſe than your "Equipage, I ſhould gladly learn to whom I am "redeuable, and what he is that I have truſted. If I "priz'd my life, *reply'd Tyridates*, I ſhould not have "leſſe cauſe than you to hide my name: but as for-"tune has us'd me, the preſervation of it is ſo incon-"ſiderable, as were my confidence in you leſſe than "it is, I ſhould make no difficulty to tell you that "I am *Tyridates* Son of *Orodes*, and Brother to *Phra-"ates* King of *Parthia*, perſecuted both by fortune "and friends, and reduc'd ever ſince my greeneſt

"years to beg from Court to Court a ſhelter for my
"life. At this relation the Prince of *Mauritania*, a
little lifting himſelf from his Bed, ſaluted *Tyridates*
with an addition to his former reſpect. "I am no
"ſtranger to your name, *ſaid he*; for when you quit-
"ted *Rome*, you left your ſelf upon every tongue in
"ſo fair a Character, as is not inſuitable to my pre-
"ſent experience of your perſon and vertue. I am
"not ſorry to be redeuable to a Prince of your birth,
"nor to find ſuch high worth in him, of whom my
"eſtimation preceded my knowledge. To you, *ſaid*
"*Tyridates*, I owe with much more Juſtice what
"your expreſſions have miſplac'd upon my ſelf, the
"bruit of your beauteous actions hath produced ſuch
"effects through the *Roman* Empire, as doubtleſs
"you are not known where your vertue is not ad-
"mir'd and adored.

The Prince modeſtly retorted this Language, and
they had ſome while continued a Courteous conte-
ſtation full of deference and proteſtations of amity, they
transferr'd their diſcourſe upon the valiant Stranger
who repos'd in the next Chamber; wherein they for-
got not to mention his rare compoſure both of face
and garb, his undaunted Spirit, with thoſe great
actions they had ſeen him perform, which kindled
an equal ardour in both, to be as well acquainted
with his name and quality; and as they contrived the
meanes, they ſpyed his Squire paſſe by the Chamber
door, that ſtood half open; *Tyridates* call'd him in,
and after he was entred and come near the Bed,
We call'd to you, ſaid he, *to demand ſome newes of your*
Maſter, and to intreat, if you may grant it without
incurring his diſpleaſure, the ſatisfaction of our deſire

know him, the bravery of his actions muſt excuſe curioſity, in contenting which, you may deeply ob-ge us.

My Lord, reply'd the Squire, *had I permiſſion from Maſter, you ſhould gladly be obei'd, but having yet revoked the command he gave me to conceal his ſon, I muſt be forced to a very unwilling diſobedi-; yet this I may take commiſſion to ſay, that poſ-I ſerve one of the greateſt men upon Earth, and g as he is, (if your remote abode be not ſituate re fame is a ſtranger) doubtleſſe the noiſe of his ons hath found you out; happily when he knowes r deſire, he will command me to ſatisfie it, and if you ſe I will demand his leave.*

It is not neceſſary, ſaid the Prince of Mauritania, *though your diſcourſe hath much augmented our rioſity, wee ſhould be too incivill to preſs any thing may diſpleaſe him; when it ſhall come from his free motion we ſhall joyfully receive it, and in the time content our ſelves to know him by thoſe es of greatneſs that ſhine in his perſon, and by what hat done in our preſence.*

With this anſwer the Squire departed, and a while *Tyridates* (finding it time to leave him to his poſe) bade his gueſt good night, and went to ſeek in his own Bed, which was there accuſtomed to rtain him.

FINIS.